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FAITH AND SCIENCE.

BY GILBERT SUTTON.

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TO WHICH IS ADDED A CRITIQUE UPON THE WRITINGS AND CHARACTER OF THE LATE REV. MR. ROBERTSON, OF BRIGHTON.

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"He believed the human heart to be swayed by a power to which Science or Logic opened no approach; and, right or wrong, this faith, held in perfect tolerance of the faith of others, strengthened and beautified his life."—*Faraday as a Discoverer, by Professor Tyndall.*

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FAITH AND SCIENCE.

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FAITH AND SCIENCE.

CHRISTIANITY AND SCIENCE.

THE latest result of scientific inquiry in the domain of matter points to some *one original Force*, of which all other known forces, such as light, heat, electricity, magnetism, chemical affinity, and motion are so many correlative modifications—resolvable all, apparently, into this primal Force.

"I have long held an opinion," says the illustrious Faraday, "amounting almost to conviction—in common, I believe, with many other lovers of natural knowledge—that the various forms under which the forces of matter are made manifest have one common origin, in other words, are so directly related and mutually dependent, that they are convertible, as it were, into one another, and possess equivalents of power in their action."*

In the region of mental philosophy an analogous result would seem to be all but established in the recognition of a law, affecting the whole man in action,

* See note at the end.

and that Force we call WILL. In obedience to it our body moves, our arms work, our hands fashion, our tongue speaks, uttering words in obedience to will; exceptions only occur in case of disease, when will, as a consequence, is partially or wholly suspended: we speaking, therefore, of will must be understood to mean rational will.

Differences of character amongst individuals are ultimately referable to will. Vacillation, weakness, yieldings to temptation, surrenders to seductions, betray feeble will. Superiority to low motives, refusal of present advantages for the sake of right, at all cost, is will in its ascendency; so that if evil be yielded to or embraced, it is by base capitulation or deliberate choice. Our very thoughts are under the control of this supreme force—the distinguishing one of man from all created things.

When a man is told that this will, which originates what he does, is itself the result of his bodily organisation, his common sense receives a shock; nor would he recover the more by being assured that this took place in conformity with unerring law. Man must do violence to the constitution of his own nature—and that man should ever be called upon to do such violence would itself be unreasonable—yet only by such violent self-perversion could he ever come to consider law as other than an intellectual institute. The symmetry, the harmony, the fitness, the order, the perfect adjustment of means to ends, with the

profuse beauty which we see in the world of nature, do, when wrought by human beings in their different spheres of science, poetry, art, and mechanics, mark out intellectual superiority. Yet to tell a man that the atoms which make the marble he fashions into heroic form needed only some other combinations to produce of itself the very mind then shaping it, would be to reduce mind below matter, by proving it a nonentity. Some may compel themselves to this conclusion, but common sense repels it.

The question comes to this—is matter the governing or the governed?

In our own individual persons we are aware of the governing power of our own will. Is not the world at large subjected also to will? Are we not, too, entitled to reason upwards from ourselves and our own experience—or how otherwise could we reason at all? Our own self-knowledge is, in fact, the basis of all knowledge.

To return, then, to the hypothesis of the resolvability of the correlated forces into that of a primal single Force, we ask, Whence came this FORCE which is now the accepted key of all phenomena? Is it from the will of the Creator? or are we, by virtue of it, to see no will at all? this blind force standing of itself in the place of intellectual will. If we allow matter to have been subjected to this unique original force by the Author of it, we can have no difficulty in attributing thereto a reach sufficiently ample for the

execution of the Creator's will throughout the whole domain of matter itself.

When, therefore, the argument is raised against successive interventions of the Deity, for the production of type after type in the animal world, we can afford to say it may, or it may not be so. If you tell me that, by virtue of His omniscience, He provided, once for all, for the forming through a primary agent, out of foreseen combinations, of the various living creatures that we see on this globe, we feel ourselves at ease about the question. If untold millions of ages be asked to explain how, from one spark of life animating a simple cell, the whole creation has been developed into boundless variety, we say take them and welcome; only let us allow ourselves here to express our opinion that this law, whether of development, or preferential selection—admissible as a *partial operation*—does not, when pushed to the extent of an all-sufficient cause, seem commensurate with our idea of an original moulding force, able to achieve completeness in all degrees of organised life, and to maintain it until new conditions of soil or climate call for corresponding creatures.

That which we do wish to rest upon are these two admitted principles—

Of Force in the region of matter.

Of Will in the region of mind.

And now we [illegible] the immortal spirit of man; and we ask [illegible] to regulating principle cor-

responding to Force in the one case and to Will in the other, *and we get our answer from Christ that there is.*

John the Baptist, announcing the Christ, said that He would baptize with the Holy Ghost.

Christ, before His death, promised that He would send the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, who would show all things.

If we might be allowed to put this language in other words, we would say, here is the spirit of man moved by the Spirit of God. *Here is the Force which puts that spirit in action.* Here it is as much true as a philosophical conception as it is a religious reality.

It was, nevertheless, a necessary revelation, because, however just may have been man's conception of God, and of his own duties towards his Creator, yet, until Christ came to reveal the identity of man's spirit with the Father's, no human being ever so understood it.

All previous ideas of God placed Him as a Personality *apart* from man. Even the Jews (saving the prophets), peculiarly favoured as they were, looked to Jehovah as their ruler, whose behests were to be obeyed under penalties to be endured here below, and by whom obedience would be rewarded with earthly prosperity. Although we find language in the Psalms indicative of a future state, yet the Jewish notion in regard to it was dim, and one sect denied it altogether.

The old Mosaic idea was of God *outside* man. The

New Testament shows God *within* man. Christ, the Son of man and Son of God, presented in His person the visible union, even to the identification of both.

The description of man that he is threefold—body, soul, and spirit—which Paul particularly gives with distinct definiteness, will be ratified by reasonable self-reflection. In the soul—regarded as synonymous with mind—resides the will, to which is subject all acts in relation to our sublunary sphere. The spirit is moved by a force corresponding with itself, even that of God.

With the spirit of man is connected the whole range of these ideas and feelings, with which philosophy and religion have ever severally dealt, and must continue to deal; or if not so, then those ideas and feelings must, indeed, be relegated to the limbo of vanities and phantoms, and philosophy and religion rejected as the illusions of dreamers.

Positivism, nevertheless, boldly takes its stand upon this extreme conclusion. Hitherto, speculative philosophy has been viewed with mistrust, as the substitute offered for, if not the antagonist to, religion. Positivism includes both in the impartiality of its contempt. Man, according to this doctrine, has nothing to do with spirit. All the thought spent upon the sources of his thought—all questionings regarding con[illegible] and the moral feelings and the love, the [illegible] the [illegible] and virtue, and, in fine, the whole world [illegible]

mena which is to him as real, if not more so, than the external phenomena open to his senses—all this is to Positivism no stumbling-block, inasmuch as it is mere foolishness.

To find the limit set to our faculties has been the aim of many philosophers, although not with like views and objects.

That there are certain things we cannot know is evident. To take the readiest instance, we cannot *know* God's purpose in permitting evil, which is therefore called a mystery. We have, however, no difficulty in knowing what is our duty regarding it.

Nevertheless, whatever this limit be, the range itself of knowledge is perfectly boundless. No one has ever sounded the depths even of his own individual nature; so that it would scarcely be possible for any one to determine beforehand the sources of feeling that might be reached within himself under given circumstances. An instance of hidden tenderness in the heart of a dried-up cynic is given in the case of Horace Walpole, who, under the influence of two charming sisters, returned to humanity in his old age—a phenomenon as puzzling to his acquaintance as if the dry cinders of a volcano should bloom into flowers. The heart of Louis XIV. opened to the artless trustfulness of a poor gardener's child, whose unconscious flattery in climbing up his knee touched a chord of the old [illegible] that had never vibrated before. Even Comte discovered, almost too late, a

missing link in his philosophy, through the light of a kindled affection. His followers cried out weakness as lustily as if the philosopher had committed a death-bed repentance; and yet, in presence of the last impending change, how often has the inward majesty arisen from its life-sleep of error into possession of its hitherto suspended comprehension!

Where to the religious eye the limit ends faith begins; and faith is the assurance that what ought to be will be—than which nothing can be more consolatory; and if it be not true, then is there no truth at all.

Without regard, however, to the religious view—yet not necessarily out of indifference towards religion—have philosophers, holding their minds purposely free from bias, submitted to close examination the operations of their own minds, in order to discover the source of ideas—whether they come from objects through the senses, or whether they spring from the mind itself by virtue of its own nature, or whether some be of the one kind and some of the other, and how all may mingle and cross; and on these inquiries has much ingenuity been expended, and certainly not in vain.

Is it not of ascertained certainty that the impressions which the mind receives through the senses are accompanied by the emotions of our moral being? The heart and mind work together. [illegible] measure the value of objects not so much [illegible]

inherent worth as by the feelings which they excite. It is the heart which first pronounces, in tones whether of delight or repulsion, upon the beauty or deformity of presented things. And as we bring all such things spontaneously to the test of our emotions, so do we judge of individuals and of their character by their emotions in relation thereto. We may not quote for example of our meaning how different persons would appear affected by statuary or pictures, because for the due appreciation of works of art more or less preliminary cultivation is needed, not attainable by all; but in presence of natural objects, of fresh splendour of sunrise, and sober richness of declining day, of flowers, trees, streams, hills, and the graceful feathered and animal world, there is some approach to equality. By and according to the emotion awakened by natural beauties do we at once form an opinion of individual dispositions, taste, and character. Thus, if we see some scene of terrible, lofty grandeur cast its own expression, as it were, upon the beholder, we find there sympathy with the sublime in the region of mind and the heroic in character; and so of loveliness, if with it there would be sympathy, there will be sweetness of conduct. From one who would deface natural beauties, or prove cruel to bird or beast, we turn away in horror.

We are thus to [illegible] the emotions which do naturally, as we think, attend investigations of operations of nature, by not denying to them their

no less natural results. If extraordinary chemical experiments raise my wonder, am I not to wonder? If there be combinations shown to me which manifest admirable design, am I not to admire? If beauty be made to clothe things to my eyes' delight, and qualities attached to them for the joy of my senses, am I to discover no sign of loving regard therein, and am I to refuse the loving response? Is the awful not to awe, and the profound to bid veneration lie still? Is there, in fine, to be nothing beyond chill intellectual perception? If wonder, admiration, veneration, love, are not to be suppressed, neither will they consent to dissipate themselves in barren space. Such emotions have their logic too. They seek intelligent rest in the worship of the Father, who has clothed the lilies of the field with beauty inimitable.

In order to arrive at still clearer comprehension of what is meant by those invisible sources and directors of all agencies of power, we will now consider the one regarding which there is general acceptance, and with which people are most familiar, as evidenced by the general currency of its name—

Moral Power.

Unlike the forces of which we have been speaking, it is derivative, having its source in character. Nevertheless, it serves as an invaluable illustration of those fundamental forces by which the visible is ruled. It [illegible] scientific aid to

understanding of the resolvability of all the qualities of matter into an original force. Difficulties still greater, because less within the range of scientific demonstration, attend the doctrine of will in the sphere of mind. To grasp in all its completeness the meaning of spiritual force, a certain condition of the heart is requisite. With moral power, too, the sympathy will be according to the love of honesty and purity of the society over which it is exercised; but bad indeed must be the state of the people where it would be of no avail. At all events, every one knows what it means. In private life we recognise its absence where wealth and social position fail to command respect. There may be obsequiousness and flattery, but of the reliance that would follow unto the death—none. It is a thing so delicate that not so much as a lie, or a deception, or selfishness, is required to destroy it; mere unsteadiness or inconsistency of behaviour is enough. On the other hand, errors of judgment, failures, defeats, will detract nothing from influence acquired by honour and honesty. When the leader shares the purpose of those who look up to him, let him be trustworthy, and he is trusted.

Some historians say that history repeats itself; that events move in circles, with like beginnings and like endings. A conclusion of this kind would constitute a poor philosophy of history. The fable that assigned earthquakes and volcanic eruptions to

the contortions of the imprisoned giant was grand when compared with this squirrel-in-the-cage notion of pointless evolutions. History teaches something better than that; for it bears broad-stamped upon every age the baselessness of that power which is without root in the conscience of the governed. If corruption is inevitable, then would the historical philosophy of helplessness be right. But inasmuch as corruption is no offspring of necessity, and as it is to be averted by noble exercise of virtue, then does history, by showing that like causes produce like effects, set up bright lights of guidance and warning. Our own age furnishes us, in Washington and Napoleon, examples of what moral power can found, and its absence let fall. Napoleon had unsurpassed military genius; he had the prestige of a hundred victories. He adorned the vainest of nations with the spoils of capitals. He dazzled their eyes with glory; he only wanted truth; and he fell. His promises, uttered in misfortune, died upon unbelieving ears. The lies lost in former rays of glory came out in repulsive freshness when offered as guarantees for liberty, which could have nothing to do with them. When William of Orange was opening the sluice-gates of Holland, as a defence against the tyrant Louis XIV. of France, and was summoning his beaten [illegible] for another and yet another [illegible] followed to almost certain defeat, who, [illegible] like a mighty

prophet, could have written beforehand the ascent of the one to the greatest throne of the world, and the sinking of the other into contempt with his own people?

Nothing has any foundation whatever where moral power is wanted. It is the sole durable bond of cohesion in political parties; it is the only security for the stability of trade, commerce, and industry.

No despotism can be durable, because despots, in the interest of their security, rest upon expedients in the shape of gratification of warlike and other less noble propensities which are antagonistic to virtue. In our own day we see the Austrian Emperor, who, with Russia at his back, stamped out, as he supposed, the nationality of Hungary, too glad, before nineteen years were over, to accept the disentombed crown from the hands of a simple lawyer, whose moral force lay in his loyalty to the law and the constitution of his country.

From the Crusades to Trafalgar, history shines with the deeds of faith, loyalty, and duty. Now if we would mutually try conduct by motive, and motive by conduct through opposite unheroic tests, we need not go back to the Spanish plunderers of Mexico, but look to California in our own day, with its Lynch law and vigilance committees. They who had attempted to redeem the Holy Sepulchre [illegible] —they bequeathed chivalry, with its soul of honour, to Europe; whereas,

that which is most needed in our day is this nice sense of honour, which is, as it were, a second conscience, and the way to it is not the nugget.

Whence, then, is the source of this moral power whose sway all acknowledge? We have said that it is derivative from character; but then character itself is decided by will. Weak and irresolute character and deficient will are almost convertible terms. But inasmuch as will and force of character may and do exist together with hard and cruel selfishness in all its forms, from merciless ambition to unfeeling self-gratification, whether of sensuality or lust of gain, the will itself does, for its highest exercise, need purification. In what purifying fount is will, then, to be plunged, if not into that of the Spirit, the Divine moving force of all that is great and good? So that as a final result we bring up the forces within man to the ultimate highest Force. Here we do move in a circle which is not a vicious one, but its opposite.

Believing, then, with the naturalist, that the agencies which rule the world of matter are referable to one original unique force—

Believing with the metaphysician and the moralist, that in the original force of will is the source of human act and conduct—

We still more confidently move in the highest spiritual force, not [illegible] conclusion, but because it was proved [illegible] himself,

and because of its extraordinarily convincing connexion with those later conclusions of human intelligence in the regions of mind and of matter. Thus Christianity anticipated philosophy in its ultimate results.

Let us now turn to the opponent of Christian and philosopher alike.

The philosophy of Auguste Comte may be reduced to the following principles:—

That neither the universe nor man present any proof of their having been created. That no argument in favour of creation by a Supreme Being can be derived from design, seeing that the universe in its general structure and the human frame are less well formed than they might have been. It denies accordingly that there are palpable ends provided for by fitting means, such as the schoolmen called final causes. That the worlds formed themselves in accordance with some principle inherent to matter, as, for example, gravitation.* Then as of inanimate, so of animate things: the laws of their being are self-derived, and the world and man are what they are simply because they could not be otherwise. In like manner, when man first thought of spiritual powers, his mind was acting from a self-derived impulse, which, in accordance with the law of mind, could take no other course than the one it has been following. The lowest stage, fetichism, first—that is,

* See note at the end.

the transfer to images and outer things of his own animating sensations: the next stage, an advancement to worship of the stars: further on, to beings supposed to reside in the stars, whence polytheism. Here there is a pause, marking the period when the infancy of the race is about to step from the childhood of theology to the youth time of metaphysics. Throughout this period of inquiry the number of the gods is fined down, more and more, until eventually monotheism is reached. This last stage of error gives way in due course of attained virility to full-blown reason and the Positive philosophy—which latter is exclusion of the idea of God, because one not capable of scientific verification.

The Positive philosophy is one, then, of professed absolute certainty. Now, as we are all hungering and thirsting after certainty, the offer of it wears an engaging aspect; and yet a very commonplace objection causes Positivism a somewhat uncertain stumble at the outset. We ask it, Did chance then make the worlds and their inhabitants? But as the notion of chance being the author of eternal order involves an absurdity, M. Comte puts forward the theory of law, regarding which there is universal assent. But here comes the stumbling-block. Law, in the general [illegible] supposes a law-giver. Law is a purely [illegible] It is the outcome of will inspired by morality; that is to say, pure law is for the maintenance of order, and

with order goodness, with which it is inseparably allied.

Here we find Positivism at the very outset in opposition to the common sense of mankind. The onus of demonstrating a novel proposition devolves necessarily upon its author; for, unless driven from it by incontrovertible proof to the contrary, man must abide by the dictates of his obvious reason.

What Positivism then has to demonstrate is that the substance out of which the planetary system is formed shaped itself by virtue of some such principle as gravitation. Yet *he* has no right to have any concession allowed him for a stand-point, inasmuch as *his* system is one of asserted verification. Nevertheless he cannot proceed a step unless upon a given assumption which at best is but an ingenious speculation.

Positivism does not merely rest upon asserting a principle repulsive to common understanding, that law does not imply intelligence. It goes farther—inflicting an outrage upon man's judgment by denying the evidence of his senses. Yet Positivism, which makes constant appeal to the senses in observation of phenomena, with which alone Positivism will allow the mind to deal, actually denounces with strange inhemence the marks of design in creation, which lie patent to all. These marks of design have been constantly the marvel of men of science, embracing as they do all organizations, from those on the

grandest scale even to the minutest living thing, that citations of example would be superfluous.

This Positive philosophy, as inaugurated by M. Comte, has also its social aspect. Society moves, as it declares, by laws analogous to those of the individual mind. For as the successive superstitious and metaphysical ages corresponded in their forms of government to the progressive stages of these theological periods, there being, moreover, like agreement in learning and opinion, so the advent of Positive philosophy will let in as by natural consequence an altogether new structure of the social state conformable with the clearance out of priesthoods, monarchies, and all the interdependent elements of the imperfect theological time.

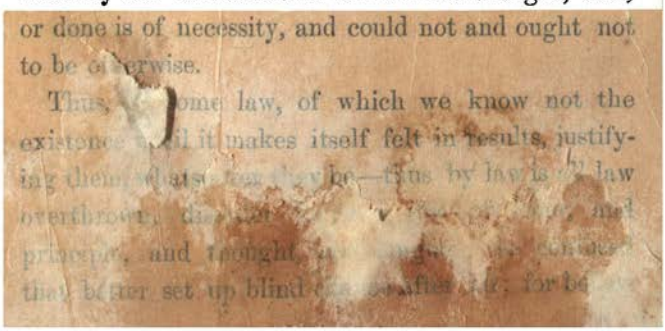
It will be seen that in order to sustain his position the author of the Positive philosophy must needs have gone through the whole history of all known systems of science, thought, and learning; that he must have co-ordinated them step by step, and with them the conditions of society at the various times; combining thus in his own person extensive reading with strong and subtle powers. This granted, we can with less difficulty comprehend why men of great mental powers have allowed themselves to be captivated and misled. For lovers of knowledge this great knowledge has mighty charm. In the hunt after paradox the worthlessness of the thing pursued is lost in the fields of splendid acquirement

through which the chase is led. Then the clearness and ability displayed in special parts lead easily to admission of the like qualities in the working up of the whole—forgetting that even madmen can reason well from false premises. Encounter M. Comte foot to foot upon the narrow ground of his own preliminary assumption, and it will, by virtue of the law of extremes meeting, be found to be no more than the language of simple ignorance—*things are because they are*. By covering the nakedness of this poverty of avowal with the imposing name of law, he at the same time offers a compromise by the renunciation of chance, which he knows well to be repudiated by all minds, but which has hitherto been taken to be the inevitable alternative of atheism, and the demonstration of its absurdity.

Positivism has charms of another kind for the masses in the promises it holds forth of a social state of bliss which is to indemnify the race for the heaven it takes away. It is upon this side of its aspect that Positivism presents dangers which are not to be safely despised. And they are not to be despised simply because of the very phantasies in which they are involved. For in the same way that law is accepted rather than blind chance, while the all-seeing Lawgiver is denied, so is worship permitted as a sort of necessary valve, and one indeed to waste upon an abstraction called humanity. But is not this a coarser sort of Pantheism?—or, rather, is

it not Pantheism reversed? For while Pantheism merges all matter in God, this humanity merges God in matter. For instead of matter, as in the one case, being the garb, as it were, of Divinity, it is in the other itself the source of the higher spirit. The various organisms, however they came to exist, produced their various degrees of sensation and intelligence, while the peculiar organism man secreted reason and the moral principles—the sum total of which is to render humanity worthy of its own self-worship.

When man is thus taught to say, according to the new Pantheism reversed—not that I am a spark of the all-pervading spirit in which I am to merge at last, but an individual drop of the God-humanity, then this multiple divinity will think of turning his terrestrial paradise into a suitable abode for his mortal immortality. And, mark! no matter how wild may be the delusions, or how implacable the attempts to realize them, they are justified beforehand by the doctrine that all that is thought, said, or done is of necessity, and could not and ought not to be otherwise.



blind chance no one will consent to lie down helplessly.

Thus, while the man of science is attracted by Comte's great knowledge, and by the intellectual grasp which moulds it into system, the multitude is to be charmed on the side of its best instincts, that is to say, its humane sympathies, and its aspirations towards a lofty ideal. In the word humanity an imposing abstraction appears to be clothed with flesh and warmed with life. Infallibility, too, is found, for humanity cannot do wrong. All those terrible convulsions which mark the epochs of history are, forsooth, according to law. The multitudinous miseries of the social state at present, as before, work in their due course. The whole will set itself right in due time. Providence has nothing to do with it—nor even human reason, which only ripens according to the same law, whereby all things come to maturity in due season. Men will read and think because it is their nature to do so; and they will by reading and thinking come at last to appreciate truth as a natural effect. One reason in one humanity will establish a universal equality of condition throughout the millennium of the Positive philosophy.

All philosophies are reducible to a few underlying principles. Volumes may be expended in illustration of the original doctrine; but the doctrine itself can be expressed in few words, which live or

die according to their consonance with the moral sense of mankind. Who knew this so well as the Divine founder of the Christian religion? Simple in form, but infinite in suggestion, the child understands them, while the most powerful intellect delights in sounding meanings that reach beyond human ken. Indeed, we are told that the mind must become childlike; but what does that mean? Why, simply, that it must become pure; it must needs be purged of the impurities which darken out the heavens. Children and women are of pious inclinations by virtue of the more powerful realization of divine things, which their less soiled and less crusted imagination—using the word in its true sense of reflective retainment of a just image—reflect and hold.

If you reduce now the Positive philosophy to its fundamental principles, and present them in texts of scriptural brevity, what suggestions could it make which would be found in consonance with man's nature? This way of dealing is one which the positivist cannot refuse, because he admits no ignorance in himself. He is not the deist who bows in mute reverence before the vast intelligence which he believes to be unknowable by man. He is not the atheist who [illegible] himself under the impotency of his mind [illegible] problems. Needless to say [illegible] revelation, who to his many [illegible] necessary

of it, to which both the excuses of deist and atheist bear witness.

The positivist, unlike these, says he does know, for he is not ignorant at all. He knows that matter is self-formed. How does he know it? He knows that it works in obedience to law. Good! Who imposed the law?—not the Creator, for there is no Creator. By what designer was the world designed? By no designer, because it is ill made.

A Comte catechism would assuredly be a *reductio ad absurdum*, by the side of which the grossest manual of superstition would be respectable.

Positivism, which professes to eliminate what is *useless*, is itself but an offshoot of a philosophy which, on the contrary, aimed at confining the mind to the *useful*. Utilitarianism would, like positivism, repress emotion when excited by objects, as so much waste of feeling, besides being pernicious by reason of its obscuring the judgment as to the material value of the thing presented. To a certain extent utilitarianism does good. As a controlling influence it is of service, but when urged too far turns to the contrary a partial truth. We take it that utilitarianism is unfriendly, to say the least, to the decorative art, that it is rather hostile to ornament. In what, let us ask, consists the ornamental? Is it the superfluous creation of man's fancy, whim or caprice? Or is it not, on the other hand, but not to be, meaningful expression imparted to the works of man's hands?

The love that man has, and which he has ever manifested, to impress his inward feeling upon his own surroundings is the true birthplace of all the arts; hence their flourishing in times of corresponding earnestness, and hence their decline when for earnestness became substituted the languor of imitation—unless where enthusiasm carries imitation into originality by the bloom which true feeling is so sure to impart to the student's work. When, without seeking to derive originality from inward ardour, the artist tries to produce new effects by deviation from received example, or coldly calculated combinations, he mostly falls into extravagance, which, nevertheless, may for a while succeed.

Turn the question therefore as we will, we are ever forced into recognition of the life and soul of things. The spirit of the age inscribes itself upon its monuments. A tomb chiselled by a Michael Angelo, though it covers ashes, bears testimony to an age of mighty life. Within the Pyramids are mummies, but upon the Pyramids themselves rests [illegible] light. Grecian ruins sparkle like frag[illegible] with mysterious rays, and on the mighty [illegible] of the Coliseum, and the Forum, and the temples [illegible] the broad, firm hand of the Roman. Tasteless [illegible] whether it be displayed in the grandiose of the [illegible] despa[illegible] the pretty and petty expedients of the [illegible] wishes to [illegible] most for least money is [illegible]

ness lies the secret of both the strained and the fanciful.

Utilitarianism has, however, done service by bringing to prominent light the truth that fitness has a real beauty of its own; and that whatever mars or militates against fitness, by interfering with adaptation of means to ends, must be rejected, however specious may be its pretensions to admiration upon its own account. Certainly the architect who should defy acoustics in a music hall would fail even to gratify the sight to which he should have sacrificed. But the original conditions being secured, an atmosphere of serious joy may well be allowed creation with the aid of companion arts.

It is where art is animated by religion, that is, by the Spiritual Force—which is, we say again, the source of all that is great, and beautiful, and good—that its achievements stand supreme. We must here draw a distinction between symbolism and ornament. Symbolism is the signification of attributes, qualities, and purposes by means of figures and forms. In symbolic language the lion is the type of nobleness, strength, and [illegible] the eagle, of aspiration; the dove, [illegible] and promise. The history of mysterious Egypt is written in this sculptured metaphor: and the poetry and story of the East riots in like imagery which overlays even its subtle speculations in religion and philosophy, presenting to [illegible] more sober vision the strangest

incongruities. Here, too, is doubtless the source of the more consistent allegories which, albeit out of date now, were at one time very captivating. In the Greco-Russian temples symbolism prevails to a much greater extent than in Roman Catholic chapels. Of the danger attending symbolism to take to itself the reverence due to the thing signified we shall say nothing, lest we touch upon controversial ground. What we want to show is that symbolism, although lending itself to the purposes of ornament, springs from a different motive. Symbolism is the type of ideas, whereas ornament is the expression of feelings. That which we love most we most profusely decorate; so long as imitations are governed by other feelings, such as the awe and veneration that carry up into higher conceptions of simplicity and grandeur, or that fine taste which is the *reason* of art, well and good; but when we oblige that most calumniated of good qualities, common sense, to mutter protests through the mask of vulgar calculations of interest, we crush the feeling itself under the most hideous of iconoclasms. We strike at the sense of beauty through her own works. The very virtues perish when virtuous [illegible] are brought successfully to this wretched [illegible] material advantage.

It is, in [illegible] noteworthy how all systems meant to [illegible] man's conduct are estimated [illegible] in respect to [illegible] consonance [illegible] Political [illegible] has [illegible]

accordance with the liberality that belongs to men in the mass; but it has one flaw, and it is one menacing of danger. When political economy places free trade upon the ground of needful and beneficial interchange, proving its position by appeal to Almighty Providence, which, while limiting productions according to climate, has made the whole a common necessity, then political economy is hailed as a wise teacher, because a great benefactor; but when it classes labour with the material elements that are to be worked up into manufacture, a shock is produced which all your unanswerable definitions and scientific demonstrations fail to explain away. Had not labour been so treated, we should probably have never heard of its contest with capital. When Reason takes the law into her own hands, her excluded partner, call it heart, or conscience, or idealism, or by whatever name you choose to attach to this impalpable all-powerful spirit in man, springs into revolt, calling too often unreason to her aid. Poor naked Reason has to battle with paradox and the passions, and a hard time she has of it. If utilitarianism, with her measure of good sense and political economy, with her large [illegible] ropy, fail exactly to the extent of their shortcomings, what chance can there be for positivism, which violates every instinct, suppresses all natural emotion, and meets the yearnings of the heart with flat negation?

There is one subject with regard to which utili-

tarianism and positivism seem to combine with advantage against idealism, in its connection with human conduct, and that is war. The common sense of the one, and the humanity principle of the other, alike repel the cruel arbitrament of the rifle, and the more cruel accessories of outrage which mark the desolating progress of hostile armies. Stripped of the gloss which the imagination throws over the battle-field, the latter would present a revolting aspect of carnage. The propelling motives to war are usually so mixed up of good and bad, of honour, patriotism, courage, love of adventure, with ambition, interest, and national hatreds, and even the worse wear such close resemblance to the best, as to render recourse to war a too easy instrument in the hands of governments. But to prove, were it possible, that honour, and patriotism, and courage, and love of adventure were the compound elements of self-delusion, would be a sad price for peace. The attending vice of one virtue must needs be removed by the friendly hand of another virtue. It is with charity and love, more than with enlightened self-interest, that honour is to be saved from false direction; patriotism expanded into philanthrophy, made to grapple with the trials of life, and adventure directed into the abodes of poverty and suffering.

Finally, the common end of philosophies is human progress in conduct, knowledge, and happiness. To attain the two first would be to secure

the third. With regard to comfort our notions appear to ourselves clear enough. Sufficient means for providing against wants, with enough over for moderate enjoyment would, probably, meet most persons' notions of comfort; and more cannot be looked for as regards the masses of the people. Touching knowledge there is less agreement; yet if we be right in our argument, and borne out by the examples, showing that there can be no test for the value of things apart from the emotions they are calculated to excite, that such emotions should not run to waste, but ascend to higher satisfaction, then ought it to be evident that progress is only to be attained by following in the track of thought. The world has made prodigious progress in all that relates to material well-being. Wondrous have been the discoveries of science, and marvellous the inventions in the mechanical arts, and all have been rendered subservient to the wants of society. There has been a corresponding moral progress, as shown by diminution of crime, increase of education, greater care of the sick and the poor, and more humane administration of the law. Yet, when we come to speak of knowledge we drop in sudden uncertainty. There is scepticism in the air. Not that we need feel afraid upon this account; for in the world of thought, as in that of matter, apparent death covers the germination of a new life; for of doubt permanent there can be none; for, could the

death of thought be possible, all life would go with it. It seemed for a while as if utilitarianism, and political economy, with positivism, coming up to deal the final blow to all idealistic and sentimental follies, could point to a new era of common sense and peace; and lo! they are confronted with armies more numerous than those of Attila, clothed with powers of destruction which multiply our civilized means of slaughter, as far beyond those which overthrew the Roman empire as the needle-gun exceeds the arrow. Nor can it be alleged that these philosophies have not had fair play, for they have wrought mighty changes in the laws and intercourse of nations, and visibly affected opinion, and changed institutions. Yet, so far from there being progress, poor mankind, bewildered with war and rumours of war, and with conscriptions hanging over his head, looks like an animal the hunters have surrounded, wildly seeking for escape.

Clearly, therefore, if progress be not itself a delusion, the only certain way to it is through the spiritual path. It is the mind that must needs be set right; and there is only one way for the accomplishment of [illegible]pose; namely, by knowledge of the highest k[illegible]

Knowledge [illegible] must be something other than that of [illegible] by the operation of things upon o[illegible] more than acquainta[illegible]

no more does the so-called knowledge of phenomena amount. When once we have got possession of the clearly traced result of our inquiries, in the recognition of a spiritual living force, we have knowledge. Its limitations stand there. To know God is assuredly knowledge. Change cannot be pursued beyond the unchangeable. To know that the Spirit which is the motive force of all my being is His Spirit; this is knowledge. That He is in me; this is knowledge, yet not of my own finding. This comes of revelation, explaining its own necessity. Man could never of himself have known that he is made in the image of God; that sin was the defacing of that image. That Christ was its visible presentation. Take revelation away, and there is a void immediately. Whys and wherefores multiply into a moral chaos, through which there is no clue to the mystery of evil in this world. By and from revelation we learn that confusion must prevail until ignorance be dispelled; until acquaintanceship with unexplained facts be merged in knowledge of the primal cause.

The history of Christianity is marked by absorption of the obstacles which have successively arisen in the way of its progress. By the soundness it has assimilated and turned unwholesomeness into nutriment. We first see pagan temples and pagan rites subdued to Christian uses; then the church took to itself the outward pomp and splendour of mediæval times. It wrested terror from absolute

kings and feudal lords, holding in dependency the mighty tyrannies on which all were dependent. It collected the all-prevailing internecine strifes into one grand stream of holy adventure. Out of an ever-threatening disorganization it created the most wondrous organization the world had ever seen. Society itself was its work. Then came the revival of letters, threatening to be a return to pagan civilization without the pagan gods—a lettered atheism, in fact. Christianity was not to be extinguished thus; and the Reformation met the *Renaissance* with a higher learning and profounder light. In this our day appears what many regard as a great danger. Science disputes the Mosaic account of the creation. Criticism lays an unsparing hand upon sacred books. Will Christianity do as she has done before—take the results of science to herself, or succumb? Will she not say: All these things are witnesses to the truth of that which I told you ages ago, touching the immortal Spirit's identity with that of the Father. You have found the force into which matter is resolvable; and the will which is the force of mind—the supreme force not demonstrable by yourself, but recognizable when revaled. "Even that I reveal unto you. [illegible] afraid, for lo! I am with you even unto the [illegible] the world."

The *idée mère*, as the French say—the mother idea of Comte's system—is [illegible]—that, as with man, so with nations, [illegible] with the world at large, there are [illegible] stages [illegible]

corresponding with the like states of human life:—in youth, credulity; in manhood, inquiry; in age, the result.

Around the youth of nations, as the youth of man, gathers the fanciful, with its unsubstantial mirage of misleading, albeit lovely mythologies, and superstitions that are not always so. With manhood begins critical inquiry, which, by the time senility is reached, arrives at the conviction that the business of life lies with tangible things.

The Christian might say to the Comtist: "I accept your analogy; but I dispute your result."

Well; be it so. Youth *is* the season of the fancy, manhood that of active inquiry, and age of peaceful result; but what result? It is on this question that hangs the difference.

In the so-called fancies, or dreams, or imaginations of youth, there must be some admixture, at least, of good. Youth shows forth the turbulent, full play of all the feelings, with intoxication of delight in their exercise. A young people does, indeed, revel in its fearless hopes, even as a boy would do. Very winning, very overpowering is impulse—that unreasoning rush into glorious adventure which the word expresses. To youth may be trusted the cause of creed and country; a flag and a motto are enough.

Manhood brings care, but it also brings the steadily ennobling sense of responsibility. For

careless joy it takes in exchange proud duty. The exchange conduces after all to deeper satisfaction than the lighter happiness that is parted with. The mind ruminates the intellectual food which had been swallowed for its freshness of flavour rather than for quality. It is the season of introspection and of analysis. The time of fitful doubt, leading to firmer faith with some; to painful hesitation with others; to scepticism with not a few. But, on the whole, it is a sound and wholesome period.

So far, Christian and Comtist march together; at the third stage comes the touchstone.

The point to be settled once for all is the mortality or immortality of man. Is it at the end death? or is it life? Fall into a blind abyss, or resurrection into bright light.

Nor does the Christian repel the term *Positive;* on the contrary, he accepts it, as the word which best expresses the certainty and reality of his own conclusion. To him the aspirations of youth come filtered through the masculine processes of mature intellect, as no longer vague—no longer doubtful; but positive—thrice positive.

The gain which the Comtist claims is no gain whatever; for who disputes about phenomena at all? That which the unbeliever does in the way of scientific experiment the believer can do as well as he. Belief in revelation is no obstacle to physiological experiment.

If the Comtist, in consistency with his own principle of admitting conclusions demonstrated by experiment, will not refuse the theory of the resolvability of matter into a primal force, we have already matched the doctrine with an analogy as strong, at least, as that of the Comtist's own, with reference to the threefold successive stages of man, of society, and of the world.

But supposing that he may reject both together, we have yet an analogy which we present to him as undeniable: *nothing, as it is agreed, is lost in this world.* There is endless change, but nowhere annihilation. Death and destruction are agents of transformation. In this world of phenomena, killing is no murder. As with matter, so with forces—speaking of forces in the plural number. One force changes into another—as heat into electricity, and *vice versâ*—but never disappears. Now, it being beyond doubt the law of nature that no force is lost,

what becomes of those mental and spiritual forces in man when liberated from the body? If they be not carried up into higher spheres of action for which they have capacity, if they are not utilised, so to speak, then is there a waste of the very highest power, such as all nature shows no example of.

Perhaps it will be asked, on the other hand, what becomes of the forces of dead empires? The analogy being between the life of communities and that of man, it may be said: "Look at the mighty states

that, having gone through the threefold stage of turbulent, fanciful youth, critical, inquiring manhood, and philosophical precursorship of death, have left no trace."

Suppose, however, that this should not so have been. Suppose it should prove that of fallen empires there has survived whatsoever was worthy of living; suppose that when accumulated wealth has apparently been scattered, it should appear that, by virtue of Providential decree, it had been but confiscated for the good of the human race; that only the perishable had dissolved, while the essential moral force, as much of it as had been, had lived on. Then would not the analogy tell for the strengthening of the argument in favour of indestructible spiritual force, by the proof afforded of the indestructibility of kindred moral force in relation to states?

Take as the most intelligible, because most striking and most familiar example, that of the Roman Empire. Here the successive stages of youth, mid-age, and senility seem as complete as the most ardent Comtist could require for his purpose. Its history opens in myth and mystery. The wisest of the patriarchal kings is attended by his Egeria. Men's eyes, in their national childhood period, looked to natural objects for visible expression of the will of the gods. Omens and signs were sought for in flights of birds and in conduct of animals; yet under these superstitions there lay as the [illegible] a fine

spiritual idea of an immovable Fate, which was far removed from vulgar idolatry. At all events, here was the first stage; a finer manhood of national life was never seen than that presented by the Roman Republic in its prime. Here is the second stage. Then came the feebleness of the empire, following a first flush of apparently revived strength; and at last, extinction.

Yet the moral force of Rome, as it lay enshrined in her municipal institutions, and her laws, and organizations that moulded themselves out of the Roman mind at its best, spread their conservative net over the whole of Europe, and from Europe transferred to the New World, bear witness to the undying survival of all that was worthy to live as necessary to the progress of mankind.

To give a present and more pressing illustration of our position, we would ask any Englishman whether, if by natural convulsion the British Isles were to be swallowed up to-morrow, would Great Britain have therefore died? Would not all that was her best survive in her colonies, the mothers of present and of future republics?

An empire that in its old age takes to materialist occupation of thought is an empire condemned. It is a great powerless void, inviting the rush of mighty forces, concentrated as they may be in a people counting thousands only for its millions. Examples of this kind of this abound in our own day.

Let us return, however, to the individual man whose life supplies this comparison of nations therewith, embracing the world's own future history in the same general law.

If all men upon reaching old age showed the like characteristics, the Comtian argument might look more complete than it does. It is, however, at this period of man's existence that divergences are the most marked.

By the time that the matured mind has, through the vigorous inquiry of its virile period, worked off the besetting illusions of youth, and refuses to deal with other than tangible fact, it might be supposed, according to the Positivist theory, that a certain uniformity of view would be found to prevail at this stage of existence. Indeed, it is necessary for the due carrying out of the Positivist analogy that it should be so. The imagination should no longer glow with gorgeous cloud-building. Enthusiasm should be discarded as the feverish disease of foolishly indulged sentiment. The mind should think twice, lest the tongue should commit itself to folly or imprudence; the heart beat equably; the whole being bask in an untroubled serenity. Why should it not be thus? And yet—oh, perverse human nature! that will defiantly persist in slighting rules and systems!—it is not so. At one time a blind old Puritan, younger in spirit than his daughters who take [illegible] his words, soars into distance [illegible]

to set a Comtist crazy. At another, a philosophic statesman, reversing the order of Positivist nature, writes dry metaphysics at twenty-five, and at seventy floods the senate with redundant imagery, enriching, boundless, passionate eloquence, ennobled by far-seeing wisdom. The most affecting and graceful novel in our language is the work of a bookseller of sixty-two. Havelock, and Campbell, and Outram became heroic youths at the cry of Nanah Sahib's victims. Palmerston, at eighty, caught the popular sentiment as keenly as if years had served to sharpen sensibilities, not to dull them—and his is no isolated case. Look at the freshness of Lord Derby's Homer. Lyndhurst was buoyant under his ninety years: Brougham too. From Bacon to Burke down to the present day examples abound to the confusion of Positivists' doctrine in respect of this, the cardinal point of the whole system.

The third stage of life would, if Positivism were true, be not an evolution from the previous one, but a break off and separation—which cannot be, because such is not nature's way. Leaf, blossom, and fruit enveloping seed of renewed life,—such is the natural order.

The true lesson taught by age is this: that the state of the aged is what the previous life has made it. "He that is unjust, let him be unjust still." "He that is righteous, let him be righteous still." The child is father of the man. The fruit is the perfected

blossom, as the blossom is the perfected leaf. Freshness hath turned into fragrance, and fragrance into flavour with nourishment. The fruit is only unsure where the flower has been blighted. With inevitable decay of bodily powers there must come, of course, abatement of mental strength; but it does not follow that there should come corresponding weakening of humane feeling. A good man will be good to the last; and goodness is wisdom in action.

To represent old age as the period of new being is to misrepresent nature. For would it not be a new state, so far from the mid-age state as to be parted from it by a chasm, if it were that of new belief—if that be belief which is the parting with all? Vanity and vexation of spirit is the epitaph of sensual pleasure and pomp. If it is to be set up at the entrance of the valley of the shadow, as well take that of the Inferno, "For him who enters, hope no more." Is there nothing for old age but material phenomena, when such become indifferent through abated curiosity touching the things that perish, and when the senses are becoming less and less able to pursue them? Exchange religion for geology!—as well send pauper humanity to break stones on the highway. 'Tis indeed meeting the cry for bread with a stone. The attempt to substitute a religion of humanity is itself a confession of the want that is denied. What is Christianity but humanity? Wise what means, Love thy neighbour as thyself. The pro-

posed creed might be called Christianity without Christ—Christianity divested of its securities; an unacknowledged plagiarism, condemned by the inherent failure of mere imitations; a fancy for a reality, an artificial system for a Divine revelation.

NOTE.

In order not to embarrass our argument by entering into discussion concerning the scientific question of force, we have reserved for a subsequent note the answer, as well as we can give it, to the reader's question, What is meant thereby? We have assumed the great authority of Faraday to be accepted; and that, taking it for granted, at least provisionally, the reader has allowed his mind freely to follow the application of it to that highest Spiritual Force, whose action it resembles in its own appointed sphere.

What, then, is force? Is it a mental conception, or is it an entity? The question must needs be put in the singular number, for of the forces called light, heat, and electricity, for instance, they are palpable, while gravitation, which is supposed to be the originating one, is impalpable. As to the power itself, there is so little doubt that even Comte himself, as we have seen, makes it the basis of his own physical theories. That gravitation could be a result of matter was held by Newton to be absurd; and this opinion of the great philosopher was adopted by Faraday. Gravitation is itself an agent acting upon matter. An agent of what or of WHOM? Difficult as it may be to realise the opinion, Faraday held it to be, not a mental conception, but an entity. He saw, through his wonderful imagination, which, while glorifying fact, never lent itself to fancy, the lines of gravitation across space, and he even surmised that they quivered into light and radiant heat. The surmise, which may some day take rank, for all we know, amongst his other ratified predictions, serves, at all events, to show the firm hold his mind had taken of the materiality of [illegible]ation, and can account for his [illegible]viction of

its being the true originating force. The conception of gravitation as an entity is nevertheless facilitated by the demonstration that magnetism is so; for assuredly the discovery that a piece of copper suspended between a horse-shoe magnet meets, when moved, resistance as from a viscous fluid, presenting the consistency of butter, is the discovery of the materiality of magnetism. In fact, the sum of recent discoveries regarding the action of force and forces is that they act through matter in a certain sense independently, and that, while matter is subdued and held, it of itself originates nothing, while its properties owe their manifestations to the awakening operations of one or other of the forms of force.

Armed with his great discoveries in the field of force, Faraday struck a heavy blow at the so-called atomic theory, which seems to involve those materialistic notions which found no favour in his eyes. Repudiating the atomic theory, he asks, "What do we know of the atom apart from its force? You imagine a nucleus, which may be called *a*, and surround it by forces, which may be called *m*; to my mind the *a*, or nucleus, vanishes, and the substance consists in the powers of *m*; and, indeed, what notion can we form of the nucleus independent of its powers? What thought remains on which to hang the imagination of an *a* independent of the acknowledged forces?"—thus abolishing the atom, and putting a centre of force in its place. "This view of the constitution of matter," he continues, "would seem to involve necessarily the conclusion that matter fills all space, or at least all space to which gravitation extends; for gravitation is a property of matter dependent on a certain force, and *it is this force which constitutes the matter*. In that view matter is not merely mutually penetrable, but each atom extends, so to say, throughout the whole of the solar system, yet always retaining its own centre of force."

Whatever question there may be as to the relation of the forces one to the other, whether gravity, magnetism, electricity, light, heat, and chemical affinity be different operations of the one ruling [illegible] convertible into each other, or whether they are, as some [illegible] close relationship as to be [illegible] crossing manifes[illegible] mutually exerting develop[illegible], while retaining [illegible]ity, yet this much becomes [illegible], that the

puzzling old problem about matter wears now an altogether new aspect. Whatever it be, this much is now sure concerning it, that it is philosophically proved, what believers in the truth of revelation have always held, verily a subordinate thing. It is not any longer allowable for us to follow fanciful evolutions, this evolving itself out of that, until the final reach of the refining process be the mind with its mighty range of thought, the soul with its pathetic anxieties, the spirit with its instinctive immortality. It is to a descending power we must raise our eyes, while giving up the vain notion that we had been climbing up material stairs from which the prospect was a world of death.

Faraday, with that marvellous intuition which, with him, left for experiment but the verification of prediction, placed matter in its true position as a centre of surrounding forces, which in his eyes were the all-important. When decomposing a grain of water, he elicited therefrom electricity equal to a flash of lightning; when he proved that out of a grain of water and four grains of zinc he could obtain electricity equal to a heavy thunderstorm, the word matter lost all its old meaning. The thing merges in an awful force.

ENGLISH POSITIVISM.

THE writer who in England has done most to familiarise the English mind with the doctrines of M. Comte was assuredly the late Mr. Buckle—not that he has himself, as well as we can see, acknowledged the great founder of the Positivist school for his master. Mr. Buckle, who seems to have read everything, no doubt believed that with his own proper genius for wide generalization, he had thought out a new scheme of his own, the materials for which, however, derived from the French philosopher, only entered as part of the contributions generally furnished by writers, upon all subjects, and at all times. Nevertheless, as we proceed to examine the principles which his largely illustrated statements are meant to elucidate, we cannot fail to discover their direct source in the philosophy of M. Comte. There may be differences in the way they are presented, there may be modifications, there may be no scornful defiances of sentiments held avowedly, but the results do not, and cannot, very widely differ. If Mr. [illegible] principles be at [illegible] the same cannot [illegible] of the accounts given [illegible] his

pen of what he has found in history and science for their justification. He nowhere purposely misstates, nor does he, for the sake of gaining an advantage, use false colouring. He is, therefore, exceedingly instructive; for his facts, which are abundant almost beyond example, and in their variety surprising, are made to float in a stream of such copious and vivacious eloquence, that they charm while they fill the mind. The "History of Civilization" is an agreeable book to read, nor, notwithstanding its questionable principles, can it be said to leave a hurtful impression—we doubt whether the effect produced be not that of simple wonder at the enormous amount of reading displayed, and the easiness with which so much varied knowledge could have been grasped.

We are at an early stage prepared for the materialist character of the writer's teaching, by the power which he seems to claim to be able to work the problem of a people's previous history, by regarding configuration of country along with its actual condition. Thus the soil would tell him the kind of food grown; the food, the condition of the inhabitants, physical, moral, and mental, their possible employments, the value of their labour, their government, and even their religious belief. "Left to themselves, physical laws would go on producing their clearly ascertainable results, until these yield to those of man's mind. The work of man's mind is to us in the acquisition of knowledge, which latter

alone exercises lasting power. This position is set up with unflinching boldness in a passage to be found at page 264, vol. i. "Religion, literature, and legislation," he says, "though they modify the condition of mankind are more modified by it." He assures us that, "at their best, they are only secondary agents;" that the growth of European civilization is "solely due to the progress of knowledge," which knowledge itself depends on the number of truths that the human intellect discovers, and the extent to which such knowledge is diffused.

Here certainly there is a difference between Comte and Buckle, not, be it remarked, as to the place due to knowledge, or to its results as affecting religious belief, but as to the mind's way of acquiring it; for, whereas the former attributes mental operations and their fruits to inherent laws of the mind, which the same follows with the passivity of a vegetable, the Englishman, true to the spirit of his race, vindicates the mind's free authority and independent investigation. He goes farther, he makes it self-sufficing. He needs no stay from above.

In another respect, Mr. Buckle seems to lay claim to the right of being considered a discoverer, by the prominence which he gives to, and the stress which he lays upon, [illegible] of averages. The average of crime, [illegible] ascertained within a given period, will [illegible] with like preceding periods; [illegible] almost nothing; and this not

merely with regard to crime generally considered, but affecting each particular head; so that, supplied with statistics, an individual would be warranted in pronouncing beforehand, that in a given country, and within a given period, so many robberies would be committed, so many murders, so many assaults, so many suicides, and in such and such numbers of ways. That the like average would be found true of accidents, and, as post-office returns show, even of mistakes.

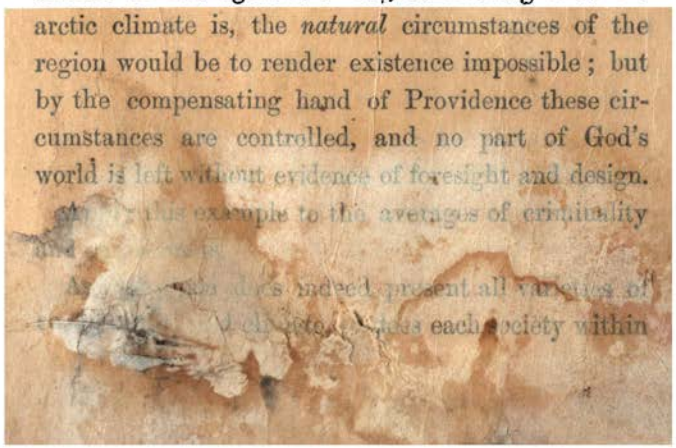
That this so-called law of average had been acted upon before its philosophic importance was perceived, will be recognised by mere attention to the modes of calculation adopted by life and fire insurance offices. But when, later on, we find this principle brought to bear against moral laws, whose influence is asserted to be only transient and temporary, inasmuch as the averages of good and bad acts go on balancing each other, while knowledge alone remains stable, the statistics of criminality and blunder are made to do more than excite curiosity or amusement, for they lead to most grave questions indeed.

We suspect that there lies here a fallacy, which consists in giving the title of law to that which is not law at all—a fallacy which runs likewise throughout the whole of M. Comte's system.

It is undoubtedly true that the result of any given circumstance, if left to itself, may with confidence be predicted. But it is the business of law to regu-

late all circumstances of every kind whatsoever, and prevent them by intelligent interference from working confusion.

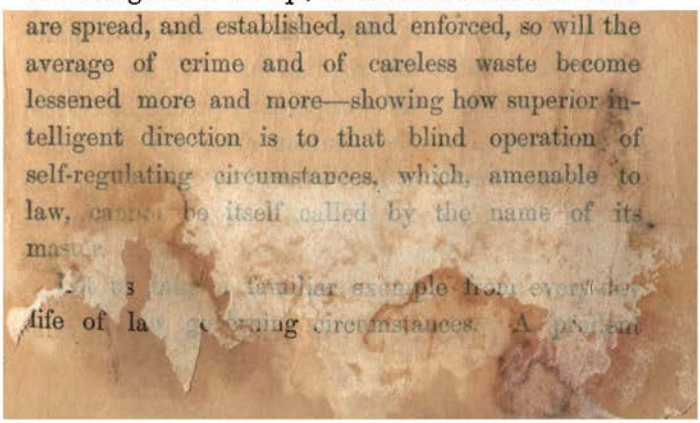
It is Mr. Buckle who most unconsciously overturns his own position, by the very means, too, which he takes to confirm it, namely, by reference to the corrections and compensations which, without acknowledging their source in Divine arrangement, he sees exhibited in the world of nature. Following in the wake of his own wide generalization, we say with him, see how it is, that where, in order to be able to sustain the rigours of arctic life, highly-carbonized food is requisite, there is the whale provided with blubber; there fat and oil are necessaries of life; whereas, in tropical countries, where highly-oxygenised food is essential, the fruits so abundantly produced are oxygenised in the highest degree. Well, where Mr. Buckle can only see *circumstances* at work, we see something more—we see the interference of intelligent law—for, considering what the arctic climate is, the *natural* circumstances of the region would be to render existence impossible; but by the compensating hand of Providence these circumstances are controlled, and no part of God's world is left without evidence of foresight and design.



itself exhibit all sorts of disposition and character, with infinite shades and differences amongst themselves; nevertheless, there is throughout the families of the human race a marked unity, their passions, affections, mental and moral qualities being essentially the same, though their manifestations be indeed affected by differing circumstances, which penetrate not, however, to the root. Amongst ourselves, there are good, bad, and indifferent, rich and poor, healthy and unhealthy, hard and charitable, virtuous and vicious. If it were so that each individual acted necessarily and inevitably according either to some physical formation, mainly influencing, if not deciding his moral nature, or was so impelled by surrounding circumstances that, in fact, he was what he was because he could not help himself, then there would be an end to personal responsibility. The old foundations of morality would cease to be, and others would have to be substituted. Yet experience shows us how unsafe it would be to draw general rules from isolated cases, or attempt to force individuals under the yoke of unbending regulations. We see opposite conduct exhibited under apparently precise individual circumstances. Indeed, human actions so confound and contradict us at every turn, that we all exclaim at one time or another, human [illegible] zle and a mystery! Here an invariable [illegible] breaks down, to our sorrow; there a [illegible] to our joy, casts away its vices; here patie[illegible] in bodily in-

firmity, there irritability in health. Now nobility stooping low, and on the other hand nobleness shining in misery. But do these discrepances take place by virtue of law? Then if they do, they are irremediable, and we have only to leave society to itself to work, by means of this occult law, into some other general shape, which, be it for good or bad—if there be such distinctions as good or bad in such a principle—is beyond our control.

But as it is the way of Providence to redress inequalities in the natural world, is it not for man to adopt the Divine lesson? and man does so in a degree. When, for instance, hospitals are built for the relief of the sick poor, and schools are erected for needy children, and churches are raised in which to purify the heart, and prisons and tribunals are formed for the correction of the vicious; there are in these and all like institutions that governing and directing of circumstances which it is the privilege of intelligence to set up; and as such like institutions are spread, and established, and enforced, so will the average of crime and of careless waste become lessened more and more—showing how superior intelligent direction is to that blind operation of self-regulating circumstances, which, amenable to law, cannot be itself called by the name of its master.



housewife, remarking the frequency with which glass and other brittle household appurtenances were broken, would probably say to herself, in less formal language than that of philosophers, it is the nature of such things not to bear rough handling—according to the law of fragile crockery, cups and dishes, if let fall, will break or crack—and cooks and kitchen-wenches, by the law of their minds, are careless or indifferent, yea, and sometimes inclined to avenge fancied wrongs by putting their mistresses to expense! Having so reasoned, could she be content to rest there, and take comfort from knowledge of law of circumstances? on the contrary, she would say there is no law in the case, for carelessness, indifference, and spite are, in their way, small outrages upon law, which is for the enforcement of order. Brittle things, however brittle they may be, do not break of themselves; and so that I may guard myself from loss, I will make a law that he or she who breaks, pays. Mr. Buckle would reason, or at least ought to reason, that it was the law of a cook's mind to be careless, and the law of that of her mistress that she would not suffer from such carelessness. Let us submit, however, to those who are not disposed to be misled by verbiage, to which of these three cases ought the name of law be given—to the brittle things, which, not able to resist [illegible] handling, break when struck against some[illegible] let fall—to the carelessness which [illegible]

or to the intelligent arrangement which provides against accidents in so far as intelligence can do so? Surely it is only to the latter that the name law can properly be given.

We may indeed say that it is the nature, or the law, or the quality of inflammable things to burn, and of explosible things to explode upon the application of fire; but, nevertheless, it is in man's power to turn these properties to his own use, through intelligent exercise of general laws, such as of all created beings he alone perceives.

We shall better understand the true meaning of law, by recognising that its essential element is restraint. The Divine law imposes restrictions upon the natural inclinations and unruly appetites. Human laws, respecting human liberty, and in the very name of liberty, draw the line of free action at the point where its indulgence would be hurtful to the fellow-subject. Without law there would be anarchy.

Keeping this principle in mind, let us see how it may be conformable with the laws which, according to the positivists who follow Comte implicitly, are inherent in material things, whereby they of themselves determine their own course and mankind's history as well. Now, looking at the universe as a whole, we find that there is always some one power holding another in check. The centripetal restrains the centrifugal, attraction balances impulsion, or the planets would not move round the sun. How

did these two opposing forces manage to come to such harmonious understanding between themselves? By what voice did attraction say to impulsion, Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther? How came the latter to admit the wisdom of subordination? Who gave it ears to hear, and who spoke to it in the still small voice? Yet this that we see manifested in sublime simplicity repeats itself through every artery and pore of the world we dwell in. What are those checks here and compensations there which so raise our admiration, and by which savage wildness is kept under in one place, and niggardliness of gifts made good by special advantages in another, but the operation of that restraining principle which is of the essence of law, and which things without thought could hardly have found the way to settle amongst themselves?

Admitting, then, the appropriateness of the term law to the recognised course which such and such things follow as of necessity when left to themselves, are we not authorised to contend for law in a much higher sense, the law that comes of legislation for the whole, whereby all things are ruled and governed and held in restraint, of which the result is beautiful, accordant harmony? Assuredly this higher law was made by a lawgiver. Must we not do violence to our mind to call it a result instead of a cause?

By the inversion of reasoning, religion [illegible] is the [illegible] recognition in worship of the [illegible]

is lowered into a result of some particular organisation of matter accompanying naturally the progress of circumstances by which it is shaped, or in accordance with which it shapes itself; whereas history, on the contrary, justifies us in saying that religious thought gains ahead of all other improvements. Proof of this follows from the obstacles opposed by sacerdotal systems, so that the very heresies whose successive destruction they quote in support of their own invincibility and assured final triumph, bear witness to the irrepressible struggles of human thought to advance more and more, and higher and yet more high. Scepticism itself is often no more than weariness; for it is of man's nature that he should sometimes grow tired even of his own best thoughts, and call the languor of fatigue by the name of passionless wisdom. Out of this weariness societies require occasionally to be roused by rushings in of purer air, which no doubt bring trouble, but health likewise. They who deny special interferences of Providence must yet marvel at times at the singularity of the coincidences by which, when a great work is to be done, the fitting man to do it should appear—a warrior to break up, when breaking up is needful; a hero to save, when preservation is better; a poet to exalt and refine; a philosopher to direct science into [illegible]. Well, this requisite train of genius appears [illegible] the sphere of religion [illegible] whose [illegible] irresistible [illegible] of

holy purpose. Now, as there can be no thought of God which is not sublime, it does so happen that all religious movements have, at the time of their appearance, wrought powerfully for good. Puritanism, Quakerism, Methodism—intolerant and aggressive as was the first; gentle and pacific as was the second; and with something of the blended spirit of both as was the third, they each achieved extraordinary power of good. That other movements are taking place, and that others again will follow in course of time, is what we must be prepared to witness and to share. By such movements the heart is stirred and understanding quickened, and the worst evil of all, stagnation, prevented.

Unwilling to see, and indisposed to admit any other than natural causes for the appearance of specially-adapted men for the needful work of the time, their gifts—as by a sort of instinct their powers are popularly called—are attributed by the materialist school to bodily organisation. Now, were man a mere animal, striking peculiarities ought, according to the doctrine of preferential selection, to be transmissible. Such, however, we know not to be the case. Piety may stretch its head as high to heaven as it will, it cannot elongate a giraffe species. Philosophic brain does not descend in hereditary line. Richard Cromwell succeeds to Oliver, and the libertine Charles fulfils the throne of the royal martyr. We cannot [illegible] conscience and genius by any cross [illegible].

In bodily respects there appear such varieties of physique amongst those who in mind and morals resemble one another, as to defy all attempts to connect spiritual qualities with physical construction.

The strength of individual will over bodily organisation will not assuredly be denied in presence of the numberless examples that might be quoted, and which are indeed within most persons' experience, of successful effort in defiance of infirmities, and of unruly dispositions subjugated. True it is that will cannot force inapt organs, as we may see by the failures in art efforts, which shock eye and ear. But it is not because of the disposition which we all have to exercise preferably the organs which by their facility and effects yield us most pleasure, that therefore the sources of such power are the organs themselves. This would be to confound what is the occasion with the cause. It would be as if we said that the bell which called the servant to open the door was itself the door opener. Our senses ring to the soul, setting in movement an inward world of life, but they are not the life itself. Could an animal be made to see the depths of the earth opened to the mind of a geologist by the fragment of stone at which it had just been smelling, he would understand the difference between sense provided for animal needs, and sense the purveyor of thought.

When we look at the instruments given to us for [illegible] use and e[illegible] instruments, we [illegible]

set bounds to our admiration. But when we come to regard them as the man himself in his completeness, our admiration undergoes some strange chill. The limitless horizon is cut off by that sort of bounded explanation which, closing inquiry some way or other, as it so happens, stops further interest, for, so far as speculation is engaged, inquiry is closed. We think no more about the matter. The nervous system is a set of pipes, or tubes, or wires, laid on, and the fluid being set in motion, the product is thought, according in character with the moving power. As action causes consumption, and the muscles consumed must be replenished, the machine must needs be fed, and so goes on the process until it be worn out, and there an end of it. Fancies are only phosphoric scintillations caused by the stirring of the wave, and high thoughts the illusions of good digestion. The great staggerer in the case is to have all this set down to that grave and orderly principle we name law.

Thus we find that all those systems which go to subtract things appertaining to man from government by thoughtful intelligence do, in fact, set up accident under the name of law, in place of law in the reality of its certitude. Even if the food which, according to Mr. Buckle, determines the modes of thinking and acting of the inhabitant of a given country were indigenous to the soil [illegible] these days of interchange of production an[illegible] of [illegible] acclima-

tising, it would not follow that sole use of such food should be perpetual. The flexibility of all things under the dominion of man is the sign of Providence upon them, and of their amenability to law. The very circumstances which occasion fresh combinations serve as suggestions and guides to the intelligent observer of the operations of nature whereby to extend the range of human direction. While no circumstance can be without its due influence, yet as each and all have assignable limits, there can be no absolute mastery claimed for them. The qualities which keep a thing in its place are law to that thing in a sense borrowed from the term in its higher and true meaning, according to our understanding of it. If, too, a man, whatever the opportunities afforded by a more highly-advanced society, be the product of wheat and good farm produce—be yet dependent for his behaviour upon the more or less well-mixed chemistry of his blood, then is the so-called personal law which unsettles his existence but an accident, and he is the slave or victim of unhappy chance. If this be so, we must invent a new nomenclature for crime; and laws will have to be framed to save society from the inconveniences occasioned by the unavoidable freaks of peculiar temperaments.

Should the disciple of the new philosophy get rid of that habit of introspection which is said to relax [illegible] and to beget a [illegible]

ness which is a sort of soul sickness, extending also to the body. The disciple would still have to sit in judgment upon himself; to take the measure of his qualities, in order to discover his own material value. The task, to be sure, would be less difficult, for the range of inquiry would be of definite limitation.

The wide, bewildering scope of spiritualist investigations would be cut off: perhaps as much might be said regarding impulsive sympathies, destined to be brought under the yoke of rigid calculation. It would be every man for himself. If the higher orders in the hierarchy of established society should give way, the work of destruction would not be compensated by the elevation of the lower; for the system, being necessarily individualistic, must find itself stamped with self-sufficiency—that is to say, with selfishness. In order to escape from the logical consequences of positivism, the head of the school set up his shadowy religion of humanity, with his frigid and fantastic ceremonials, intended for the captivation of a people of theatrical tastes. To such lengths as this English positivism would hardly be inclined to go. Mr. Buckle, true to the practical, matter-of-fact English character, deals with the palpable, and stops short at nonsense. His agreement with Comte would seem to extend no farther than the conviction that cause and effect are self-manifested in the action of visible things; that the philosophic difference between subjective and objective was with-

out basis, the former being erased from the philosophic vocabulary.

It was Mr. Buckle's aim, in itself a noble one, to raise from questionable to established right, the claim of history to take place amongst the sciences, by showing the certainty of the laws which governed its course. History is indeed a science with as much certainty as is possible in the case where rules and axioms are ever doomed to be crossed by the irregular play of human passions. In this respect there is an analogy between it and the science of medicine which is very remarkable. A candid physician will acknowledge that he commands no specific remedies for disease. Those who affirm the contrary are, in his eyes, mere quacks. General rules there are, and general remedies, acquired by observation and experience; but so little is the reason for the action of medicines known, that remedies successful in one case fail in another. Were the body a lifeless thing, it could be told to a nicety what effects would follow such and such experiments upon it. That which baffles skill, where it does not test genius, is the life within and its mysteries. So it is with states; they are living bodies, each imposing modifications of those general rules, that, however scientifically derived they may be, have yet to encounter the disturbances of ever-varying tastes, caprices, and passions, sometimes noble, and sometimes wicked.

But as there is one question which the physician

never fails to ask, so is there, or there ought to be, one of like kind in the mouth of the inquirer about a given people.

The physician's question, when called in for the first time, will be about the patient's previous way of living. Was he of sober and temperate habits, or the contrary? did he lead an active or sedentary life? For his mode of treatment would have to turn pretty much on the nature of the constitution with which he had to deal; if sound and unimpaired, nature would do half the work of recovery; if the contrary, then would he feel obliged to make more than ordinary calls upon his own skill.

In like manner, he who would learn the history of a people should begin his inquiries by asking about the laws under which they lived. Indeed, the subject would offer itself at the outset in anticipation of inquiry. But as we here touch the point upon which we are most vitally at issue, we must let Mr. Buckle speak fully for himself. In his famous "History of Civilization," vol. i., p. 206, he thus concludes the fourth chapter, after describing the gigantic crimes of Alexander and Napoleon as having become after a time void of effect:—

"The actions of bad men produce only *temporary* evil, the actions of good men only *temporary* good; and eventually the good and evil altogether subside, are neutralized by subsequent generations, absorbed by the incessant movement of future ages. But the

discoveries of great men never leave us; they are immortal, they contain those eternal truths which survive the shock of empires, outlive the struggles of rival creeds, and witness the decay of successive religions. All these have their different measures and their different standards; one set of opinions for one age, another set for another. They pass away like a dream; they are as the fabric of a vision which leaves not a rack behind. The discoveries of genius alone remain: it is to them we owe all that we now have; they are for all ages and all times; never young and never old, they bear the seeds of their own life; they flow on in a perennial and undying stream; they are essentially cumulative, and giving birth to the additions which they subsequently receive, they thus influence the most distant posterity, and after the lapse of centuries produce more effect than they were able to do even at the moment of their promulgation."

And in the opening of the next, chapter v., he thus recapitulates the results at which he has arrived, and which may be regarded as containing the essence of the doctrine.

"We have seen that our actions, *being solely the result of internal and external agencies*, must be explicable by the laws of those agencies; that is to say, by mental laws and by physical laws; and that in the progress of civilization their superiority is constantly increasing, because advancing knowledge

multiplies the resources of the mind, but leaves the old resources of nature stationary. On this account we have treated the mental laws as being the great regulators of progress, and we have looked at the physical laws as occupying a subordinate place, and as merely displaying themselves in occasional disturbances, the force and frequency of which have been long declining, and are now on a large average almost inoperative. Having by this means resolved the study of what may be called the dynamics of society into the study of the laws of the mind, we have subjected these last to a similar analysis; and we have found that they consist of two parts, namely, *moral laws* and *intellectual laws*. By comparing these two parts, we have clearly ascertained the vast superiority of intellectual laws; and we have seen that as the progress of civilization is marked by the triumph of the mental laws over the physical, *just so is it marked by the triumph of the intellectual laws over the moral ones*. This important inference rests on two distinct arguments. First, that moral truths being stationary and intellectual truths being progressive, it is highly improbable that the progress of society should be due to moral knowledge, which, for many centuries, has remained the same, rather than to intellectual knowledge, which, for many centuries, has been incessantly advancing. The other argument consists in the fact that the two greatest evils (religious persecution and war) known to mankind have not been

diminished by moral improvement; but have been, and still are, yielding to the influence of intellectual discoveries. From all this, it evidently follows, that if we wish to ascertain the conditions which regulate the progress of modern civilization, we must seek them in the history of the amount and diffusion of intellectual knowledge, and we must consider physical phenomena and moral principles as causing, no doubt, great aberrations in short periods, but in long periods correcting and balancing themselves, and thus leaving the intellectual laws to act uncontrolled by these inferior and subordinate agents. Such is the conclusion to which we have been led by successive analyses, and on which we now take our stand."

In these remarkable passages there is a want of accuracy which is the less excusable as they profess to give definite conclusions, capable of being set forth in definite propositions. Society, we are told, "owes everything to the discoveries of genius;" then, "that the mental laws are the great regulators of progress;" that these laws "consist of two parts—moral laws and intellectual laws;" the latter "being of vast superiority, so vast as to triumph over them," and that the progress of civilization is measured by "the amount and diffusion of intellectual knowledge."

Here three things are spoken of as one: the discoveries of genius, the mental laws, and intellectual knowledge.

Now, discoveries by men of genius, however in accordance with the laws of the mind, do not of themselves explain those laws; and, notwithstanding their immense importance as the great regulators of progress, they are such simply by virtue of the intellectual knowledge they produce; but how exercised in the production or discovery of this knowledge is not at all described. Mental action and result are confounded together. If precision of statement be above all things requisite for the purpose of philosophical argument, surely it becomes indispensable where the proposition is one upon which the author's theory completely hangs. It was not of course to be expected that Mr. Buckle should have treated the vast and complex subject of metaphysics at disproportionate length; but having referred to the laws of the mind, he ought not to have left the reader in doubt as to his own sense of the term. This was the more necessary because in no way does he more truly show himself a Positivist than in his treatment of all those great thinkers who have devoted their minds to study of those same mental laws. In his contemptuous repudiation of all that has hitherto been done in psychology and metaphysics, he is as trenchant as Comte himself. If they have established no one truth regarding mental laws, he has, namely this, as we have seen, their division into two parts—the intellectual and the moral. But assuredly two parts of the one thing [illegible] other.

wise than intimately related. When we resolve a thing into its component parts, we do not, in seeking to restore it to what it had been, separate the principal ingredient and call the rest in its other form by the same name. Instead, however, of admitting a relationship which would appear to be inherent, he, on the contrary, presents the mental and moral laws as in a state of antagonism; how otherwise are we to understand the meaning of the triumph of the one over the other? And yet the stability of these moral laws is so undeniable, that, in order to depreciate them the more, this, their abiding principle, is charged against them as their main defect. "Moral truths *being stationary*, it is highly improbable that the progress of society should be due to moral knowledge." There remains, in fact, no new moral truths to be discovered! Why, that is their crowning glory. Well for mankind that there is an ever-fixed standard of right and wrong wherewith to give steadiness to the perplexities of opinion to arrest rash change and to determine the duties of conduct.

Nothing then being of worth, so far as progress is concerned, but intellectual knowledge, we are entitled to ask what is this intellectual knowledge?

That the question is not inapt, will be admitted by those who find themselves brought to a full stop at page 264, by the assertion, that religion, literature, and legislation are, at their best, only secondary agents in forwarding the growth of European civili-

zation. If intellectual knowledge be not in religion, literature, and legislation, where, we ask once more, is it to be found? If there be a motive force called intellectual knowledge, how are we to recognise it? We have indeed been told that the discoveries of great men alone survive the shock of empires and outlive successive religions—which last are reduced to sets of opinions, one set suiting one age and another set another. In such discoveries we are, we presume, to recognise a determined result, from which it would seem to follow that the progress of mankind is to be measured by their number.

From the pale of determined results Mr. Buckle expels religion. But if no settled governing truth lay at the root of these various opinions in relation to it, how is their universality, as distinguished from their variety, to be accounted for? In all times and at all places within human records man has expressed belief in an unseen Power, towards whom he felt himself to bear relation as his Creator and Father. With this central fact attested by experience ought not to be confounded the opinions touching the mode of Divine manifestation, or the way of expressing worship, which have not only varied, but which are still varying by virtue of man's own God-given freedom in the exercise of all his faculties. Thus the universality and variety of creeds and religions bear testimony, not to one fact only, but to two —the certainty of their source, and the [illegible] fr[illegible]

dom of man. Man thought of God because he had the faculty which enabled him so to think. Man worshipped God because of the imperious demand which that faculty, like all his other faculties, made for its proper satisfaction. We speak not of revelation here, because we wish to meet positivist philosophy upon its own ground, claiming place amongst discovered truths for this primal one, which is itself the beginning of the history of civilization. In his analysis of the mental laws, of which Mr. Buckle merely states the result, without favouring us with his process of investigation, we do not find religion in any way included. That it is not involved in his moral laws appears evident from the stationary character, which affixes to them, according to his view, a mark of inferiority. Nevertheless this stationary character of the moral laws does not prevent varying views about moral acts; the same things which one age reproves another accepts, and so of different nations. Yet if it be shown that moral and religious purity go together, and that immorality is found along with superstition and ignorance, do they not testify to their common origin, and thereby assert their eternal stability? and now, if we wanted to test the condition of a given people, which of the two would be the right one—its intellectual knowledge—or its moral condition? The answer is given by the universal voice of history; no state has ever maintained its freedom by virtue of its intellectual

advantages when unsupported by moral dignity. Freedom is the reward of national virtue. The more the moral laws are submitted to examination, the more will their extreme delicacy be brought to light, and the less will they bear soiled handling. As the highest organisations are the most complex and most open to injury, so is it with moral laws. A mere equivocation shakes the whole framework; persistency in false or impure ways demoralises, until the moral outlaw becomes divested of outward trust and self-dependence. Let deterioration of character spread amongst a people, and the consequences will be the same. Talk of progressive civilization as being apart from moral laws! Why, it is the highest sign of progress to arrive at the complete understanding of these very laws. Their principles are indeed stationary in the sense of being fixed, but for all that, moral laws have a terribly receding power. They are not without movement, in the backward sense of departing from and leaving stranded in desolation and howling ruin the people which deliberately throws off the yoke of their fine freedom. Morality to intellect is what gravitation is to motion—holding it in a course of beneficial light.

Society at large recognises the delicacy of the moral laws by the regard in which it holds the sentiment of honour, and by the reliance it places upon personal conscientiousness. No laws, however ingeniously contrived, can be made to meet all cir-

cumstances attending the complex transactions of varied civilised life, or to provide against their not being, in many respects, evaded. Laws themselves are attended with this grievance, that they can be pleaded in sanction of what they do not expressly forbid.* Appeals must accordingly be frequently addressed to honour and conscience; that is to say, to the moral law of which the individual is the executor and guardian; not, however, as regards honour, at least always exclusively, for honour has its own unwritten code, reverenced even above the respect due to law. Beyond the ken of honour there is hidden in every human breast secrets not to be divulged, in which lurk the severest temptations. Things that may be done without apparent possibility of detection; evil thoughts of which no human eye can take cognizance; present gratifications and advantages, of whose hurtfulness he alone can take measure, and of easy apparent reparation afterwards, although in reality not easy, as each deviation, however slight, lays open the way of habit, and forges the first link of the hardest of chains. How can the finest sense of utility avail us here? This utility, whether in the worldly sense of Hume or the higher sense of Paley, belongs to a certain maturity of mind; but before the experience is gathered, the first chains are forged. Under whose sanction then is this higher law of morality, and to whom is the conscience answerable for its violation? The laws of the country

and the laws of honour have their tribunals and their sanctions—morality too, in a general sense; but there is a line which marks the sanctuary where the conscience feels itself in the Highest presence alone.

Well, Mr. Buckle will say, all this is very good, so far as the individual is concerned. He alone is affected by his conduct, however excellent it be, or, admitting its influence upon others, it is yet too limited to be made of any account in the progress of civilization. One of Mr. Buckle's greatest mistakes we believe to be his attributing exclusively to working of the intellect those discoveries which he treats as alone worthy of note in the history of civilization. When a philanthropic Howard set forward upon his painful itinerary he was not actuated by any scientific motives; the reformation of prisons, to which his exposures led, was as valuable as the best intellectual discovery in removing a stigma upon our civilization, and, inasmuch as it was demoralising, a hindrance to its advance. The humane Quaker who, by kind treatment of the insane, opened the eyes of society to the discovery of past errors in dealing with one of the most dreadful of human inflictions, was led to his own discovery by his moral act, and it is perpetual. Sir William Crofton, who solved the hitherto-believed insoluble difficulty of reclaiming adult criminals, achieved his triumphant discovery not by laws that work

themselves, but by personal influence. In order to carry on his system there must be found men of like qualities, and they are rare. So that here we have an example of a discovery answering the definition of a help to human progress, which yet depends for its prolonged efficacy upon the personal influence of moral character.

Thus we have two most important discoveries regarding the aberrations of the intellect and of conduct due altogether to perishable moral influence and vanquished moral law.

Let us now take an example of the sort of discovery which Mr. Buckle adduces in illustration of his doctrine. It is free-trade, as discovered by Adam Smith. Here is a principle of purely intellectual origin reached by a solitary thinker, who derived no light from actual experience.* It was no happy accident. It was no demonstration of necessity produced by obstacles or inconveniences meeting the man of business in the course of trade. The author of it has to content himself with the prescience which attends truth. The new doctrine will work its way. He may not live to see the fruit gathered; but gathered it will be. He bequeaths a legacy to mankind, rich in countless accumulations of beneficent interest, and which are to excite no envy, hatred, or malice; his own enjoyment being in the imagined prospect—an enjoyment greater than any which could be given by the first struggles

and harsh contests which gather about a new idea, in the face of old prejudices.

Let us not, however, forget that the intellectual discoverer of free-trade was a moralist as well. The author of the "Inquiry into the Causes of the Wealth of Nations" was also the author of a "Theory of Moral Sentiments;" and when we recollect that the system destined to be overthrown was built upon selfishness, we assuredly strain not inferences to our purpose, when we suggest that the moral law may here fairly claim to a share of this important discovery. The old idea of trade was monopoly. This idea had been sanctioned, fostered, and encouraged by the crown, which by monopolies rewarded favourites. Queen Elizabeth was a great sinner in this way; parliaments were much greater sinners, as having less excuse! Even the revolution of 1688 brought no change in this respect, but rather aggravated the evil, by making the British nation apparent accomplices in the destruction of Irish manufactures, shipping, and even of agriculture, by the outcry against importation of Irish cattle. Present advantage was gained at the cost of transferring to posterity the burden of atonement for violated moral law.

It cannot in the least detract from the merit of Adam Smith that the illustrious Edmund Burke had already arrived at the same conclusion; and Burke was eminently a moralist. His heart and head ever

worked together. Smith's great claim to the gratitude of mankind consists in the armoury which his work supplied for the long campaign that lay before, and which was not to be decided by the greatest parliamentary efforts of the greatest of parliamentary orators, when all ears were of set purpose stopped against him. A reference to the personal character of the men who carried out free-trade would not, we opine, detract from the force of the argument in favour of moral laws. Thus, meeting Mr. Buckle upon his own chosen ground, and admitting, for argument's sake, that free-trade is an intellectual discovery in aid of the progress of civilization, we have shown, we think, that it is as much due to the operation of the laws of morality—of which he refuses to take any account in relation to civilization's own history.

Religion, legislation, and literature are, according to Mr. Buckle, not in themselves knowledge, although he would doubtless agree, with the rest of the world, there could be no knowledge without them. The rest of the world would, however, connect science and the fine arts, and from the kind and degree of one and all, and their ascertained influence, would draw conclusions as to the state of civilization. If Mr. Buckle leaves out science, it is because with him science is all in all; and if he excludes the fine arts, it must be for the contrary reason—not that he gives us ground to suppose him indifferent to their

beauties, but that their adornments, as he appears to think, lie upon the outside, and do not work into and through the minds of a people in a way to advance or retard their intellectual progress. Yet we may, by a simple test, show that very striking evidence indeed as to the probable civilization of a people might be presented in some recovered remnant of art. Suppose, for instance, that in one of those cities of Central America the traces of whose existence have lately been found, there should turn up a statue in marble of perfect shape; that the attitude, if that of a man, should express the highest manly qualities, if of a woman, the utmost grace and refinement, that the head of either should be radiant with intellectual power and moral dignity; what conclusion would we not draw as to the probable state of that city's civilization? Suppose no more than a fragment, a torso, a bust, would not such serve as the single bone in the hands of the great naturalist, wherewith to reconstruct the lost creature of unrecorded time? Would it not be deemed a more safe test than that of the configuration of the surrounding country? Fine arts are the physiognomy of a people; but the physiognomy to be fine must be lighted from within. In the face of fine art we read national taste, temper, disposition, we conclude as to its means and wealth—somewhat, too, of its science—not a little of its social and political condition. It may be questioned whether any recovery

of proofs that in some other discovered city intellectual knowledge of any of those truths which are said to be the sole marks of the state of civilization would tell as much; because, as there is good ground for belief, many of our modern discoveries had been, from time to time, anticipated, but fell fruitless, because of the unfitness of the age for their reception, by its inability to make practical application thereof, or because of their not answering to any present necessity. The uses of steam were pointed out even in England two centuries before Watt. Now, should a painting be found in our other old city representing a vessel worked by steam, it would not follow that it was of universal adoption; in fact, the painting itself would tell more of the people than would the thing represented; or suppose that in yet a third old city there should be discovered proof of knowledge of the laws of the heavenly bodies and of gravitation, and with it a code of laws, on ten or any other number of tables, which of the two should be taken to be the better test of the prevailing civilization? Assuredly the laws of a people must include the whole of its daily life. Adam Smith's discovery could not have advanced the progress of civilization in the way asserted, otherwise than by altering the whole system of legislation in respect to trade and commerce, and, indirectly, the moral and physical condition of our manufacturing population. How, then, can legislation be

treated as of the temporary things that pass away, seeing that it is the embodiment of those very intellectual discoveries without which they would perish? The discovery first, truly; but, then, the organization, without which there can be no working life in this world.

To the rash dogma that such things as we have had so frequently to name pass away, we reply that nothing passes away. The metaphor wherewith men of letters are likened unto stars is singularly apt. The Homer of ages and ages ago is steadily fixed in the firmament of the world's literature. The starry system itself is not more a present reality than is that galaxy of literary lights composed of the great writers of all times and all nations, of which no single one could be removed without making a woeful breach in the association, which revolves as one glorious whole to every well-read mind. Every true work of genius, whether poem, or history, or philosophy, has wrought an abiding influence, not limited to the language in which it has been written, but extending throughout the whole realm of literature, an undying member of the universal republic of letters. As our own Shakespeare, mightiest of the mighty, drew from Italian and Spanish sources, as well as from the higher founts of antiquity, so did Italian, and Spanish, and French speak the spiritual dialects of the people, of whose tongue their own was each a

modification. Without the poets of Greece and Rome, without Dante and Petrarch, would our Milton have been the temple dedicated to sacred song that he was, in whose harmonious composite all orders of divine poetry blended? How, in the face of history, can the imputed transiency of literature be maintained, even with the qualification of being made in a comparative or relative sense?

The like character of permanency—less, perhaps, in degree—may be claimed for legislation. Without speaking of our parliamentary representative system, lest we be met by the objection that the question is not of the legislative instrument, but of legislative act, we would ask whether that municipal system—the creation of Roman law—by which self-government was fixed in the heart of the middle ages—the palladium of liberty—whether that municipal system which our colonies drew with their free notions from ourselves, be not a standing witness to the permanent influence of great legislation?

We cannot take leave of Mr. Buckle, and the positivist school of which he is so brilliant an exponent, without a few words on religion.

We have seen the way in which he refers with casual disdain to this gravest of subjects. It is a subordinate agent only; creeds are successive and mortal; one set of opinions for one age, another set for another. His master, M. Comte, finding the

fact of religion in his way, meeting him at every step, in a very inconvenient manner, felt bound to account for the existence of so troublesome a disturber of logical symmetry. In Mr. Buckle's eyes, it is only a phenomenon like that of earthquake or tempest, which, however striking for the moment, passes away. Now, it might be supposed that in those three things, so free and easily lumped together, certain analogies would be found. For our own part we can perceive, as we have shown, a like sort of hereditary chain connecting the literature of all ages, and to a great degree the legislation of ages; but when we come to religion, the analogy can no longer be pursued.

To Greece and Rome our present literature, our philosophy, our laws, and our arts owe much—our religion nothing! Christianity has nothing whatever in common with paganism. God, a Spirit to be worshipped in spirit and in truth, loving the world that he gave His own Son to redeem—God requiring man's love in turn, and yet not exclusively, for it is a love shared by man with his brother man, assuredly this Christian religion is not to be accounted for in the Comtian, positivist way. Fetichism can hardly have been the seed or root, the first manifestation, or first anything else, of a system at once so simple and sublime; one meeting all human needs of all human conditions; exalting the humble, comforting the afflicted, bowing down the proud,

by the exhibiting of a glory to abash that of earth, and satisfying the wise, who, seeking for solid ground for his highest thoughts and speculations, finds anchorage at last in the knowledge of God. If Christianity be but a phase of that necessary and inevitable evolution of the human mind which Comte has preached, and of which positivism is to be the end, it looks very like the phase of the harvest merging into desolate winter, with little to cheer the coming arctic night, in that Aurora Borealis of a sentimental humanity, so condescendingly promised to those superstitious tendencies which the new philosophy owns its inability to banish utterly. The craving for light must henceforth be fed with moonshine. Those successive religions of which Mr. Buckle speaks are to be sought for outside the Mosaic institutions, which, repelling all idolatries, fetichism, star-worship, and mythological fancies and extravagances, gave fixity to the worship of the one God, until the perfect revelation by the Son to the whole family of mankind. Contrary to the cold idolatries, Christianity offers no adaptations and transformations. A religion of freedom, its history is crowded by contests, indeed, yet contests regarding manifest mode of manifesting worship. Its principles are too plain to admit of doubt. To live the life of Christ is unmistakable Christianity. It is, so to speak, a religion of social fellowship, where, provided there be truth, sincerity, and love, much

freedom is allowed to opinion, and much play to generous speculation.

Let us conclude with a word about Mr. Buckle's reproach to Christianity that it has not prevented the two greatest of evils—persecution and war. May we ask what has science done in that way? If civilization is to owe all to discoveries, the present age can show more than all previous ages put together. And are we the nearer on that account to an end of strife? With every nation armed to the teeth, and science straining in the one track after the most effectual instruments for man-killing, the question becomes unfortunately an idle one.

Free trade, facility of intercourse, peaceful meetngs of the world's industry, gas, steam, electric telegraphs, telescopes penetrating the Milky Way, mathematics reaching to Neptune in the security of his countless millions of distance, geology working through the millions of years of the earth's history, the sun brought within the analysis of the spectrum, and made to tell us that he is of like material—our own flesh and blood, as it were—we have made him our artist too. The sea has no more secrets. The whole universe is resolved into forces. There seems hardly aught to be learned; and no matter what may be ascertained or ascertainable, we know this much, that, judging by results, the reformation of the heart of man is not to come through any such discoveries.

To soften, purify, humanize that heart is assuredly

the purpose of religion. To bind man to man in love; to hold society together in bonds of affection and charity is its aim. Should there have been failure even to the extent alleged, what would it prove, if not the necessity of untiring exertion, and the use of all and every means for mitigating the asperities of our natural jealousies, our envies, and our hatred, and of subduing our fierce passions? The pursuits of science are in themselves ennobling and humanising, only they are not all in all. The way to the loftiest region of mind and the noblest desires of the heart is not a divergent one, breaking at some unsettled point into necessary antagonism—rather two ways that blend into one. The cooler air of inquiring thought should be brought, not to extinguish, but to clear the fire of a zeal powerful for good. In the middle ages the church, failing to stop internecine wars, did what it could, and that was much, in saving certain holidays from desecration of bloodshed, and by truce of God imposed a second Sabbath, on which days of the week no manner of bloody work should be done. Now let there be a truce, not of days but everlastingly, between science and religion, or only contest of benevolent rivalry as to which shall work the better to the end common to both—if there be indeed a both—in man's choral hymn to the Maker of all things, who wills not disorder amidst His handiwork.

HAS MORAL PHILOSOPHY BEEN LABOUR IN VAIN?

As wasted labour is a deplorable sight, second only to that of aimless toil, and as the most deplorable sight of all would be that of mental effort upon the highest subject of thought utterly thrown away, and ending in abashed imbecility and helplessness, we ask is it so? And is this so-called science of metaphysics no better than a beating of the air, with which to raise mere blinding dust, and no more?

When we think, too, that the fruit which is said to satisfy no craving thirst, but, on the contrary, to turn, as we are told, to ashes on the lips, is itself the product of greatest cultivation—that it is the offering pre-eminently of the thinker in his mental maturity; of the thinker who is the scholar experienced in mankind as in books,—then, to stigmatize as delusion's worst waste this outcome of nobly-aimed labour is a harsh sentence against which it is no presumption to appeal.

It is said that mind may consider all things but mind itself—save for the purpose of establishing its

own incapacity to deal with other than that which is limited to sense. It may ask how it comes to receive impressions, and to digest and mould them, provided it admits its dependence upon the senses through which these primary impressions are conveyed from palpable objects—that we are accordingly creatures of sensation with more or less of memory to be exercised according to the stimulus of necessity, or of the degrees of pleasure which one order of sensation may excite more than another, raising up recollections in form of images and combining them in a way we call imagination.

The theory is, without doubt, one of simplicity. It brings you at once to the origin of all those puzzling thoughts about ourselves here and hereafter, perceiving which we need no longer be troubled. Their root is in matter, they come from and through material channels to a material brain, which, not contented with its own natural work, must set up a business of its own, asking heavenly customers in lieu of those at hand upon earth.

Is it so simple after all? Is it of a truth more easy of comprehension than its opposite, which derives the spiritual operations of the mind from the Divine Spirit of the Father? We may meet these questions by one of another kind. At the period when the mind may be assumed to be sufficiently matured to be capable of these abstract inquiries, with which of the two questions can it the better deal? The

answer of most persons would probably be in favour of the former, as the more apparently obvious. Objects make impressions upon the senses, which convey them to the mind, when the work of reflecting upon them begins, and so forth. What more plain than this? Whereas the spiritualist, so-called, instead of beginning at the beginning takes the opposite course; with him there is no tracing backward to the source. To him the inward tumultuous meeting of ideas, affections, memories, fancies, speculations, are not to be resolved into the little feeders from the mountain, seeing that the troubled mass, like all the meeting streams, is the child of the heavenly dews and the falling rain. "I will have it," he cries, "that it is the ocean which is the parent of the streams. It is the mysterious ocean I must question."

Let us drop the language of metaphor, and in plain terms ask whether the fact be not the contrary of the general supposition? When the mind begins to speculate upon the sources of its own thoughts, is it then in the most favourable position for taking account of what it owes to the senses? Let those who have unreflectingly assumed this to be a simple operation dwell for a moment upon the subject, and they will see that a man cannot start from the moment of the beginning of his inquiry. He will feel for the first time that his senses have been doing their work from the hour of his birth. Could he allow himself to say [illegible] and that soft—this

produces a pleasant and that an unpleasant effect—these colours enchant, but those repel, then all might be plain sailing; but he will soon find that the question forces him back to the earliest moments of memory, until he learns that that which it behoves him to know is the way in which the impressions of objects upon the senses first came to have effect. He must go back to childhood. He must go weighted with the burthens of his memory's accumulations, which he will have, as it were, to shake off before he can place himself in that condition of simple observation without which he cannot advance a step.

Compare now these difficulties of the sensationalist with those of the spiritualist.

He indeed does start from the actual present. His concern is about the condition of his own mind as it immediately is. Observation of the ways of the senses is lost in the long use of them. He may try to eke out his own crossed and maimed and baffled recollections by watching those of children, yet will such outer observation help him very little. The account he must needs render is of himself to himself; and when he proceeds to the trial he discovers that the senses refuse to answer his question as to the precise way in which they first began to be affected, and of their gradual improvement.

When the sensationalist says, "I see, I touch, I feel," he learns that he is in contact with the changing

and the perishable; and then he says, "I too am changing and perishable. The things that are and the senses on which they act are alike transitory. I am but a shadow in a world of shadows. Let us make the most of the present, for the past is mere imagery of the memory, and the future repetition of the like—the new being combinations of the old."

On the other hand, the spiritualist, who, commencing his investigation, says, "I think," finds himself upon solid ground at once. Between the "I see this thing and I feel that," and the "I think," there lies the whole difference—one broad as is heaven from earth, with the experience reversed—for it is the heaven which is solid, while the earth seems slipping away.

We believe that the comparative advantage of position in the outset of inquiry between the sensationalist and the spiritualist cannot be too strongly pressed.

When we come to think about the mind itself its characteristic property is immediately manifest, namely, that of drawing inferences. It does not rest satisfied with direct and immediate effects and results; each new experience and fresh discovery and observation becoming the groundwork of inquiries not always obviously suggested, but in various instances concerning matters which at first sight seem to be remote, and to have little or no connection with the thing at hand. When attempts are made to level down man to the

lower animal race by virtue of those common senses which do indeed connect both together as all nature is connected, this distinguishing characteristic would seem to have been forgotten. Memories of animals have been put upon a par with the memory of man, because that which they see to happen once they expect to see happen again. They cower from the lash from which they have suffered—they recognize the hand that feeds—they can be broken, according to their kind, into the doing of certain things, and will imitate actions of themselves; but there is one thing which no living creature save man can do, which is, to invent combinations with the view of producing a foreseen or experimental result of a new kind; and even if some strangely exceptional creature should be found to do something of this sort, how far would that be from the bringing of observed results under some known general law; or, again, where no ascertained law could be appealed to of seeking for a fresh law, and, pending inquiry, of supplying its place by hypothesis, to be ultimately confirmed, or modified, or made to give way to discovery more sure, ample, and embracing.

This property of inference or deduction is so peculiar to the human mind, that its operation is not confined to any class or condition. It is to be seen at work in the simple contrivances of the household, which contrivances are combinations of familiar things, for the purpose of extracting more and other

means to meet household wants, as much as it is in the laboratory of the chemist or physician, or the workshop of the mechanician, or the study of the philosopher. That this mental property will be exercised according to the tastes, habits, inclination, wants, and knowledge of the individual can be only adduced for the purpose of showing how important it is that such property should be cultivated and directed in a way to elevate individual character, for of the property itself there can be no doubt.

Between the lowest order of intelligence, which, seeing the wind blow down an apple by shaking the branch, would act upon the inference by shaking down another with his own hand, and the observer who reasoned from only a like circumstance the law of gravitation, there may be said to lie the whole scale. Of course the supposition of the highest of the lower animals thinking about gravitation would be too absurd for a moment's admission; but would such even highest specimen be capable of drawing the very lowest intellectual conclusion, and of imitating the action of the wind? so that an animal seeing a child shake a tree, and bring down an apple and eat it, might imitate the child, and do the like thing, would be thought wonderful sagacity. It is even possible that sagacity might reach to this extent. But it is more than doubtful that any animal would have observed the wind, and would have attributed the fall of the apple to the wind's shaking of the

branch, and would have accordingly employed its own force as a substitute for the power it had intellectually observed and reasoned upon.

If indeed those examples of animal sagacity be considered which are taken to indicate rational power, that is to say, power of observing cause and effect, so as to apply the observed cause to the production of like effect, it will be seen that they never rise beyond imitation of what, even with reference to man, may be called an animal act. They never do reach to observation of causes due to natural operation. A monkey learns to beat with a stick; a bear has been seen to throw down a stone upon a walrus—clearly an imitative act; but perhaps the highest sign of sagacity is that of the elephant piling up wood. Yet this again is imitation, and although of the most remarkable kind, would, in the scale of human intelligence, be the lowest of the low. If animals had reasoning power, they might not so easily put their heads under our yoke, and allow their very instincts to be limited in their exercise, as when the sporting dog learns to stop short in the chase, or to watch the game, unharmed by him, which the gun has brought down.

If sagacity sharpened by appetite can reach to no purely intellectual observation of cause and effect, there, where pleasure of a somewhat higher kind than that of mere animal gratification is concerned, it shows no practical observation at all. The earliest

supposed musical instrument is thought to have been suggested by observation of the effect of the wind amongst reeds. Various animals show themselves sensitive to music, yet it is only human intelligence that could have been equal to the invention of the simplest of musical instruments, because having its source in an intellectual observation. Clearly then intellect is no result of the senses, however dependent upon them. There is, of a truth, a tie between man and the whole world of sense, but it is by sympathies, which do not lie in intellectual association, but in the affections; and is not this a beneficent and beautiful arrangement? To those who would offer objection to the argument of a Divine Providence being evidenced by manifest design, this, the subjugation of all living things to man's authority and use being tempered by easily awakened affections in him for them and they for him, placing them in this respect upon something like a level of love, is itself proof of foresight and of goodness, which, if we listen to the accord of our hearts and heads—necessary partners in all great argument—ought to be conclusive. All creatures respond more or less to the caress of man. Such is the general rule, with some possible exceptions. Man and animals enjoy each other's companionship. Very touching instances there are of solitary prisoners, cut off from human intercourse, making acquaintance with rats and spiders, and mutual attachment growing up between the

heart and creatures that otherwise would have been repulsive; and, on the other hand, the familiar facts of dogs refusing to leave their loved masters' graves, bear witness on both sides to the real nature of the bond which benevolent Providence has established for the preservation in love of this world's inhabitants.

It behoves us the more to have right notions about the nature of animals with regard to their relation to man, because of the arguments that have been raised for and against his own higher claims, through undue exaltation as well as undue depreciation of the animal intelligence, by showing to those who would disparage human pretension—they speaking of animal intelligence as of like to human—that there is no resemblance whatever between the two, and by showing on the other hand that it is no less an error to treat the lower creatures as mere animated mechanisms, moved by instincts—for that they are endowed with affections which raise them to the level of man's heart, although not to the height of man's heavenly reason.

Admitting, as must be admitted, the interrelationship of all living creatures, man included, it is not to be wondered at, nay, rather should have been expected, those late demonstrations of comparative anatomy, to the effect that all skeletons, whether of animal, fish or bird, are of like con-

crowned by the head; there is the like channel of nervous influences; wings and fins are arms of another kind; so that in regarding the miserable nakedness of these various skeletons, the heart cannot beat high, as for a moment the conclusion seems to be forced upon the mind of a common equality. But before we gazed upon this depressing exhibition, did we not know that we had all the like physical wants, supplied through like organs, so that the sight of bones, necessarily composed of similar ingredients, ought not to have surprised or shocked, because of their inward arrangement being found in conformity with external form? If we are to be humiliated in this way, why not go down to the dust, of which man is made, and to which he must return? Old chemistry would deal harder than the newer comparative anatomy, by reducing one and all to the same elements. The proper reflection to make upon all this is, that the question of man's distinctive superiority is not one to be settled by structural form, or by reference to material organization.

The school of science, whose canon is that thought is only one of the various phenomena of matter, seeks, nevertheless, to deny fair play to this very phenomenon, so called, such as it would not deny to any other. Thought must by arbitrary decree set limits to itself. It is to be denied free

range. The mind is required to confine itself to finite things, beyond whose boundaries all is illusion, delusion, impertinence, and folly. By what right has such decree gone forth?—why, by this, that metaphysics has failed to produce any result entitled to take rank with established truth. This assertion we deny. We hope to show that metaphysics has proved no barren study; and that we are entitled to claim for mental science the same right to be considered a progressive one which is properly allowed to physical sciences. Indeed, we should be disposed to say, that it will be the last to be perfected, because we cannot foretell what the final conclusion is to be,—that conclusion which may have to be derived from the whole sum of future scientific results, whose last word, we opine, will be the grand enunciation of their spiritual bearing—the grandest result of all. The bearing of the doctrine of Correlation of Forces, which we have before more specifically considered,* does already indicate that science and religion are travelling upon parallel lines, pointing to a happy meeting at the end.

To the denial that metaphysics has produced definite results might be opposed, in the first place, the whole range of human history. Were it possible to extract the metaphysical element from the

* *Vide ante*, "Christianity and Science."

literature of the world, ancient and modern, what would be left of philosophy, of poetry, and indeed of history itself, according to its ordinary acceptation? It would not be the taking away of some single colour, whose loss, however destructive of harmony, would yet leave much that was beautiful; it would not be the mere withdrawing of some one thread, be it of gold or purple, from the exquisite drapery with which humanity has clothed its miseries; it would be the darkening of the very light upon which colour itself depends, and the very rending of the garment asunder. Yet, although the mythologies, the poetries, the philosophies, that is to say, the thought of man at its best in alliance with his holiest and noblest feelings, have been blended in his metaphysical speculations, yet we waive the advantage of these cloud-capped heights, and descend, at the adversary's bidding, to the narrow field of his own choice.

Placing ourselves now within the limit of simple sensation, the argument so confined must, as by inherent logical necessity, come to the point marked by David Hume. Taking our senses to be the sole source of our knowledge, our knowledge itself resolves itself into experience. We know only of things and their antecedents, which never can lead up to any discovery. Such and such things have preceded such and such other; and their continuance or in-

terruption will be in conformity with what has been seen to take place, or to be explained by intrusion of differing circumstances. But referring, as we must continue to refer, to that most striking characteristic of the human mind, that it can regard nothing whatever in an isolated point of view, for that inquiry in all directions is as much its law as is the instinct of the animal, we shall find the same disposition at work here; so that Hume himself was unable to rest upon his own conclusion. His philosophy refused to stand by itself upon the most brilliant of intellectual ground, but would ask, and force him to ask, what of morals under your new dispensation? If your system be true, there is an end of human responsibility, with the dignity which ennobles trial. A life of sensation is eminently one of the actual present; its object, therefore, immediate enjoyment. We are thus brought back to epicureanism. What motives are henceforward to actuate me, when some feeble tradition of old-fashioned morality is all that stands between me and the enjoyment which is my natural right? Why, an enlightened utility, labelled "Honesty is the best policy,"—that is to say, the best ultimate policy. But it requires intellectual culture, and some deep reflection, and an elevated generosity withal, to enable a mind to perceive how the complex relations of society are best maintained by a prevailing probity made up of the sum of indi-

vidual virtue. This poor philosophy is not left to deal with morality alone; for on the other side stands politics, asking what is to be the executive power in lieu of the Omniscient eye and the trembling conscience? Why, *absolute* authority, of course; and so with the emancipation from responsibility down goes liberty. Hume, like Hobbes, took the despotic side: rather say that, by a law obliging all principles to be consistent with themselves, sensualism is implied in sensationalism, and calls up tyranny to save itself from itself.

How, then, arises the question, could a religious mind, like that of John Locke, have put forward this doctrine of the senses, and of reflection upon sensible impressions being the source and means of knowledge? In order to estimate the course adopted by so great a man as John Locke, reference must needs be made to the circumstances which weighed at the time with him, and caused him to enter upon his investigation. The doctrine of innate ideas, instituted by Descartes more than half a century before, is one of all others least likely to find acquiescence in an English mind, under the double influence of Lord Bacon, on the one hand, and of the peculiar spiritualism of Protestant puritanism upon the other. It was consistent with the rules established by Bacon that philosophy should be separated and studied apart from theology. It was consistent with Protestantism that religion should be derived from revelation, and was not

to admit of philosophy at all. Besides, the doctrine of Descartes had just found its ultimate expression in the pantheism of Spinoza, in the same way that Locke's own antagonistic doctrine was subsequently to find its ultimate expression in the atheism of Hume: the two results reached from such extremely opposite points justifying the suggestion that a common error lay at the root of both.

Locke, therefore, as a believer in revelation, and as a Baconian, so to speak, bent upon observation as the true road to an ultimate philosophical deduction, and, we might almost say, as a typical Englishman, had no sympathy with a doctrine like that of innate ideas, which was not capable apparently of verification. He did not reject ideas; quite the contrary; but he believed them not to be spontaneous, but derivable, through the Creator's own appointed means; and he thought and expressed himself to the effect, that the clearest apprehension of such means should not weaken our assurance that they were the appointed instrumentality of a Divine Being, who could have selected other modes for His purpose, did it seem good to Him to do so. Had Locke lived to see the use and the abuse that were to be made of his treatment of the question of ideas, there can be little doubt that he would have amply vindicated the power of the understanding to deal with facts of other kinds as well as of those conveyed to it through the [illegible]. He would have, perhaps, [illegible] its

adaptation to the reception of God's revealed will, through special modes. As it was, he fell in with the spirit of his time, which was one of fixed belief in the power of Scripture, and not to be interfered with on the side of independent inquiry. That Locke did not make a mistake as to the effect of his teaching upon the minds of his countrymen, is proved by the fact that for some time afterwards his philosophy held on its way, in company with the theology of Butler, whose great work on the "Analogy of Revealed Religion" took its place by the side of the "Inquiry into the Human Understanding."

It was from the country of Descartes that England was to learn the mischievous use to which the doctrine of Descartes' antagonist could be put. To Voltaire, the purposely one-sided view of Locke became the whole view. It was Voltaire's aim to overthrow revelation, and not only revelation, but psychology, using as his instrument the metaphysical weapon which the doctrine of Locke seemed to put into his hands. Was it not irrefragably demonstrated that the senses alone are the conduits to the mind? It is memory which works upon physical impressions, within which lie bounded the whole operations of the understanding. The Englishman's teaching, so adulterated by the Frenchman, is reimported by David Hume, and received as genuine. The way had, in some degree, been prepared for the Scotch philoso-

pher by the Irish Bishop Berkeley, who, animated by the like religious spirit of Locke, thought he no less equally proved the necessity of revelation, by reducing to nothing those sensational operations which Locke simply treated as being only adequate for obviously given purposes. According to Berkeley, the senses could take note merely of phenomena or appearances, which told nothing of the essence of objects; wherefore it was that the only certainty to mind was the truth of reason and of revelation.

As between Locke and Hume stood the idealist Berkeley in England, so between Descartes and Voltaire in France had arisen the French divine, Malebranche. Neither nullifying the senses, like Berkeley, nor yet departing utterly from the innate ideas of Descartes, he treated mind and senses as alike unable to see the deep mysteries of creation—including therein the heavens and the earth—save through God's light shining in the soul of man. Hume, whose mind was more exquisitely subtile than that of Voltaire, wrested Berkeley's inferences to his own purpose; and admitting the delusiveness of sensible impressions, argued therefrom that there was no certainty beyond the immediate present passing moment. Such a *reductio ad absurdum* would have been enough to throw Voltaire into ecstacies, [illegible] was the spiritualizing of the senses retu[illegible] their clerical authors in a way they little dreamt [illegible]

Hume's philosophy was only regarded by Voltairians as a means of distinctiveness, and not as a system worthy of the name, appears pretty clearly from the fact that in France, where he was treated with bewildering personal attention, he founded no school. Locke, on the other hand, kept his ground, and was confirmed by Condillac—himself a priest, but one not untrue to his order or the traditions of his church, which never forbade philosophical inquiry, because it never supposed it to have anything whatever to do with religion, which came by revelation, and rested upon infallible authority. In fact, the old method of inquiry was to recognise essential differences between the sciences, as much as it is the object of the new to discover their connecting bond of union; and well it may have been that it was so, because it caused each apparent division to be more minutely investigated and more thoroughly explored.

It was left for a countryman of Hume's to bring back mental philosophy to the point where it had been left by Locke, in order to elevate it to a higher place. To the specious theory of Berkeley, and the sophistical use made of it by Hume, Dr. Reid opposed good common sense. It was not—because it could not be—true that our senses deceived us. It was monstrous to suppose that they were conduits of lies, bringing false reports to the understanding. Things were not deceptive phantoms; they were realities, which the mind should treat as such. This position

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being established, Reid went on to ask whether the realm of fact lay bounded and confined within the cognizance of the senses? Were there not other facts, which, passing within the mind itself, were as real, if not more so, than those which lay without? What was thinking?—what were the subjects of thought to be called? What were moral feelings? What, in fine, this inward world of life of which I am conscious, and the appreciation of which he called by the name of consciousness? No; it was not—it could not be—true that man was the sport of a double jugglery of falsehoods without and deceptions within. It was not true that things were phantoms, and thoughts dreams. Reid accordingly succeeded Locke, as the latter, in a certain sense, was the lineal descendant of Bacon; that is to say, Reid continued the process of observation, directed to a higher order of facts than those investigated by Locke. If he be not the founder of modern psychology, he certainly did more to give [illegible]ency and to ensure permanency to the science than any of his predecessors in the field of mental inquiry. The modern French school of philosophy is avowedly derivable from him. What Voltaire was to Locke, Royer Collard was to Reid; with this difference, that he followed him honestly.

Now are we not entitled, without going further, to meet here the opponents [illegible] with a triumph no longer to be denied [illegible]

practical observation and classification of phenomena, of which they have been claiming the monopoly for physiology? Here are our inward facts, exhibited in that doctrine of consciousness, which is not to be removed, which is not even to be shaken.

Consciousness called, however, for still further investigation. Was it simply a faculty of the mind? or was it the mind itself, in the plenitude of its activity, within the sphere of its operations? and what was the reach of that sphere? Had it any limits? and if so, of what kind? What Reid affirmed was rather the truthfulness of perception, than the reality of things perceived. The latter, as it were, spoke, thought he, to the perceiving mind in a language of indisputably truthful signs, which it would be an offence to the Author of all truth not to believe. Morals likewise had their spiritual tongue to the conscience, of which consciousness was no less certain—indeed, more certain. Yet it must have seemed evident to thoughtful inquirers that something more remained to be settled. If we look at consciousness as a faculty—that is to say, a particular power, acting partially according to the demands made upon its attention—we are still away from that governing unity which we feel to be at the root of purpose. Consciousness, treated as it had been, was not an originator, but a censor; and so long as the mind was seen to have its operations dependent upon extraneous causes, the highest peak of

man's greatness was not reached, nor his responsibility established in all its awful certainty.

The full investigation of consciousness led up to a clear view of WILL; and consciousness, after having asserted its own authority over all things, testified to the sovereignty which holds itself in its embrace; yes, the soul was conscious of will as of its own existence. Man is not allowed a moment's rest. High motive and low motive plead without ceasing. The one appealing to his reason, the other to his desire—the one holding up the general good, the other the immediate enjoyment—and reason must manifest herself in will.

We are now brought up to the present position of this, the latest phase of the great argument touching will and consciousness; and here we shall consider briefly the opposite principles, as they are found laid down by the two most distinguished leaders of the anti-materialist and positivist schools, namely, the late Sir William Hamilton, and, happily, the living John Stuart Mill.

Sir William Hamilton, following in this respect Kant, divides into three parts our internal operations, namely, 1st, Cognition; 2nd, Feelings; and 3rd, Desire and Will; and as we are treating the subject in a simple way, we can [illegible] better than to adopt his own happy illustration. "We see," he says, "a picture—that is, in philosophical language, we have a perception of an object called a picture. In our

cognition, is followed or attended by a feeling—say of liking—and this leads to the third operation of desire or will to possess it."

This division we propose to qualify by detaching desire from will, and connecting it with feeling; for any one's experience must assure him that desire accompanies feeling—it being the work of will to treat both feeling and desire according to its own recognition of conformity with the moral sense of right and wrong.

But this is only one aspect of the question. We have here will dealing with an external object. There is the other, which is the more important, namely, the inward temptation to do some act of questionable morality. In this case, so far from desire and will being involved in the same operation, they are, if the morality be doubtful, at deadly strife. The former, in philosophical language, may be called the objective, as the latter is the subjective view; and it is with this latter we are chiefly dealing.

Now comes the vital question of all—is this, our will, a reality, or a sham?

Mr. Mill, in his "Examination of Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy," says,—

"What experience makes known, is the fact of an invariable sequence between every event and some special combination of antecedent conditions in such sort, that wherever and whenever that union of antecedents exists, the event does not fail to occur.

Any '*must*' in the case, any necessity, other than the unconditional universality of the fact, we know nothing of. Still this *a posteriori* 'does,' though not confirmed by an *a priori* 'must,' decides our choice between the two inconceivables, and leads us to the belief that every event within the phenomenal universe, *except human volition*, is determined to take place by a cause. Now the so-called necessitarians demand the *same rule of judgment to our volitions.* They maintain that there is the same evidence for it. They affirm as a truth of experience, that volitions do, in point of fact, follow determinate moral antecedents with the same uniformity, and (when we have sufficient knowledge of the circumstances) with the same certainty as physical effects follow their physical causes. These moral antecedents are desires, aversions, habits, and dispositions, combined with outward circumstances suited to call those internal incentives into action. All these, again, are effects of causes, those of them which are mental being consequences of education, and of other moral and physical influences. This is what necessitarians affirm, and they court every possible mode in which its truth can be verified."

We believe it is no strained conclusion to draw from this explicit doctrine of the necessitarians, as put forth and adopted by Mr. Mill, that there is no such thing as will at all; for if [illegible] are merely phenomena, exactly like the [illegible] of

the outer world, that is to say, results inevitably succeeding causes, will can have nothing to do in determining human actions. This would be to lower what is called will beneath the instinct of the brute, by which it is compelled to follow the clearly definite law of its own nature. Whereas man, without will, and without instinct in the sense attached to it, should be regarded not in a collective sense, inasmuch as each individual of the human race would be a creature apart, whose acts could be referred to no common standard of right and wrong—and thus each man being the natural product of uncontrollable circumstances could not—for he ought not—be held responsible for conduct chargeable, not against himself, but against these circumstances—he being the product of them. The criminal then could only be kept in check by the coarse instrument of fear of punishment, for with the abolition of will th[illegible] necessity the abolition of conscience. In such [illegible]te of society as would follow, th[illegible] question wo[illegible]no longer be, is this sin? but, is it prudent? whether would it be more useful t[illegible] abstain, or not to abstain? Conduct would become more matter of calculation. Temptations to present gratification receiving no check from moral restraint, would be opposed by cool references to consequences more or less remote, and if dangerous, yet uncertain, because depending upon doubtful detection; and how much such considerations would weigh with the impassioned young, on

the one hand, or the callous old on the other—rendered confident perhaps by frequent escape—may be left for those to decide who can have brought themselves to the belief of a civilised society being possible under such circumstances as a rule of positivism would create.

There is in the passage which we have quoted a parenthesis which, although interjected as a light thing, not calling for particular remark, seems to us to vitiate the whole analogy between physical and moral cause and effect.

"They, the necessitarians, affirm as a truth of experience, that volitions do, in point of fact, follow determinate moral antecedents with the same uniformity, and (*when we have sufficient knowledge of the circumstances*) with the same certainty as physical effects follow their physical causes."

Here under the positive assertion of being founded on experience is a position given as proved, which, according to the words in the parenthesis, never has been and never can be proved. With regard to what man has there ever been known this that follows?—"These moral antecedents are desires, aversions, habits, and dispositions, combined with outward circumstances suited to call those internal incentives into action. All these, again, are effects of causes, those of them which are mental being consequences of education, and of other moral and physical influences."

Surely this is a very complex problem. Given an individual concerning whom everything is the effect of causes, of which some of the beginnings are lost in his remote ancestry, and others lost in the ancestry of other individuals by whose relationship he is swayed, and connect those with tastes, habits, and dispositions, some natural, some acquired, and bring the myriad outward circumstances of life to bear on the whole, and that which he must be as a result can be told with the same certainty that attends physical causes whose operations are matter of unerring law. Now as the appeal is to experience, where is a single example to be found of an inquiry prosecuted according to such conditions? No doubt there can be loose examples enough of family likenesses, moral as well as physical; but they are prohibited from being reduced to law, by examples to the contrary. Amongst families, as amongst all things, we find that ever-pervading variety to prevail which is the providential excitement to the activity of all our faculties. If virtue and genius were products of scientific disposal of circumstances, would it not be worth the while of some sublime speculator to breed Shakespeares and Newtons? and why should not there be actuaries kept at new insurance offices for estimating the probable ingredients of immortality of fame, and charging premiums accordingly? If positivism, or materialism, or necessitarianism, or atheism, or by whatever name this philosophy may

choose to call itself, is contented to rest upon an impracticable and utterly impossible test, why then its adversaries can desire nothing better.

In order to show to what this doctrine of our personal experience, when regarded as the main principle of a rational philosophy, must lead, in reference to our belief as to a future state, and the Creator of all things, visible and invisible, we proceed to make another extract from the same work of Mr. Mill, and a very remarkable passage it will be found to be.

"In some future state of existence it is conceivable that we may know more, and more may be known by intelligences superior to us. Yet even this can only be true in the same sense in which a person with the use of his eyes knows more than is known to one born blind, or in which we should know more than we do if we were endowed with two or three additional senses. We should have more sensations; phenomena would exist to us of which we have at present no conception; and we should know better than we now do many of those which are within our present experience; for since the new impressions would doubtless be linked with the old, as the old are with one another, by uniformities of succession and co-existence, we should now have new marks indicating to us known phenomena, in cases in which we should otherwise have been unaware of them. But all this additional knowledge would be like that which we now possess—merely phenomenal. We

should not any more than [illegible] pr[illegible]se [illegible] know things [illegible] they are in themselv[illegible] [illegible] merely an increased number of relations [illegible] [illegible]n and us. And in the only meaning [illegible] [illegible]e [illegible]e able to at[illegible]ch to the term, all kno[illegible]ge, [illegible]wever exalted an intelligence, can only [illegible] [illegible]ve to the know[illegible]ng mind. If things have an[illegible] [illegible]st nature, apart no[illegible] only from the impressions w[illegible]h they produce, [illegible]ut from all those which t[illegible] [illegible]re fitted to produce on any sentient being [illegible] inmost nature is unknowable, inscrutabl[illegible] [illegible]onceivable, not [illegible] us merely, but to every [illegible]ther cr[illegible]ture. *To say [illegible]t even the Creator could know it, is to use language which to us has no meaning*, because we have no faculties by which to apprehend that there is any such thing for Him to know."

This is materialism, if we may be allowed so to speak, in its spiritual aspect; for admitting, whether merely *ex hypothesi* or as received truth, the reality of a future state, it affirms the same to be one of sensation, like to this our mortal state, the only difference being the probable addition of other organs of sensation, allowing of a wider acquaintance with the relations of things to one another, but not advancing us a whit nearer to knowledge of the things themselves. We should still "be seeing in the glass darkly." We do not wish to infer the writer's meaning to be that the power of the Creator is limited to knowledge of phenomena; for to affirm such would be

to deny omniscience. And yet, if the Creator cannot, as with less ambiguity is implied, open up within us in a future state faculties by which to apprehend the deep mysteries of existence, there can be no doubt of the denial of His omnipotence. If, again, there be nothing to be known—that is to say, nothing other than relations of matter to itself—we are landed in the ultimate result of the doctrine of necessity, which we may now without hesitation call atheism.

Consistently with the teaching that substitutes for self-determining will a plurality of volitions determined by antecedent causes of inextricable complexity, the mind itself is described to be a mere series of feelings. It is therefore a sort of fluctuating passivity (for contradictory things suggest contradictory expressions to suit them), the present feeling serving as an index to the feelings that shall be produced by like recurrence of existing circumstances, named possibilities of feeling. And now let us see how Mr. Mill applies his theories of matter to mind.

"The theory which resolves mind into a series of feelings, with a background of possibilities of feeling, can effectually withstand the most insidious of the arguments directed against it (*atheism*). But, groundless as are the extrinsic objections, the theory has extrinsic difficulties which we have not yet set forth, and which it seems to me beyond the power of metaphysical analysis to remove. Besides the present feel-

ings and possibilities of present feeling, there is another class of phenomena to be included in an enunciation of the elements making up our conceptions of mind. The thread of consciousness, which composes the mind's phenomenal life, consists not only of present sensations, but likewise in part of memories and expectations. Now, what are these? In themselves they are present feelings, states of present consciousness, and in that respect not distinguished from sensations. They all, moreover, resemble some given sensations or feelings, of which we have previously had experience. But they are attended with the peculiarity *that each of them involves a belief in more than its own present existence.* A sensation involves only this; but a remembrance of sensation, even if not referred to any particular date, involves the suggestion and belief that a sensation, of which it is a copy or representation, actually existed in the past; and an expectation involves the belief, more or less positive, that a sensation or other feeling to which it directly refers will exist in the future. Nor can the phenomena involved in these two states of consciousness be adequately expressed without saying that the belief they include is, that I myself formerly had, or that I myself, and no other, shall hereafter have, the sensations remembered or expected. The fact believed is, that the sensations did actually form, or will hereafter form, part of the selfsame series of states, or thread

of consciousness, of which the remembrance or expectation of those sensations is the part now present. If, therefore, we speak of the mind as a series of feelings, we are obliged to complete the statement by calling it a series of feelings which is *aware of itself as past and future;* and we are reduced to the alternative of *believing* that the mind, or ego, is something different from any series of feelings or possibilities of them, or of accepting the paradox that something, which *ex hypothesi* is but a series of feelings, can be aware of itself as a series. The truth is, that we are here face to face with that final inexplicability at which, as Sir W. Hamilton observes, we inevitably arrive when we reach ultimate facts; and in general one mode of stating it only appears more incomprehensible than another, because the whole of human language is accommodated to the one, and is so incongruous with the other, that it cannot be expressed in any terms which do not deny its truth. The real stumblingblock is perhaps not in any theory of the fact, but in the fact itself. The true incomprehensibility perhaps is, that something which has ceased, or is not yet in existence, can still be in a manner present; that a series of feelings, *the infinitely greater part of which is past or future*, can be gathered up as it were into a single present conception, accompanied by a belief of reality. I think by far the wisest thing we can do is to accept the inexplicable fact, without any theory of how it takes place; and when we are

obliged to speak of it in terms which assume a theory, to use them with reservation as to their meaning."

This is a long extract, but not too long, seeing that, taken with those which have preceded it, it gives an explicit account of that system which is upheld by the most vigorous living exponent of materialistic views. It is, moreover, most honourable to the writer, because of the candour with which he admits a difficulty that he allows he cannot solve. It is indeed insoluble according to his own system, and ought assuredly to oblige Positivism to qualify the title it gives to a philosophy which professes to rest upon certainty. Is it not somewhat startling to find that, after the mind has been reduced to a mere series of feeling, yet that "the infinitely greater part of such feeling is past or future?" Why, this is perhaps the strongest argument which a believer in man's immortal spirit would bring against opposite opinion of the nature of the mind itself, made to rest exclusively upon observation of its operations. Does not this description bring before us the awful words of the Book of Revelation: "Which is, and which was, and which is to come, the Almighty?" Is not this the breath of life, the image of the Creator? The call to relegate the inexplicability to keep company with those before which reverentially bowed the mighty genius of Sir William Hamilton, will be

accepted by spiritualists upon the condition that it be done in Sir William Hamilton's spirit.

It is to the glory of Sir William Hamilton that he did so much to establish the three following all-important truths, in a way more satisfactorily perhaps than had ever been done before by human reasoning:—

The veracity of our consciousness.

The limitation of our faculties.

The proof of God's existence as derived from that very limitation.

And, although not argued out, yet stated with irresistible force, that the evidence of God and the immortality of the soul rested on the ground of man's moral nature. In fact, the proposition does enter into that inner consciousness which he treated so copiously; for to it he appeals in testimony of our freedom, as given in the consciousness of an imperative law of duty, and in the consciousness of our moral accountability. As it is with consciousness in respect of its testimony to the Divine Spirit within us we have to deal, we leave out of view the argument by which he proved, or believed he proved, that, with regard to our perception of external objects, it established more than the certainty of the perception itself as laid down by Reid. The latter, as it will be remembered, supporting the common sense of mankind, asserted the truthfulness

of the evidence of our senses, which gave no false representation. Hamilton is not satisfied with restriction to an image, however veracious, of the object represented, but will have it that consciousness takes hold of the very object itself. The dispute is of that kind which—admitted as it is at both sides, the application as to its extent being alone questioned—enhances the value of the principle. When asked how you, finite creature as you are, can be conscious of the infinite, Hamilton, in turn, puts the startling question, Are you conscious of the finite? Try—think to yourself, if you can, about the beginning of time—impossible; think of time about to end—impossible again. The wonder is, when you reflect upon it, that finitude should by finite beings be quite as unthinkable as infinitude. It is even more difficult. The same difficulty attends considerations of space, of which no effort can help us to an imagination of beginning or ending. Nor can there be any middle ground. Here is an example of what logicians call excluded middle—necessitating the acceptance as true of one or other of two contradictory propositions, neither of which can be controverted. Can we assert the finite? We cannot; for we cannot fix beginning or end of time or of space, or of commencement or end of matter. We must despite of its inconceivability, admit the existence of infinitude. Doubtless it is that Hamilton was not the first to draw the line between things conceived and things

above comprehension; but the force with which, under a novel aspect, he pressed the consideration of this view of the finite, and of its irresistible consequences, would of itself entitle him to rank as the second founder of the philosophy of which Reid may be proclaimed the first.

Dean Mansel, in his famous "Bampton Lectures," may be said to have presented the theological aspect of Hamilton's doctrines. Dealing with the difficulties charged against Divine revelation, he proves historically that equal difficulties beset all philosophical thinking. Insoluble as are the leading dogmas of the Church by unaided human reason, they are not more arduous than, for example, co-existence of the finite with the infinite—of the immaterial with the material—of the inconceivability of the infinite, and of the inconceivability of the finite—of the utter impossibility of making the absolute an object of thought, for thought can only deal with the relative; and because that the absolute, by being made the object of thought, would in the act of thinking become definite; and a definite, and therefore limited, idea of God is metaphysically contradictory. This [illegible] him to agreement with Hamilton—whose followers in philosophy he avows himself to be—that it is [illegible] our moral nature must rest our belief in God; [illegible] is to say, upon our sense of duty and of moral responsibility—our feeling of sin, because of our transgressions, and our sense and need of atonement. Man,

by the necessity of his nature, must think of God as a person—a Father. Here we are brought again to a recognition of our debt to philosophy, for its demonstration of what reason, unaided by revelation, can do, which is to prove the necessity of revelation itself. "Man cannot by searching find out God." The assurance which we have in consciousness, that all presentations from without and their analogies within must be derived from a basis to which they correspond, may be firmly regarded as a fixed philosophical truth. We could have no idea of God if there were no God, no more than we could have an idea of the sun if there were no sun. As Hamilton notably says, "It is not the sun we see, but a portion of rays, of which each beholder receives a different complement; so that no one sees precisely the same sun, or rather the same aspect of the sun. So it is of God; we receive the Divine rays of truth, love, charity, justice, holiness, and quick sympathy with immortality, in different degrees, may be; and what they are cannot be phenomena of matter."

All are made partakers thereof. And now a word touching contrasts of minds in this respect.

When we speak of the difference between cultivated and uncultivated minds with respect to their relative capacities for pronouncing worthy judgments, it would be well to consider better than is ordinarily done wherein that difference consists.

We think that it will appear upon reflection to lie between what is presented simply and what is more or less complex. And this observation will be found to ascend not only to the immediate recognition of Creator and Father, and of the sense of justice and truth, and love and charity, but to extend to the palpable things which surround us. Present, for instance, to the least instructed of our fellow-creatures a beautiful flower, and will not this touch of nature make the whole world kin? Its hue and perfume will fuse polite and vulgar into an equally felt delight. Exhibit, however, a picture of the same flower upon canvas, and then the inequality in judgments begin. From the simplicity of the natural object we get into the mazes of art; and how very few, even amongst the cultivated, can thread their way through their subtle delicacies! Nor should it lessen our esteem for the ignorant that they are struck by gaudy colours crudely put on, the vivacity of which appeals to those ruder energies that, being ordinarily exercised, are those which are most pleasurably stirred. These strong colours are to such a one visible energy. It is as the sight of flame, or the red battle flag, and calls up associations agreeable to his own habitual modes. Still it would not by any means follow that, because a faulty performance failed to offend, that a perfect one would not give a higher, greater pleasure, and that, if placed side by side

with the other, would not be preferred. Doubt is never heard expressed in presence of an unquestionably fine work. Perhaps the only difference between the ignorant and instructed in such a case would be that the former could assign no reason for an admiration the truer because dumb. Have we not all heard of beautiful women being watched and waited for by crowds hushed upon their appearance into reverential admiration? Symmetry, grace, harmony, wherever manifested in living objects, or their representation in art, place all wonderfully upon a level.

That which we have said of colour is no less true of sound. If the unrefined prefer the trumpet to the lute, and the brass band to the exquisite notes of the violin, it is because of their correspondence with the ruder energies which are customarily exercised. Yet the song of the bird in the bush, simple in its way as the flower is, pleases universally.

Apply these observations now to man's higher concerns, and we are led, in matters of speculation and of reasoning, to like conclusions. To simple truths the answer from within the man is direct; and if direct, must it not be because of the original energy of that inward power call it spirit, soul, or reason, in its loftiest sense, and never more lofty than under name of common sense, by which man is entitled to be called lord of the creation? There is indeed day

sleep, as there is night sleep; there is suspension of the faculties by artificial as by natural cause. They need an awakening touch; but although apparently inactive, they are there vitally, and so sensitive to the kindred voice, that the last breath of all purity turned the final agony of the penitent thief into achieved faith.

HAD THE JEWS A PHILOSOPHY?

THE belief of the Jews that God spoke through the prophets would seem to have contained within itself an idea of the Deity which precluded all necessity for inquiry and speculation as to His nature and attributes. That God was a person, that He made all things, so that without Him nothing was made that was made, that His existence was coeval with eternity—"He who inhabiteth eternity" is David's sublime expression—that He cared for His own works—else "why mindful of man?" why mindful even of the animal world?—for the "ox was not to be muzzled that treadeth out the corn"—and possessed paternal affection, and would vindicate justice—all this would imply a full knowledge of God, attainable by His own chosen race.

Nevertheless, there does appear to have existed amongst the Jews a system of philosophy, in the sense of speculative inquiry, as to the nature of the Creator's relation to His own works, the result of which was the opinion that all things issued from HIMSELF. At the first blush, this assertion of a unique

substance would look like pantheism; and yet it is not so; for the assertion does not go to confound God and matter in one body, so to speak, but to represent matter as a sort of visible corporeal radiation from the invisible Spirit to whose will it is subject; an opinion which seems to have sublimed itself into a still more spiritual one—that God's works are God's thoughts manifested in creation.

It is in the "Kabbala" that the religious philosophy of the Jews is contained, and consequently it becomes a question of paramount importance to ascertain its probable date. M. Franck, himself an eminent Jew, holding a commanding position in the Collège de France, has gone very thoroughly into the subject. "La Kabbale," the fruit of four years' labour, will well repay the student's attention. According to M. Franck, the doctrines contained in the "Kabbala" existed long in traditional shape, and were orally communicated before being committed to written record. Here is his account of the matter:—

"The Hebrew people, from the beginning until the return from Babylon, like all nations in their youth, knew no other organs of truth or ministers of intelligence than the prophet, the priest, and the poet, the last being ordinarily confounded with the first. The priest did not teach; he appealed to the eyes by the pomp of religious ceremonies; and as to the doctors, who taught religion under the form of a science, substituting dogma for inspiration—in a word, the

theologians, as such—are throughout this period unknown. We see them appear only at the beginning of the third century before Christ, under the name of *Thanaïm*, signifying the organs of tradition, because it was in the name of this new power that they taught whatever was not clearly set forth in the Scriptures. The Thanaïms, the most respected of all the doctors of Israel, form a long chain of which the first link is Judas the Saint, author of the 'Mischna,'—he who collected and transmitted to posterity all the words of his predecessors. . . . Immediately after his death, towards the end of the second century after Christ, begins a new generation of doctors, bearing the name of *Amoraïm*, because, possessing no authority of their own, they repeat and explain what they have heard from the former, communicating such words of theirs as were not reduced to writing. These commentaries and new traditions, which continued for three hundred years to increase prodigiously, were collected under the name of 'Guémara,' or that which terminates or completes tradition. It is consequently in these two collections, religiously preserved from the beginning up to our own days, under the general name of the 'Thalmud,' that we are to look, not for the ideas that form the basis of the cabalistic system, but for some light as to their origin and the time of their birth."

It is thus evident from the "Mischna" that, at the end of the first century of the Christian era, the Jews possessed a secret doctrine concerning the Divine

Being and the creation, contained chiefly in two books, the one called the "Zohar," or "Book of Light," described as containing the universal code of the "Kabbala," professing to be a commentary upon the Pentateuch; the other, the "Book of the Creation," in which is set forth the mystical meaning of the numerals or sephiroth, one to ten, each of which, representing one of the supposed ten constituents of created things, combine to figure the name of Jehovah.

The doctrine being that the creation is an emanation from the Creator, it is further taught that the grosser are developed from the less gross in an ascending, or rather, we should say, in a descending scale from the purity at the source. In this theory there mingles, however, one more remarkable—that of the word; so that, in reading the following account of it by M. Franck (p. 152), we are forcibly reminded of the first verse of St. John's Gospel:—

"With this theory (that of emanation) is mingled another which has made more brilliant way in the world, that of the verb; of the word of God identified with His Spirit, and considered not only as the absolute form, but as the generating element and very substance of the universe. This book affirms in clear, concise language that the Holy Spirit of the living God forms with word and voice one and the same; that He has successively given out from His bosom all the elements of physical nature; that

He is not merely, as in the language of Aristotle, the material principle of things; He is the word become world."

Following up the mystical meaning of the first ten letters of the alphabet, as containing the elements or principles of things, the remaining letters express in like manner the varieties of form impressed upon substance.

From this "Book of the Creation," dealing with matter, as it were, in general, we come to the "Book of Light," the "Zohar," which deals more with man. Here we have done with numbers and letters, and ascend into the higher mental region of *ideas*; but we must here more particularly than ever allow M. Franck to speak. "The Divine verb, instead of manifesting itself exclusively in nature, appears especially in man and in intelligence, and will be called man, prototype or heavenly. In fine, in certain fragments of unquestionable antiquity we shall see without prejudice for absolute unity, *thought* itself taken for universal substance, and the regular development of this power substituted for the somewhat gross theory of emanation. Far be it from us the foolish notion of finding amongst the old Hebrews the philosophical doctrine which reigns at the present day in Germany; but we do not fear to affirm that the principle of this doctrine, with the very terms exclusively adopted by the school of Hegel, are to be found amongst these forgotten traditions which we

are bringing to light." Or still stronger in a subsequent page (193):—

"The system of the Kabbalists does not rest simply upon the principle of emanation, or upon the unity of substance; they went farther; they taught a doctrine similar to that which the metaphysicians of the north look upon as the chief glory of our time—they believed in the absolute identity of the ideal and the real; consequently that the world could not be other in their eyes than expression of ideas or absolute forms of intelligence; in a word, they open a glimpse of what might be the union of Plato with Spinoza."

How, it will be asked, could such doctrines be made to flow from the *Pentateuch?* In this way—that the Pentateuch, besides its literal meaning, contains a hidden sense, the Books of Moses being at once literal and symbolical—an idea which it will at once be seen has been adopted by Swedenburg. The words of the law they called the vesture of the law, which were not to be taken for the body thereof, or more precious soul which they conceived, sustaining their argument, as for example, thus: "If the law were made up of words and ordinary histories, like the words of Esau, of Agar, and of Laban, or like those uttered by Balaam's ass, and by Balaam himself, how could it be called the law of truth, the perfect law, the faithful testimony of God? Why should the sage esteem it more precious than

gold or pearls? No, no—in each word is hidden a more lofty meaning; each history teaches something other than the events which it appears to recount. This superior and holy law is the true law."

Such mode of interpretation affords a wide latitude indeed.

In consistency with their philosophy, which identified the Creator with His works, they took a cheerful view of all things. Nothing was absolutely evil, nothing condemned for ever. To nature they gave the beautiful term a benediction. Man would be afforded means of expiation through probation; and so they adopted, in a more elevated sense than the disciples of Pythagoras, the doctrine of transmigration of souls—death was not a universal malediction —to the just it was the kiss of God.

In order to reach the source of these Hebrew philosophical speculations, M. Franck examines those systems with which they would at first sight appear to be connected, by having more or less in common with one or other, for the purpose of showing that they could not have been derived therefrom. Disentangling the Kabbala from the Platonic philosophy, from the school of the Alexandrian, and from the early Gnostic heresies, he at length lights upon the philosophy of the Persians, and in the Zend Avesta discovers such similarity, amounting in fact to identity, as to establish the conviction that the Jews, during the Babylonish Captivity, became imbued

with the doctrines of Zoroaster, whose religious mission commenced some fourteen years before the first return of the Hebrew captives. We have not even yet reached the true source. We have only got to one of the great lakes, the Nyauza of the mysterious Nile; for Zoroaster himself refers to traditions still older; so that there would be no ground for deriving from this period the authorship of the Bible history of the creation. But the subsequent rabbinical writings and the religious practices of the Thalmud do, in his opinion, come directly from Zoroaster.

That Zoroaster was a reformer—that is to say, one who sought to restore lost or declining usages rather than an innovator—is generally admitted. If the captive Jews caught at the Zoroaster doctrine, it was probably because of its accordance with their own previous traditions; but whence, again, came these traditions?

First, let us ask what do they concern? are they not these three?—

The Divine Creator.

Nature.

Man.

The DIVINE CREATOR.—It is, as we believe, the greatest fact in the history of humanity that man's conception of God has ever been the same. That God the Father made all things and is omnipotent—that He sustains all things, and is omnipresent—that

He does so not capriciously, but by law, therefore is a God of rectitude—that He is a Being of infinite power, of wakeful attention, of the love which regard for the preservation of His works implies, and of hatred only for whatever rebels against law, and crosses His order with disorder; this *conception*—which term we prefer to the word *idea*, because of its being no single mental appreciation, but penetrating feeling as well—is coeval with our first glimpse of the dawn of humanity, has ever been the soul of its history, and is at this present day as it was at the first.

Is it not a marvellous thing this—that the greatest of all ideas which can be presented to the mind of man—is the one most easy to his apprehension? Let the proposition be stated to the child or the unlettered peasant, that the world has been made and is sustained by God the Father of all, loving good and hating evil; and in his, the child's or peasant's conception of the statement, with the immensity of moral and spiritual meaning and consequences therein contained, he is on a par with the most cultivated thinker, whether he be called philosopher divine.

But inasmuch as it is man's natural disposition look at all things in reference to himself, he "Can the Almighty think of me? What is he is mindful of him?" The religious man r[illegible] tion with revelation; the philosopher, if he

one of the schools opposing revelation, will try to account for it otherwise.

Some, amongst whom may be included Christian philosophers, struck by the universal prevalence of the belief in God amongst all communities of men, as shown forth in their various forms of worship, contend for an original true belief, which, as men became scattered, took various manifestations, according to surrounding circumstances, some of them very low and barbarous. In this view they are sustained by the Bible. Reuchlin, three hundred years ago, argued that all philosophy and all mythology have their root in the primitive Jewish records; and, as it may have already been seen, M. Franck inclines towards the like view. Whether they be right or whether they be wrong, they bear witness to the extreme antiquity of man's conception of God, and strengthen the doctrine that it came of revelation.

Philosophers there are of different schools, who, repudiating or only partially accepting explanation by revelation, contend for the human origin of religious belief. As the former class see in superstitious observances the corruptions of original purity, the latter take the diametrically reverse course. With them, religion began, not in simple glorious wonder, but in brutish fear. Cowering before the awful forces of nature, they tried to appease their wrath by sacrifices offered to fancied images of the powers before which they prostrated themselves in terror. As men

advanced in civilization, superstitions took less and less repulsive forms, until the appearance of some one or other great man in advance of his age laid the foundation of more rational belief.

Assuming now, upon the ground of simple matter-of-fact experience of the mind's openness to a true conception of God, that the capacity of the shepherd of old under the beautiful night sky of Chaldæa was not less than that of the peasant or peasant's child of the present day, we proceed to a consideration of the second of those inquiries which sprung up early in the human mind, namely, Nature, meaning thereby the work of the Creator.

NATURE.—Here it is that we find, as we think, the source of man's deviations from the course in which a strict adherence to his right conception of God ought to have kept him. The form which man's inquiry took regarding the works of God might be put in this plain form—Where did the Divine Maker find materials with which to create? It was an idle question, because an insoluble one. Enough for him that God said, "Let there be light, and there was light." He must pluck at the fruit of the tree of knowledge; and the result was folly and ashes. It was out of an effort *to discover the origin of matter*, not to *discover God*, that have come the oriental doctrines of emanation, of pantheism, and of secondary causes. It was the conclusions to which this probing as to the origin of matter led that muddled philosophy, be

Alexandria, by which early Christianity was polluted with Manichæism and Gnostic heresies.

Did God create matter, or did He find matter in existence? Did God create space—or did space always exist—and was it empty until God filled it with the materials out of which He educed living order and beauty? Far be it from us to say that man had no right to enter upon such speculations. His error lay in attempting to build upon ignorance when he had knowledge already given him for a foundation. Confounded by the mystery of evil—a thing so irreconcilable in itself with the Divine Being—man, instead of seeking for its source in his own misuse of his own God-like freedom of will, fancied that its seat lay in matter. Led astray by this fantastical idea, and evil being no dead substance, but a fearfully active existence, there grew out of his logic a sort of inverted mythology of rival spirits, contending with the Divine one. Love of God sank by degrees into fear of the devil; there lies profound truth in the Scriptural denunciation of idol-worship, as being devil-worship. It is the worship of the supposed lords of matter, whose vindictiveness was to be appeased by sacrifices of ever-deepening horror—the symbols of cruelty and its father, fear.

To those who treat as absurd the theory of Dr. [illegible]tely that superstitions are corruptions of an antecedent revelation, we would address the remark that all the recognized founders of religions have been, not

inventors, but reformers, or rather restorers of buried truths. The two greatest supposed initiators of new systems in the East, Zoroaster and Buddha, were professed reformers, not inventors. Now, both one and the other presented, as the cure of the debasing idolatry of their times, an idea of God rising above that evil before which their respective fellow-countrymen grovelled in fear. Buddha repudiated the separate existence of matter altogether. The whole universe was in his eyes the starry vestment of the indwelling infinite soul. It was a comfortless doctrine, nevertheless, which went to plunge man's consciousness in the eternal life as a drop without separate existence in the ocean where it is lost. Accordingly, by a necessary consequence, Buddhism begat an inactive contemplation inconsistent with the proper nature of man. No system shows more clearly by its results the dependence that there is of man's conduct and character upon his holding to the true conception of God as it is within him unobscured by false habits of thinking, for here, with the disappearance in pantheism of his personality, humanity too passes away. The Buddhist's fear is lest life should, as in Brahminism, become, through metempsychosis, a wearisome chain of existence passing from one to another of miserable animal links. His future is annihilation in an eternal death, wearing a deceptive aspect of eternal [illegible] his present, a dreamy ecstacy in which there vision—the mind wasting itself upon a waste

Such has been its manifestation upon one order of mind—upon that of another it has been equally bad in other ways. The Chinese, abandoning the spiritual side of a system whose spiritualism was but pretence, take no concern about the future life at all, and living the animal life, like animals confined to provision for mere needs of the body, make no progress. Wanting the Divine impulse, China stands still. The wise maxims of Confucius concern behaviour, not life.

The third great Oriental reformer, Zoroaster—for no great interval is supposed to have elapsed between his appearance and that of Buddha and Confucius—is believed to have found the Persians completely subjugated to the worship of the master spirit of evil, called Ahrimane, and evil demons; and what he did, or is thought to have done, was not to attempt the abolition of the prevailing superstition, but to claim for the good its rightful place. There was a beneficent power too, whose representation was that glorious sun, nowhere beheld in more magnificence. Behind his light there shone a light still purer. As the visible one was the source of earth's beauty and abundance, so was the invisible the source of man's inner thought and joy. If Ahrimane ruled with his ...in of evil spirits, Ormzud and his angels were on ... side of man. It was for man to choose. We here ... the point at which M. Franck stops in his search for ... source of Hebrew philosophy. It is the opinion,

as we have seen, of this erudite Orientalist, that the spiritual fire with which Zoroaster leavened the gloomy demonology of his countrymen was drawn out of Palestine; that, derived from Hebrew tradition, it in turn influenced the Hebrew captives. Certainly at all times in human history men have allowed themselves to be charmed by offers of systems calculated to give shape and consistency to their floating belief. The Jews in their turn spiritualized what they accepted rather than borrowed, because of their own property; so that what remained a fascinating mythology in the land of their captivity resumed to their keener insight the tangible forms of those heavenly messengers of which the Books of Moses are full. There did, nevertheless, enter into the Hebrew mind an idea of two separate principles—that of evil as well as of good; an evil existing *outside* of man, as an independent active power, the effects of which remain to this day. It is subsequent to this period certainly that a school of Jewish philosophy took shape very different indeed from that which, without being formalized in certain books of Scripture, may be gathered therefrom. We d[illegible] from Solomon the simple grand teaching, that the world was made by the wisdom of God, expressed through His Word. It was for man to seek after wisdom, possessing which he became partaker of God's Spirit. Wisdom and the Word were spiritually beheld as personified powers. In this there is nothing of that

other philosophy which deals with the origin of the materials out of which the Creator fashioned His work. Here the Jews, however they may by means of their higher and more reverent conception of Jehovah have given more exalted reading to the speculations of surrounding nations, yet failed to throw any light upon God's own secret. Their idea in the first instance that God drew the matter of the universe from His own substance rose beyond that of pantheism, which made the Divine Spirit and matter of contemporaneous origin—if contemporaneous can be made to be applied to the infinite—and so binding immortal life in a necessary garb of changeful substance. And their idea, in the next instance, of creation being the palpable thought of the Creator, however sublime in speculation, is but a fancy after all—for of its truth we can know nothing. Their better philosophy had also the advantage of anticipating and providing against a dilemma into which man's connecting of evil with matter had led him. When shrinking from attributing to the Author of all good the making of evil, he was led himself to the notion of secondary beings or demigods doing the work of creation by commission from the Most High. God's counsel or wisdom; God's agent the Divine Word—an anticipation of the revealed Trinity, through the Word becoming flesh and dwelling among us.

For the purpose of our argument it being only

necessary to seize hold of this vital principle lying at the root of philosophical systems, we shall treat with the same brevity with which we have regarded those of the East, the philosophical schools of Greece. Avoiding even outlines—with which we take our readers to be sufficiently familiar—we will do no more than make reference to principles admitted to have existed.

Thus generally regarded, it will appear evident that the steps chosen by the philosophers of Greece were the very contrary of those taken by their predecessors of the East. The latter, as we have endeavoured to show, wandered from knowledge of God, of which there is the certainty in man himself, into inquiries concerning the matter of the universe, and getting entangled in the mazes of an insoluble problem, frittered the true light into a thousand false semblances, which led them further astray. It is to the glory of old Greece that her highest minds should, by independent thought, have worked their way back to the solid ground of primary truths. First came inquiry as to the nature of visible things, of which the clue was seized, which being held firmly, led up to the invisible. That clue was unity underlying diversity. The four elements, water, earth, fire, air, were [illegible] corresponding numbers successive philosophers, presented as the sin[illegible] sources into which all elements were resolvable. [illegible] step was made when things were stated to [illegible]

harmony and Divine melodious order, such as they could not have found of themselves, but must have taken in accordance with the strictness of science and the beauty of art. Hence science and art came to be regarded as the outcome of a supreme Intelligence, single in its unity, like the instrument whose notes were the fruit of the same breath. Pythagoras thus led up to Socrates and Plato, in whose hands numbers became ideas, which, in the Divine mind, were the archetypes of the worlds, that at the bidding of his word, itself like the ideas a substantial excellence, floated into the luminous harmony of the planets, that showed forth the wisdom, power, and love of the Trinity thus spelled out before it was revealed.

Plato himself would probably have failed to give scientific certainty to his speculations, without which they might have been to him as marvellous dreams, were it not that he had had Socrates for master: Socrates, the Bacon of antiquity—for of all men he was the most inquisitive as to facts—not merely the facts of substantive things, but of all that passes within, and which, properly speaking, whether they be notions, fancies, whims, or the merest floating nothings of the mind, or vague wishes of the soul, are nevertheless facts, because they are indications leading into the depths and intricacies of man's nature. Plato's sublime speculations had for foundation, the solidity of those conclu-

sions which answered the irresistible questionings, that no appearances, however specious, could withstand. That under all aspects and varieties of sublunary change there is something which does not change, which he named Being, and the recognition whereof is knowledge; that this Being is one—such is the philosophy of Greece as it culminated in Plato.

There is something more in Socrates' familiar dæmon, according to its pure antique meaning, than is commonly supposed. Man, when he obtains a true conception of God, feels as if he were with God. Socrates, who was too wise to attempt inquiry into the Divine Being's ways, and who reverently shrank from the awful feeling of direct communication, adopted probably the belief which prevailed of ministering spirits, dæmons here, angels there, and as the Divine glories streamed in upon his soul, thought that it was the light of an indwelling messenger from on high.

As Socrates may have been influenced by traditions of spirits, so Plato may have adopted the symbolism of the East in such wise as to render the beautiful here a type of the essential beautiful, and the love which the beautiful inspires the beginning of the Divine love to which it leads.

The unity which, in the hands of Plato, had become union, the harmonious union of the human with the Divine, that union was dissolved by Aris-

totle. He confirmed, indeed, even to invincible demonstration, the existence of a great First Cause; but he separated the Creator from his work, and, of course, man from his Creator—a passionless Being, neither giving out nor receiving love, regarding the working of his machinery in general with no concern for the living objects to which it gives birth. To such is the Divinity fallen in the hands of Plato's successor and rival. Man, upon this comfortless globe, is under the dire yoke of unfeeling necessity, the ruler of things. How is it that this stupendous intelligence should have parted so implacably with the doctrines he found in such force? We answer, that Aristotle renewed the error which, as we have seen, led to the superstitions of the East. Not an error of the same kind, or committed in the same way; for Aristotle did not, assuming the existence of the Creator, ask, as Orientals had done, where his materials were found, whether at hand, or called forth out of nothing, or contained within himself. The division of the universe from the mind of the Creator in the sensible form of his ideas was something he could not, from the character of his own genius, deal with at all. It was to him a rock of offence. All pre-existing theories, from whatsoever source they came, were set aside. He marshalled all things, placed them in due order, examined and analysed, then bore his own stupendous testimony to the certainty of a First Cause. But at the same

time he refused loyal love to the Worker divorced from his own work. What pleasure could his disciples have in the contemplation of a being who had no regard for man? How did it signify in what way the world was made, if the answer regarding it dwindled into mere satisfaction of curiosity? Intellectual appreciation by itself challenges no faith, inspires no fear, wins no love. To give men abiding interest in the result, the Creator should be acknowledged to have abiding regard for his own work. The reason of the thing, having no anchorage in the heart, was free to drift, and drift it did in a manner more deplorable than before; for the materialism which lay hidden in the removal or withdrawal of the Creator had its inevitable end in atheism. Epicurus and his monads, with the sensualism which in morals is the correlative of unbelief in religion, grew indirectly out of the Aristotelian philosophy. In fine, Aristotle, as it were, says, "I have no more to do with the First Cause; my business is henceforth with matter." Thus out of the separating of God from his works, as out of the confounding of him with the matter of the world, there grew the like pernicious results.

The catholicity of Christianity brightly manifests itself in the affectionate admiration with which it recognised the worth of Plato. It has been thoughtlessly asserted that the early Christians plundered Plato, just as Plato himself is accused of

borrowed his own doctrines from the East. The simple fact is, that truthful minds assimilate those general truths that mingle up confusedly in all human beliefs. In the fire of a great heat the pure ore comes out of the dross, and that which is extracted enters into the original power of the man. There were between Platonism and Christianity affinities which served both in many ways. By Christianity were the highest unaided conceptions of philosophy exalted; and to the Christian revelation was added the attestation of the freest unbiassed efforts of reason. By and through the connection of the same stream of spiritual relation to the Father of spirits, running through devious errors, here bright, there dark, here lost in obscurity, there all over glorious flame, the whole family of humanity beats with the same pulse.

We come now to this, the third division of the great subject of man's questioning; for after God and Nature, although blending with both, comes in order

—HUMANITY.

Is humanity dear to God? Is the All-wise loving? Humanity need ask no other question. Power, wisdom, even goodness are seen in their effects. Love demands personal assurance. Can [illegible] looked for from the immeasurably great? [illegible] moreover, be looked for by the eye dimmed [illegible] by the erring, whom the permanency of the [illegible] conception of [illegible] has not kept steady? The

possibility admitted, doth not unworthiness stand in the way? Clear it is that by no other means than revelation could man be assured of love. Plato may have seemed indeed to have reasoned his way to the love that must be with goodness; but the character of it was not after all thoroughly human; and the frigidity of the Platonic love has passed into a fanciful distinction. Is there a true heart-love in the Divine? How, too, is such love to reveal itself? How does it reveal itself in human life? How other than by sacrifice?

It being undeniably sure that the feeling of love is a dependent one, and that its strength is proved by the readiness of the lover to sacrifice his all and himself to the beloved, we find both the characteristic and the condition present in the Scriptures from first to last.

The whole scheme of the fall and the redemption might be described as God's love shown in His sacrifice for man's restoration to that same slighted love. This will seem, no doubt, to many a rash inversion of received doctrine. What, God sacrifice for man, instead of man sacrificing to God? The exclamation would be warrantable if sacrifice really meant that which it is virtually presented to be, namely, compensation; for whatever be the term it used, this is the idea ordinarily attached to it. And sacrifices offered to idols were certainly propagiarised of having

of wrath; and even in the sacrifices which Moses in part adopted there is occasionally the one and occasionally the other manifested; there are, in fact, the offerings of joy and gratitude, as there are those of terror and propitiation. Nevertheless, we think that sacrifice in its original sense was in truth a making sacred of what was precious and most symbolical of purity and gratitude. Abel selected the firstling of the flock, the innocent lamb, and sanctified it to the Giver of all. Why his was accepted and Cain's refused is explained by the murder, which proved that, there being no accompanying love in a heart full of jealousy and hatred, the offering was a lie. It is when we come to the cross that the meaning of sacrifice is restored. It is the evidence of the sacrificer's love to the beloved. God asks, in return, the sacrifice of the purified heart of man.

What need of such means when all means were at the All-powerful's disposal? The question is a repetition in another form of the one which first obscured the true conception of God. When we question his *motives* we plunge into the like difficulties which curiosity about the *materials* employed by the Creator for his work led philosophers of the East. Motives and means are his secret, alike inscrutable.

We have now to consider whether the One who was to come down to this earth, the One of whom the

prophets spoke, and of whom there was an undefined expectation through the Eastern world—the Word made flesh, in whom was the fulness of the Godhead bodily—was indeed the Christ of the gospels, the Redeemer of the world, the Reconciler of man to God.

WAS JESUS THE CHRIST?

CHRISTIANITY is pressed upon two sides—by Philosophy in the ultimate form it has assumed under the name of Positivism, and by Criticism, which seeks to disengage the reliable from the questionable in the gospel accounts. We shall not try to dispute with Criticism; we shall accept for inquiry's sake the distinctions it has drawn, and taking only so much as is indisputably allowed by as many as admit the authenticity of the words which fell from Christ, and the historical credibility of the leading facts set down in the gospels, we shall endeavour to draw from the contracted ground allowed us true inferences as to the character of the founder of Christianity.

As soon as we shall have stated the conclusion to which this reading will have led us, with the confirmation offered by the Acts of the Apostles, we shall then try to look at the subject from the point of view opened by the heart in its yearnings and wants, to our reason called upon to decide whether revelation be a needed light or not.

As whatever is vitally essential for the mind to know must lie within space accessible to all, or know-

ledge would be shut out from the masses of mankind, this essay will be short and explicit.

We begin with the pro-Christian branch of the argument.

The Divine founder of Christianity, unlike all legislators the world has known, wrote no code, dictated no code, took no apparent means for the preservation of the system he came upon earth to establish. Neither did he leave any account of his own life.

Nowhere does he speak of his birth, no allusion does he make to the thirty years left in blank, save for the one incident narrated by St. Luke only, of the dispute with the doctors in the Temple when Christ was twelve years old.

He enters after his baptism at once upon his work. Now consider this. The written law of Moses is to be supplanted by a Jew amongst Jews, in spite of a threatened priestly power, of proud sects, and of popular prejudice. The Roman power under which Judea lay oppressed was to become an instrument in his hands through the direction of its all-reaching organization to the spread and maintenance of the new faith. Theism and idolatry were alike to yield to the fresh revelation, and for this mighty overthrow the pen was to be as little employed as the sword; the word, his word, the sole instrument; nothing but the word. The word which, though heaven and earth should pass away, would never pass away.

Think of any philosopher or lawgiver depending upon mere utterance, not put even upon paper, much less moulded into system. Yes; think of this, and you at once perceive how differently meant "the word" from mere teaching. That word must have been in the truest sense "living," living, as the life of the utterer, for ever and ever. It was the word which, filled with the Spirit of God, went kindling into the soul of man, working an effect that was to be its own proof.

So little did the apostles themselves think of writing their Divine master's life, or of giving form to his doctrines, or system to his ordinances, that some fifty years are supposed to have elapsed before the three first gospels were written, and more years again before that of John appeared.

The gospel-writings are what in modern phrase we would call fragments. They aim at no completeness; they are efforts of memory, personal testimony to facts, and records of circumstances of universal acceptance at the time.

We know that he, the carpenter's son, of the royal stock of David, embracing thus within himself, as far as humanity was concerned, the whole social scale, chose for disciples the poorest and most illiterate men, and for companions the despised publicans and sinners; not exclusively, however, for with him was no exclusiveness. Yet were they persons not only the least qualified to forward such teaching as his—we mean

according to human judgment—but the best calculated to bring upon it not only present but lasting discredit. Their confusions, misinterpretings, and misunderstandings of his sayings, according to their own admissions, would have put any mere mortal upon his guard. He had to explain for them the parable of the sower. They staggered at the hard saying touching the bread from heaven; they were subject to ordinary fears, distrusts, and discontents, and finally failed in the hour of danger. What did it matter? Christ was to deal not with heroes, but with ordinary men and women, sinful and frail. All instruments were alike to him, who could fashion each one of them to his purpose. It was not learning, experience, or wisdom that HE wanted, but simple, child-like receptivity. That which he so gave to them they communicated to others, and it was fifty years after, when Christianity was established by the action of the word, that the pen is at length had recourse to, and something like a history of the great work is produced.

The prominence given to the words of Christ rather than to miraculous acts is deserving of especial notice. In Matthew we have a full *report*, so to speak, of the Sermon on the Mount, that sermon which is the very charter of Christianity. In this respect, of giving at full length the Divine discourse, Matthew is very remarkable. No one has ever yet turned to suggest that Matthew the publican

have invented them. A German commentator has marked out what he takes to be five discourses. Now, power of repeating language which has taken fixed hold of the listeners' attention is by no means rare. Let any one call to mind the different impression received from a lecture read in the closet from that produced by a public speaker upon him, and he will become aware of the strength of memory in the one case as compared with its weakness in the other. We may feel assured, too, that that Divine discourse was repeated over and over again by entranced listeners to attentive hearers until it came to be known by heart. We claim no miracle for its preservation in the way that ancient poems have been saved; the miracle here is the undying one of these words upon the soul of man, for as no man ever spoke like this man, so no words ever produced the quickening effect of these words.

Most remarkable, too, is their simplicity and suavity. Human heroes talk big. They who have claimed leadership have in no case descended, as it would be thought, to the most homely and familiar illustrations of their high meanings. Tremendous denunciations accompanied the law-giving of Moses; the prophecies flame with imagery. Philosophy has ever spoken in regal phrase; yet Christ, who came to establish the kingdom of heaven, deals in no dazzling figures of speech. He is like unto a grain of mustard-seed, which grew and waxed a great

tree, and the fowls of the air lodged in the branches of it." "It is like leaven, which a woman hid in three measures of meal, till the whole was leavened." "It is like unto a householder, who pays the last like unto the first." "It is like unto the ten virgins, of whom five were wise and five foolish." "Like unto the man who, travelling into a far country, gave talents unto his servants." Then the joy of the angels in heaven over one sinner that repenteth is as the joy of the shepherd over the recovery of a lost sheep, or the joy of the poor woman who has found the lost piece of money. Yet by language of this singular simplicity was effected the world's eternal change.

In its essential purpose it is no doubt sublime. It was new, indeed, to be told that heaven upon earth is begun when the ordinary duties of life are faithfully discharged, and that pure human joy is essentially that of the angels; when the seed is planted of which future generations are to enjoy the shade, there is in our foresight and disinterested care a beginning of heaven within us. The housewife who converts the dull lump into wholesome food is doing good, and doing good is heaven begun; and as all things are held together by harmonious analogies, it is even in such wise that the Divine word leavens the whole mass of humanity. The householder who pays the last labourer equal to those who bore the heat of the day, [illegible] hard bargain for himself, and

reproving envy and jealousy in others, has heaven's joy within him. The lamp let never die, the talent turned to best account; this is heaven upon earth, and heavenly are our emotions too.

We must look for something more than the means presented to us for an explanation of Christ's work. He had nothing apparently in common with the Jews. His teaching was opposed to their whole mode of thought. His objects in their eyes outrageous—his assertions blasphemous. His pretensions such as roused to ungovernable fury. His followers were as instruments weaker than broken reeds—his language without the arts which produce excitement. What was it then which endued his word with a power that was never to pass away? Was it his miracles? In great part, yes; but there must have been more—there must have been a personal attraction quite irresistible.

Of this we have abundant evidence. Peter and Andrew throw down their nets and follow him upon a word pronounced at their first meeting. James and John, with their father Zebedee, obey as promptly. Matthew rises from the seat of customs at the command—"Follow me." No one fears to approach him—not the leper, who, shunned in fear and horror by all others, throws himself at the feet of Christ, and is made whole—not the fallen and guilty, whom he raises up and bids sin no more—the children close round him who said, "of such are the kingdom

of heaven"—only the hypocrite slinks away, as did the accusers of the woman taken in adultery—and as did the tempters who sought to entrap him with questions about payment of tribute money to Cæsar. On the other hand, no man dared lay hands upon him till his hour was come—all were in their different ways spell-bound. Even Pilate was charmed into an exhibition of vacillation unknown to Roman governors—finally, the thief on the cross was subdued in the midst of his own agony by the neighbourhood of the Divine sufferer.

In Christ's bodily appearance there does not seem to have been anything remarkable. Indeed, this is especially noteworthy, the absence of external agencies of whatsoever kind, such as dazzle men.

Christ's intercourse with all persons, save the hypocrite, is marked by a singularly genial familiarity. His parables and illustrations, drawn from ordinary life, are redolent of it—his entering into the sober merriment of the marriage feast—his conversation with the woman of Samaria—his going home with Zaccheus—his intimacy with the family of Lazarus—these and other acts mark a spirit of friendliness such as puts people upon equality with the benefactor. There is no display of intellectual superiority; but there is superiority of a new kind—that of the Spirit of God—which is itself an equaliser. Hear what he says (John xv. 14, 15), "*Ye are my friends*, if ye do whatsoever I command you. Henceforth

I call you not servants, for the servant knoweth not what his lord doeth; but I have *called you friends*; for all things that I have heard of my Father I have made known to you." This again is supported by the 17th verse—"These things I command you, that you *love one another*."

Now, love is the supreme equaliser. These words were spoken, too, after he had washed his disciples' feet, and placed John's head upon his loving bosom. As Christ asserted equality with the Father, so did he raise his "friends" to equality with himself. They are the branches of the true Vine. As his illustrations of meaning seemed to equalise the importance of all human things—and his intercourse to express the equality of human conditions; so his teaching exalted to the supreme spiritual equality all those who obey the *new* commandment of love; for they are "one with him as he is one with the Father."

Christ was no stoic. He reproved not human sorrow—but shared it, as when he joined the family of Lazarus in their grief—for "Jesus wept." His weeping sanctified theirs, which was very opposite to talk about murmuring against the will of God. Indeed he loved effusion, as when he chided those who would have chided Mary for her waste of precious ointment. The selection of Peter as the rock is the reward of a burst of holy emotion. On Christ's religion of the heart there is no restraint—the heart

may beat freely—it may feel wholly—it may overflow in sympathy. It abounds in the freedom made by reception of the truth.

Christ's steady assertion of his Divine mission dispensed with egotism in the common sense. He nowhere recalls his miraculous acts or makes reference to them—never boasts of what he has done or can do. He stakes success upon the *word*—the word's working is the miracle.

It comes to this, that Christ claims to be believed upon his own word. What is the objection?

The value of a man's word depends upon the integrity of his character, and the sanity of his mind.

Christ's purity of character is nowhere questioned. So perfectly did he present the highest ideal of humanity, that the conception of such a being would, as has been truly said, be regarded as itself not less wonderful than that of his actual existence upon earth. Such a creation of the human mind would be less accountable than that of the presence of the Son of God in the flesh.

All suggestion of imposture being with one consent put aside, there remains the possibility of self-delusion.

Now, according to our experience of persons labouring under illusion, has it not mostly taken the form of worldly power? There are special reasons, at all events, why it should have been so in the case of Jesus, supposing him to be a mere man.

His countrymen were looking for a royal deliverer —the Jewish writings and traditions all pointed to the coming of such a one. The kingdoms of the world were at his feet. Yet he did refuse them, and yet did he declare himself to be the very Messiah spoken of by the prophets. In the act of refusing kingly power, he assumed to be king. But he assumed a higher royalty—even that of the kingdom of heaven, exhibiting all the while the one only title-deed—*his word*—and his word was taken—there is the wonder of wonders. Again, this word was not uttered in swelling mysterious pomp of quasi-poetical half-meaning—never, as we have said, was word so simple—and never, too, was conduct so practical. He reasons on their own grounds with doctors and lawyers, and upon all occasions exhibited what we call presence of mind.

Well, let us raise an hypothesis of the following kind. It might be that a pious young Jew, brooding over the Mosaic account of the fall, would say to himself—well, if God would have spared the wicked city even for five just, would he not revoke the punishment of the fall, for the sake of one son of Adam absolutely free from sin, and whose obedience unto death would match the disobedience in the eating of the forbidden fruit? If the word of such a supposed man be rejected, we see not how a like hypothesis can be avoided—for that he lived a life free from sin is not to be denied—that he lived a

life of active beneficence is equally sure—that he could have commanded the highest honours, when the danger, by a strange inversion of the order of things in such cases, lay in the refusal of them, is of historical proof; and that his death was a self-imposed martyrdom is a certainty, than which no record can be more absolute. Between the supposition we have ventured upon, and the fact as he declared it, we prefer his own word.

What we are called upon to believe is, that the Son, looking at the discord wrought by sin in one corner of harmonious creation, came down to restore it to its place in Almighty favour. He would bring humanity up to God—that God might be all in all.

But now returning to the double question of self-illusion and kingship—having shown that the royalty was not of such kind as a diseased mind could ever have imagined, we are led on to the completion of proof by the fact, that it was a kingship offered for general share to his friends, who, becoming partakers of his spirit, were raised to unity with himself and the Father—a royal republic—all in God—and God in all—an equality of overwhelming united superiority. Man, as it were, become incorporated with God through Christ. God's kingdom here—with God's kingdom there; and yet the Being who opens this stupendous revelation uses the simplest language, and he acts in the most gently benevolent way—preserving under all circumstances an even

balance of intellectual power, of ready adaptation to all places, persons, and circumstances.

Keeping to the question of possible self-delusion, it has been observed that persons so labouring are usually cunning, nor are they over-courageous, except when desperate through excitement.

Now Christ was as frank as he was brave. He told every one who came to him what were to be the conditions of following him—the sacrifice of everything held most dear, and suffering in exchange—assuredly a novel form of propagandism! He spared no one's vanity, and did the opposite of humouring weakness—for he exposed the weak point of the person supposed to be good—while to the apparently bad he held up some virtue hidden within him, in which to see God's likeness shining through. The young man, who having offered all, shrank from the abandonment of his wealth to the poor, stood self-convicted—to her who loved much was much forgiven. Acts were measured by their motives—the widow's mite filled her treasure in heaven to overflowing.

This frankness and courage he inspired into his disciples when he sent them forth on their mission, without purse or scrip. The language in which he issues his commission, as given in Matthew, chap. x., is terrible. "Behold I send you forth as sheep in the midst of wolves: be ye therefore wise as serpents and harmless as doves. But beware of men: for

they will deliver you up to the councils, and they will scourge you in their synagogues." Again, "and *ye shall be hated of all men for my name's sake;*" but he that endureth to the end, the same shall be saved."

Thus Christ, offering no earthly advantage to allure, holds up the strongest worldly motives to deter. And yet he who describes men as haters of his disciples out of malice towards himself is no misanthropic shunner of society, but a free, cordial partaker of all innocent enjoyments. His talisman three words—"Believe in me"—and they believed.

Almost the first to express this belief was a person the least likely to do so, namely, the centurion. He was a man by position and by temperament accustomed and inclined to exact, not yield, obedience. He was a Roman, a heathen, yet as one who knew men, was able to recognise a true voice of authority in that which spoke to him. A true, royal bearing, beyond that of Cæsar or governor, he feels to be his who never cloaked his majesty. Christ never offered but his word as the primary attestation of his sonship. Therefore when the centurion, as if responding to the claim, cried, "say but the word," Christ, struck by this signal compliance with the spirit of his requirement, turned round, and said, he had not found such great faith; no, not in Israel.

The great Faith was reliance upon the Word.

Christ, then, trusting to this word as a burning seed which was to rise to a tree covering the earth,

enjoined preaching and prayer, for the opening and nurturing of hearts for that seed's reception. But the preaching was as if his own Spirit continued to speak. His apostles were to trust to that Spirit. We do not find that there were artificial ordinances erected for the conservation of the truth. The law and the prophets were not overthrown, but fulfilled. There was neither abrogation nor abolition, but spiritualising, as of his own body upon its ascension. For the sacrificed lamb there was the substitution of bread, because bread being the staple sustenance of life, Christ commanded it should be eaten as the visible sign of his sustaining vitalism in the soul. As the body takes that bread and lives thereby, so the soul takes Christ's word as the bread of life. He was the vine—they are the branches—of which the sacramental cup is the reminder—we drinking the wine which is the fruit's essence thereof. The last banquet was the last only on earth—it was to be renewed in heaven; for he would not, he said, taste of the fruit of the vine until he should drink it anew in his Father's kingdom.

Does not this sublimation of the Last Supper take from it all material character? So treated it is the anticipation of the reunion in heaven at a higher feast.

We are told by John that after supper Christ washed his disciples' feet. It is remarkable that this extremity of condescension should have come immedi-

ately after the completest revelation of himself, and the announcement of the highest promise. Christ was aware of the danger of spiritual pride which equality with himself—and through him with the Father—was calculated to excite; so he dwelt with greatest emphasis upon humility at the moment of supreme investment of authority. Was it out of place at such a moment to fix upon the memory of those whose mission was to reach the soul, that they were to stoop to the lowest of human needs? that they were to cleanse the body as the heart?—to be instruments of all purity? To himself, the most grateful act of attention had been the washing of his own feet by Mary: the gratification then fresh in his own mind may have mingled with the lesson it conveyed.

Continuing to view Christ as a man, there remains his voluntary surrender to ignominious death.

When Christ announced that his hour was come—and before that hour marked out by himself no man dared lay hands upon him—he was only thirty-three years of age. His work had been accomplished within the short space of three years. The word had struck its immortal root. It remained for him to demonstrate once for all, in his own person, the truth of the resurrection. He therefore willed that there should be no mistake about this central fact of Christianity. He chose the moment when Jewish fanaticism was at its highest—the feast of the pass-

over—when any shock to their convictions was mortal; when to pronounce against them was to reduce the blasphemer below the robber Barabbas. Now a rebel will mount the scaffold sustained by the secret sympathy of the oppressed, and proud, peradventure, of the dignity attending a death inflicted by the whole weight of a state that he may have caused to tremble, and of which success would have made him master. A martyr is sustained by his unselfishness and disinterestedness—for he dies for no personal glory. The position of Jesus was the reverse of all this. His death was the assertion of a personal claim, which the Jews treated with scorn and derision, and the Romans with chilling indifference. His own followers fled—the chief of them denied him thrice; and he knew that all this must be.

To meet death amidst the execrations of the mob—death not inflicted after solemn trial, and dignified by the imposing machinery of a great state, but the death of a victim contemptuously thrown to that raging mob, in lieu of a condemned and pardoned robber—was assuredly an act of which human nature has no other example. But when the avenue to Calvary was torture in all forms, moral and physical; when the body to be yielded by himself to the cross was a body scourged, spat upon, crowned with thorns, jeered, mocked—the scornful miseries of the placarded pillory embittering the bitterness of death, and the shadow of despair passed for a moment over

the mind, sympathising with the body's prostration—this to be done voluntarily, with clear foresight that it was to be, confounds us with astonishment.

It is while so loaded with contempt that Christ with equal firmness asserts his royalty—and he attests his word by his endurance. His witness to it that it is TRUTH is his own martyrdom.

Nor was this the position of a man who, knowing death to be inevitable, braces himself up to meet it as best he can. Pilate only wanted a word to save him; and the required word he would not pronounce.

Life ought to have been precious to Jesus as man, for he had its two greatest enjoyments at his disposal, namely, power and love. To the former there had been no limit; and he was adored; and his was the sweetest of living, for it was passed in benevolence. He loved social intercourse with all classes and all ages; and he was in the most beautiful period of life, before the levity of youth has hardened yet into the plodding selfishness of care-troubled manhood—the most truly enjoyable time of life—the bright noontide of splendid half-repose.

For such a voluntary exchange of all life's best gifts for life's worst inflictions, there must have been adequate motive—and we have the motive accomplished by the resurrection.

In the sufferings so heroically borne, Jesus practised what he had preached. The insults and tortures were his final illustration of the Sermon on the Mount.

And now we come again* to the question of sacrifice.

We here ask ourselves this question: "Was it for God's sake, or for humanity's sake, that Jesus went through all this suffering unto death?" This question may be answered by another, even this; "Who benefited thereby, God or man? For whom was the example of endurance of insult and pain necessary?" For man, unquestionably. The victory over death being necessary for the resurrection, of which it was man that needed the demonstration, is it not fair to conclude that Christ's sacrifice of himself was for humanity?

The ordinary reading of this his sacrifice is too partially represented as for the appeasement of God's anger, by an atonement equal to the sin of the fall as the satisfaction of offended justice, the pleading whereof is essential to pardon. But Christ spoke the word of pardon and forgiveness upon the simple ground of acceptance of his word. To be like unto himself, as he was in this world, is the repeated condition of living with him in the next after a like resurrection—such is the doctrine, perfected with the seal of the final supreme miracle upon it. The feast of the Last Supper being the

* *Vide ante*, p. 145.

symbol and anticipation of the feast that is to be—death being the baptism into higher life—such, again, is the Divine teaching. All that Christ has done is for man, and to work effect upon man. With God he was identified; and he wished to identify man with God too—by identifying him with himself. "God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself;" and again: "We also joy in God through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom we have now received the atonement." But, if we are to regard the bleeding body of Christ as a material thing, apart between God and man—to be repeated in material form with the Romanists, or held up in mental form by others, with feelings as essentially positive—then the sacrifice is no longer for humanity, in the sense of a dedication of Christ's body to its service; but a satisfaction to God—whose true satisfaction is the recovery of his lost children by his Son. Whether is it more consistent to say, "Father, forgive me because Christ died," or, "Father, forgive me because by faith I am one with Christ, whose word I obey, whose example I follow through his grace?"

We have already gone beyond the point which we assigned to ourselves, of regarding Christ as a mere man; for however submissible to human tests his works may appear to be, up to a certain period, yet as we approach the sacrifice of himself, the Divinity breaks out irresistibly; all landmarks of comparison cease; yet we endeavor to adhere

to our attempt of drawing Christ's character from the Gospel accounts of him.

He was no mystic; for, as we have seen, he was plain-spoken. He was no idealist—in the sense of presenting a fanciful conception—for his mission was very real. If we might coin a word, we would call him a Spiritual Positivist—for he was all positivism, in a spiritual sense. The kingdom of heaven is a positive spiritual assemblage of the good made perfect. To all the yearning demands of human nature He gives a plain answer. Yes; there is one who does care for the children of men even as a Father. Yes; the possibility of perfection which exists in man's mind, despite of man's experience, is no fancy, albeit in itself ennobling. "Be ye perfect," he said, "as your heavenly Father is perfect;"—the corollary of which is immortal relationship between Father and Son. The dealings of God were not to be sought in the perishable and fluctuating things of this world, whose loss should be no sign of the displeasure of him who wished his children, like himself, to hold to the everlasting; and the possession of which should be regarded as means of diffused charity. Personal prejudices and proud exclusiveness were to melt before love; truth to stand as its own witness in the mind; the soul's will to be subdued into harmony with God's will. The warranty of all this, Christ's word set to with Christ's death.

If consistency of life and doctrine—of life without

stain, and doctrine perfect—if gentleness with courage—if Divine assertion without egoism—if the refusal of earthly power, and the voluntary martyrdom instead—if all this be the work of a mind with a flaw in it, then is there no security whatever for the soundness of any one's thought upon this miserable globe.

If, on the other hand, Christ be, in human words, an honest man, sound all through, shall we not take his word for his spiritual facts? That they who heard him did so, and they who heard those who bore his commission did so, is proved by the spread and permanency of his religion. Hence is it, above all, a religion of faith.

We now turn to him as the Divine Son. If he be admitted to be what he himself declared, then need there be no more discussion about miracles. Since his time, latent forces of almost more than miraculous subtlety have been discovered, and we have not reached the end, and never shall. These forces obeyed their Author. Let us now try to distinguish between that which the Evangelists have said of their Master, and what he said of himself. The miracle of miracles announced by himself was the resurrection; and, as an historical fact, it rests upon evidence which, if it be refuted, would leave no standing-place for any historical event. St. Paul sums it up 1 Cor. xv.

The companion miracle is his own undying word

He promised it would endure, and it has endured.

The pretension that this word, Faith, which gives eternal life, was left to the *exclusive* care of a select body of men can only be supported upon partially-drawn inferences, inconsistent with the whole spirit of Christ's law of spiritual equality. That it was to be wrapped up in particular material rites is no less inconsistent with his simplifications of the law. For this old idea of an offended Deity to be appeased by sacrifice, was substituted the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. The relative duties of man to man seem to us now of almost impossible realisation, because we have not yet ourselves realised that state of brotherhood which is to be when Christianity becomes finally established.

Before Christ wrought the final miracle of his resurrection, he invested his apostles with miraculous powers. He promised them that they should do even greater works than he had done, through the transmission of the Holy Spirit.

It appears that at that time there were in the East—as indeed there have ever been—arts known to particular classes, which have been called magic, necromancy, and the like. Now, if the miraculous power of Christ was of this kind, he would have inducted his disciples into his mysterious modes of incantations, charms, or whatever else they might be called. In doing so, he would at once have stood in

their eyes as a more than ordinary skilful magician, and no more. His Divine pretensions would have fallen, and they would have found themselves to be agents of a successful impostor. Now, unless the Acts of the Apostles be a book of lies, they did work miracles as great as those of their Master before his crucifixion, and they did so through the Holy Spirit. It is historically certain that they suffered all they were warned they would have to suffer, even unto death—which they assuredly would not have endured for legerdemain. The imparted power was to them the sustenance of their faith, their invincibility over heathen darkness, and their joy in martyrdom.

That this miraculous power originated with, and flowed from Christ, is established by the fact that John the Baptist, whose amazing influence was such that the people were ready to hail him as the Christ they expected, wrought no miracle in attestation of his own works. John baptized, preached repentance and remission of sins, and almost anticipated Christ's words, and was followed by multitudes; and then the Baptist's fruit was handed over to him full ripe. Death was conquered on the Cross, life began with the resurrection.

Let us ask here, what is meant by a miracle? Is it, as some say, a Divine summons to powers which are hidden in nature out of reach of man? or is it a counteraction and violation of natural laws? Or, supposing all, or mostly all, other miracles recorded

in the gospels to be allowed place under the former category, what is to be said of this miracle, which is the corner-stone of Christianity? In what way is it explicable through any rationalistic process?

We answer, that if you believe Christ's own account of himself, belief in his resurrection becomes easy; for if he came down from heaven, as the Son of God to humanity, it was in due order—we might even say, natural—that the Son of humanity, or, as he is called, the Son of man, should return thereto. As we cannot conceive of humanity otherwise than in the flesh, the ascent of Christ as an invisible spirit would have left us as we were before. We needed to put our fingers on the print of the nails, in order to bring home to our hearts the assurance of a preserved individual consciousness, without which we have no choice between Pantheism and an inaccessibly removed God. It was humanity that was taken up to the Father in the glorified body of the Son. Between the transfiguration and ascension stood the cross. The one before death a foretaste of the after glorification. The like transfiguration is sometimes seen in the faces of the perfectly good, but their ascension is veiled from our eyes. In this great fact there was, then, the carrying out of law. It was the union of the natural with the supernatural—of man with his Maker; of mortality putting on immortality; of the spirit clothing matter, as matter had clothed spirit.

It was to shew forth this supreme fact of the resurrection that Christ died, and that he rose again, according to the Scriptures; and to preach this fact was to be the great work of the apostles. It was for this purpose they were endowed with the gift of tongues on that day of Pentecost, which some have called the miracle of miracles. Yet it was not a miracle of the kind of the resurrection, which is unique and stands alone.

We can explain to our natural understanding this miracle of the gift of tongues, as we can explain the restoration of palsied limbs, or sight, or even of the dead. As we can conceive of reduced or suspended force being invigorated anew, so is it not incomprehensible the imparting to mental faculties of an immediate comprehension of things which, according to ordinary experience, is attainable by efforts varying in degree according to individual qualities. There lived a cardinal who could, without much difficulty, master any language; nor could his penetration be baulked by the rarest dialect of the remotest people. Such reasoning may, at first sight, appear to contradict miracles, by explaining them upon natural grounds; but such is not the object of the argument, which is to sustain the opinion that the miracles recorded in the gospel are not counteractions of natural laws, but extraordinary impulses to human powers, such as they could not develop of themselves. Even in restoration from death, we can help

ourselves by an analogy, as in the case of fire gone out. To all appearance there is nothing but black ashes, yet there are substances so inflammable that they take fire at the lowest remains of warmth, in contact with which the fire lights up anew. The mystery attending the miracles of which we are now speaking is like that of the union of soul and body; it is the Creator's work, proceeding in the line of his own creation, and not running counter thereto. We feel an assuring consciousness of a boundless capacity held down by the necessary conditions of our place upon earth. Is it of impossible conception, the anticipation of its free exercise here through God's imparted Spirit, beyond ordinary limits? The miracle which does, then, in fact, transcend our comprehension, as it is the touchstone of our faith, is that of the resurrection.

The Messiah had come. The deliverance was achieved in a sense incomprehensible to the exclusive notions of the Jews. They, isolating themselves more and more from mankind at large, had forgotten the sense of condemnation weighing upon all humanity, and from which they, in common with all nations, were to be delivered, and, shutting themselves up in brooding resentment over the oppressions suffered at the hands of heathens, narrowed the prophecy to the interpretation of relief from and triumph over their temporal enemies. Yet it was just against those natural tendencies to materialise

their spiritual privileges that their prophets raised their warning voice in vain.

Singular it is that the same sad sense of heavy condemnation is found to rest upon religions which stand apart from Judaism—such as Buddhism and Hindooism; religions which may be said, along with Mahomedanism, to divide, even now, the whole eastern world. Untouched by the explaining light of revelation, the annihilation, which is the supreme good of the Buddhist, and the miserable metempsychosis, which is the purgatory of the Hindoo, are, one and the other, silent submissions to inevitable penalty for those visible disorders wrought by man. They are cries of conscience, which, light being wanted, become wailings of despair. They are the most monstrous of contradictions—religions without hope. It was for delivery from bondage such as this that the Christ was to come, and from which he was to free the whole human race; to expel fear, the cruel principle of savage idolatries; to plant in its stead the courage of truth.

If we are to look anywhere for a less sombre view of the relations of man to the unseen power or powers, it would be to the religion of the Greeks. Their gods are human, and their heroes of heavenly mould. The gods and goddesses of Greece have human passions—even human caprices. Her finest sons have god-like perfection of form, and thoughts and tastes that are, albeit of the earth, not earthy, for heaven

and earth mingle together. In the cloud which wraps the mountain Juno sits; Olympus is the throne of Jupiter. Every beautiful object is a transformed spirit or the home of one. Airs from heaven mingle with the winds; the streams have voices not their own. In the sea are disporting loves. There is realism nowhere to those Greeks, to whom this life was the only reality. But their cheerful humanism, enjoyable by gods, trembled as it gazed upon the confines of the world beyond the grave. Their Hades was peopled with wan shades, and the characteristic sadness of all religions fell upon the glorious Greek when he thought of the life that was to come. Was there no need of deliverance from this bondage of mental despondency for him?

The grand Roman, too, whose invincible sword was the precursor of inflexible law; he whose iron will was the reflex of inflexible fate; whose morality was the subjecting of passion to reason, and whose religion was lofty resignation to destiny. Did he not merit being made lovable as respectable by the substitution of a Divine personality for a philosophic abstraction, addressing his heart and intellect together? Even he had to struggle with superstitions, which, in the absence of a pure faith, ever haunt the most cultivated minds.

Who, pondering over this pervading sadness; who, thinking of the dark cloud which hung over the invisible world, projecting its shade upon all hearts in

all lands, can say that there was no need of its being cleft by a ray from the Godhead?

Although Judea was the land prepared for its incarnate reception, yet His star in the East was first seen by the Magi. His appearance was, in a prophetic spirit, first hailed by the Gentiles.

Christ ascending bodily to heaven did, as if by an inversion of the order of human belief, leave His Spirit with His disciples upon earth. It was apparently the mortal that visibly put on immortality. It was the spirit that became, as it were, once more incarnate. The religion founded upon a miracle is to be preserved by miracle. Now have we occasion to keep well in mind our definition of all miracle, save of the one—that it is the result of forces hidden in God's works, yet, when summoned, are to act within the line of law, and not contrary thereto; as healing forces for body, and quickening, apprehensive forces for mind, so is there for man's spirit a force from the great Spirit, partaking of the qualities of the giver. Christ promised to endow his disciples with His Spirit; and we find in the Acts of the Apostles that they continued their Master's work, attesting their commission by their miracles, and imparting to others upon whom they imposed their hands the same power he had given to them.

The object of this marvellous bestowal was to strengthen their own faith in himself, and to accredit their testimony regarding him; and yet so chosen

they were promised no immunities whatsoever from the ordinary lot of their fellow-men. Each preserved his individual characteristics, as if to guard him from pride and self-confidence. The imparted Spirit within transformed or transfigured him. He was only strong in his dependence upon his Master; but his strength was that of cheerful endurance under persecutions he had no power to avert. As of the Old Testament heroes, so it was to be of the New. They were to be fallible, stumbling creatures, requiring unceasing watchfulness over themselves, with God's truth shining through their weaknesses and their prejudices.

If we want histories of perfect heroes, of demigods, and fanciful creations of the imagination, we must look for such elsewhere than in the Bible; for from Moses, who slew the Egyptian, to David of worse sin, and from David to Peter, who, denying Christ, was not denied of him, there are no such to be found.

When we consider what those men had to do we may well stand lost in amazement. They who were to spread Christianity through the world were Jews, with the prejudices of their race clinging to them. It required, even after the resurrection and the day of Pentecost, a special revelation to make Peter himself admit that of a truth God was no respecter of persons. The principle then, as now, and as it had been before of EXCLUSIVENESS, which it was Christ's purpose to destroy, would still assert its pertinacious

vitality. It was evidently to guard against this inevitable tendency that Christ left no ecclesiastical forms. His commission to his disciples was of the simplest kind; they were to preach himself, Christ—his doctrine of love, his death and resurrection—there was only one preliminary rite enjoined, that of baptism, symbolising the new birth into the spiritual kingdom.

We are not, however, to conclude therefore that system and organization were forbidden. If we might for a moment recur to the position assumed, for argument sake, of Christ being mere man, we should say that he was too wise, according to the human standard, to impose external ceremonies at a time when it would have been impossible for his followers to erect a church. Doubtless, the latter felt much concern on this point—to remove which Christ assured them that an assemblage of only two or three in his name would suffice, for He would be there to bless them. He gave them a model prayer enjoined them to preach, promising aid to their tongues and to be with them to the end. At the same time we learn that up to the last he set the example of respect for the Temple, which he called His Father's house. To give to it higher meaning, while opening it to all men, was his offer to the Jews, who would not have it so.

That which Christ did denounce was the abuse of forms, which, whether as used for deceiving others,

or by way of substitutes for the realities of religion, was hypocrisy. Had he himself imposed formalities, they would, owing to the sacredness consequently attaching to them, have probably, in course of time, divided attention with essential things, perhaps displaced true worship with idolatry of a new kind.

Yet Christ, who allowed the alabaster box of ointment to be poured upon him, was not the Being to impose absolute restrictions upon human expression of free sympathy. Man will ever work into outward symbols the deep affections of his heart. Hence it is that when most moved with holy passion, he covers the land with the beautiful and the sublime. In respect of religious art the ages of faith are unsurpassable.

Nor were there to be addresses to the imagination, much less appeals to the passions—those great agents of spurious heroisms and impostures. They who quote the spread of Mahomedanism, without aid of miracles, by way of set-off against Christianity must overlook the evocation of the military spirit and the paradise of the houris. In like manner, as men delight in gratifying love of persecution under cover of religion, so will a religion which takes our passions into partnership find favour with not a few.

Now Christ never drew exciting pictures of "His Father's house of many mansions"—what plain image that in itself! Yet he who spoke in parables must needs have exercised self-restraint when, with bound-

less command of all that beautiful imagery with which the Gospels have made us familiar, he drew no objective pictures of the future state. The answer to the question concerning marriage—that there they were neither married nor given in marriage, but were as the angels that are in heaven—was of simple, unexciting explicitness. He speaks of angels in connection with children, "whose faces are seen of their angels," of their instrumentality in the execution of God's will, and of his own power to command legions in his aid; still is there no poetic speech about them, in the sense of poetic allurement. The restraint which the Master set upon himself in this respect seems to become more stringent with the disciples, whose task is demonstration out of the Scriptures that Jesus is the Christ, sealed with the testimony of what their eyes had seen.

Let us pause for a moment while we think of the condition of these men. They appear at the most critical juncture of the world's history. They are Jews announcing that the glory of the Temple hath passed away; hated of Jews accordingly with a hatred of whose effect they have had the most tremendous example. They are to denounce idolatry at a time when Judea's masters, the Romans, have made of Rome the Pantheon of all idolatries—the hospitable host of all superstitions. In the face of despotism over subjects, they are to set up the invisible king of a commonwealth of equal brother-

hood. Against the gathering barbarism which is to extinguish a civilization too corrupt to be transformed, they have no other strength to oppose than the peace and good will, which, to the barbarian, is weakness to be scorned. Language fails to paint the dangers of these men—there is no comparison that would not fall short of the reality; the result, fatal to themselves, is of sure prediction; yet it is all braved through faith in the promise that though heaven and earth should pass away his word would not pass away. They were to present in their persons the firstfruits of the example of martyrdom for the truth—the forlorn hope of the advancing progress of humanity.

In whatever sense it may be said that the world was ripe for the reception of Christianity, it surely cannot be affirmed that opinion was prepared for the Sermon on the Mount. How was the Roman or barbarian mind prepared to receive—"Blessed are the poor in spirit?—" who was ready to do good for evil?—who, when slavery was the normal state, was ready to love all men without exception as brethren?—who to restore domestic relations to the purity that existed before divorce was born of hardness of heart?—who to double compliance with the request to walk a mile by going twain—to give the cloak with the coat—to reverse the impulse to retaliation by making evil touch the spring of good?—who, above all, to believe in the crowning possibility of

perfection, when the world seemed at its worst? Yet a few Spirit-led men were to pioneer through immeasurable difficulties the way for this ideal of humanity, which, to the mind of their Master, was a present fact; for of things that ought to be and would be, as the ultimate Divine fruit of his own imperishable word, he spoke as if they then were, giving as realised in spirit of prophecy the then irrealisable maxims, as seed not to perish.

ST. PAUL AND THE APOSTOLIC FAITH.

PAUL in his person exemplifies the best qualities of that enthusiasm which, as distinguished from fanaticism, characterises the faith of which he was to be the preacher. His profound conviction had all the glow of the first, yet without the illusions which lend grace even to its deviations; and in him was the humanizing charity that tempers the fanaticism of unscrupulous zeal, which strikes but will not hear.

In Saul of Tarsus, "breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord," we have fanaticism—the fanaticism whose root was in the enthusiasm with which he had sat a revering pupil at the feet of Gamaliel. Paul after his conversion devoted himself to the like sufferings he had previously inflicted upon others. In the same temper and spirit in which the fanatic will torture others for their soul's sake he will torture himself; but such was not the apostolic faith. It was the calm trust and loyalty of the soldier to his leader, who is at once chief and king, claiming dutiful obedience, rendered in veneration and love. Their enemy was not their fellow-

man; "for they wrestled not against flesh and blood, but held up the shield of faith, wherewith to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked."

The language, as we have already indicated, that was to be the channel of this glowing conviction—which we better term steadfast faith—was to be addressed to the reason, not the imagination. The mind was to be convinced; while it was by charity, in the magnificence of Paul's definition of it,* that the heart was to be won. In a word, it was by giving entire satisfaction to the highest claims of the intellect and heart of man that the way of acceptance of the truth was to be opened.

Of what the apostolic way was we have a profound example in the speech of the martyr Stephen to the people who stoned him to death. This speech fills the 7th chapter of the Acts down to the 57th verse. What is it? Why, simply a summary or sketch of the history of the Jews from Abraham to Moses, "whom they refused," showing them how they had again repeated the sin of that refusal; a history carried on to Solomon, who built a house for Him who dwelleth not in temples made with hands; and then, having demonstrated the meaning of Scripture history, he courageously denounces those who, like their fathers, resisted the Holy Ghost; and being prepared to die, the first witness to the grand fundamental doctrine of the resurrection, announces that

* 1 Cor. xiii.

he beholds the Son of man standing at the right hand of God.

Thus demonstration, courage, and enthusiasm—the triple appeal to reason, to respect, and to high feeling—all that was intellectually convincing—all that was morally ennobling—all that was spiritually exalting—marked the speech, conduct, and faith of the first martyr.

This first martyr, too, offered the *first prayer to Christ*;* for he was stoned "calling upon God, and saying, *Lord Jesus, receive my spirit.*" But this was not his only prayer; for as his Divine Master had said, "Father, forgive them," so Stephen cried with a loud voice, "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge." We have next the first application of the doctrine of the resurrection: "And when he said this, he *fell asleep.*" Death, henceforward, to be the last sleep in this world, from which the awakening in a day that should know no night.

As Stephen fell asleep, Saul was standing by, "consenting unto his death." It was a moment when persecution raged, and pre-eminent amongst persecutors was Saul, who "made havock of the church, entering into every house, and haling men and women, committed them to prison." But this persecution, which broke up the early communities, served

* As Dr. Colenso denies that Christ authorised prayer to himself, we ask, Did not Christ, when he asserted his power to forgive sins (Mark ii. 10), authorise prayer to himself—prayer being for forgiveness?

to scatter the members as seed. "*Therefore*," proceeds the account, "they that were scattered abroad went everywhere preaching the word."

Saul, more and more enraged—"Saul, yet breathing out threatenings and slaughter"—proceeds upon his famous journey to Damascus, and is on his way miraculously converted.

We must needs renew here an observation which cannot be too often dwelt upon, because so often lost sight of, that the spirit of Christianity was the very opposite of exclusiveness; and it was in this selection of Saul, yet sprinkled with the blood of Stephen, that we find given a great practical illustration of the spirit that was to rule humanity.

In the appearance of Paul at this conjuncture was presented one of those remarkable coincidences which make the right man at the right time, coming to perform a great work, to be regarded as more than a happy accident. He was at once a Jew and a Roman. To thorough knowledge of the Scriptures he added, as his language shows, familiar acquaintance with the philosophy and poetry of Greece. The firmness with which he asserted his rights as a Roman citizen, by proudly obliging the governor who had illegally imprisoned him to come in his own person and liberate him with his own hands, also his exercise of the right of appeal to Cæsar, and his general dealing with the Roman authorities, show not only his high spirit, but his familiarity with Roman law. The persecutions

he inflicted were exercised by virtue of regular commissions from the high priest, and of delegation from the superior authorities. A man of the highest culture, he had a passion for law. A learned Jew, imbued with the literature of Greece, and endowed with the spirit of the Roman, fulfilled the conditions requisite for the work that was needed to be done.

It is not in a mind of this stamp we should expect to find the fanatic. His studies, liberalizing in themselves, were such as only a disposition liberal in itself would take to. His master, at whose feet he sat, although of the strictest sect of the Pharisees, was a man of enlarged mind; for when the council were about to put Peter and other apostles to death, they were turned from their intention by Gamaliel saying, that if their work was that of men, it would come to nought; but that if it be of God, they could not overthrow it.

Paul had, however, that burning ardour of soul without which the finest intellectual qualities lose themselves in frigid philosophical speculation, and kindly temper is chilled from genial charity into languid indifference; but animated by which, language turns to Divine flame, and character becomes heroic. That his intellect was keen and subtle is shown by his epistles, whose occasional obscurities arise from nice analogies, which, although not beyond close attention, yet do require attention, in order to trace them out.

Should we not say of such a man that, with a mind excellently qualified to consider and weigh evidence, he would not, owing to the warmth of his nature, be easily driven from a system to which his attachments had clung? No miracle, however striking, if possibly explicable on rational grounds, would have found credence with him. It required that the fact upon which Christianity rested—that of the resurrection—should be put beyond doubt to make him a convert; but when once made, such a convert!—a manifold power such as no other contained.

That the speech and conduct of the martyr Stephen failed to convince him would appear to be proved by his subsequent persecutions; but that they wrought no effect cannot with assurance be affirmed. A plain exposition of one's own honest view is worth more than controversy, by its silent, unnoticed operation in the mind of a candid hearer. Stephen went over the ground of Scripture narrative, with which the pupil of Gamaliel was familiar, leading up to a present conclusion, of which he attested the irrefragible consistency by his brave, mild, rapturous death. This Paul heard and saw, and Stephen's dying pangs lodged in his own breast. He resisted—he kicked against the goads. Remorse was driving him for relief into still greater excesses, when the event happened which was to show, amongst other things, that errors flowing from the circumstances of birth, education, and opinion do not constitute disqualifications in the

sight of God for becoming the instrument of truth, where the heart, right in its aspirations, failed only through dimness of sight.

It was to be made manifest to Paul that Stephen was not deceived when he saw with his dying eyes the risen Christ. Paul was to be miraculously convinced of the miracle of the resurrection. Is it to be supposed that a man so constituted as he was would be likely to yield to a momentary hallucination, superinduced by fatigue and heat, and other ordinary causes assigned, as for example, by M. Renan? But the miracle is attended by circumstances of attesting evidence such as no man was better capable of weighing than Paul himself. The persons who were with him heard voices, but saw no one. He is led blind to Damascus, and while praying, he in that state sees Ananias coming, of whom he knew nothing, and who knew of him only as a persecutor until directed to go and announce to him his restoration of sight, according to the description given in the ninth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles.

Had anything short of thorough conviction been effected in Paul—had his mind been merely involved in the perplexity of a vision or dream, just enough to paralyse action by raising troublous doubt—he probably would have tried to satisfy his conscience by returning his commission to the high priest, and leaving the churches alone; or, had any remnant of self-love hung about him, he would have shrunk from

the apparent monstrousness, one might almost say the ridicule, of so sudden a change of opinion, paraded in the face of abandoned friends. He might have repaired to his venerable friend and protector Gamaliel, have taken him into his counsel, and have used his own best efforts and influence to induce moderation at head-quarters. What he did do was to enter the synagogues, and there preach to the amazed and indignant Jews that Jesus, whose disciples he and they persecuted, was the very Christ.

It is generally the case that the converted persecutor brings to his newly-adopted creed the like violent, intolerant spirit, directing the same against his former friends with a bitterer tinge of acrimony. Paul, on the contrary, showed himself full of tenderness towards them; on their account he had great heaviness and continual sorrow of heart, and for them he would willingly have sacrificed himself, yet was their casting away to be the reconciling of the world. With beautiful imagery he spoke of the engrafting of the wild branches upon the original olive, that was not to be cut down, but restored to more than pristine beauty. They were of a truth a wonderful people.

Is it not indeed marvellous, that a people should be found to proclaim to the Pharaohs, ere yet philosophy had birth, that the powers before which the builders of the Pyramids bowed were not, as they supposed, the living forces of nature, but agents of

the Creator, and that the images they set up—blind symbols at first, degenerating into dead realities at last—a flat, meaningless, debasing, offensive idolatry. To tell them this when they were in bondage, and in order to show forth the power of the one God in themselves, constitutes a marvel of which, if their own account be not true, it would be a vain attempt to substitute any other.

The idea of a personal spiritual Father to man, whom *He* had fashioned after his own image—a child of God, owing fidelity, obedience, and love—is one so simply true in its touching sublimity as to render any other account than the one given of it in Scripture perfectly irreconcileable. The very historical admissions come down to us of the difficulty with which the higher minds of the lawgivers, rulers, and prophets laboured to keep the mass of the people faithful to the one God bears of itself attestation to its Divine origin, because showing that it could not have arisen of itself out of the human mind, however concordant with it when spiritually presented. How, too, was it that a simple solitary race was not dazzled by and absorbed into the prevailing religion of the time? When revelation is forcibly put aside, and when there are set up in lieu ordinary explanations of circumstances so transcending experience of human nature, the end is that they fail. If the Scripture account be denied, nothing satisfactory remains to exhibit in its place.

To their books we still turn when, though we bask in intelligible rays of inward light, the outer world smites us with confusion. How reconcile its manifold disorders with the palpable evidence of an everywhere prevailing law? Whence these contrasts of condition—of heedless wealth and crouching poverty—the riotous living of the few—the privations of the many—the great opportunities and the none—the minority with means of enjoyment missed by most of them, and the majority earning their bread by the sweat of their face; and well for such of them as can even so much as get it to earn at all? Whence this mystery of evil, as it is well called? for very partially and dimly do we see exceptional good come out of it.

The conscience of humanity cried out ages ago that it was its own doing. The tradition of pagan countries of an original golden age of innocence and happiness has by the wonderful Jews been crystallised into a fact of affecting simplicity. Man fell by an act of disobedience. Thus it was that the relation of Father to child was broken. The free will breathed into him by the Supreme turned traitor. Such acknowledgment rendered them worthy of becoming the appointed guardians of this same principle of child relation to the Father—the assertors of obedience—the chosen teachers of the world. Through the confounded Babel of tongues was heard the stern accents of the law against idolatry—the sublime

witnessings of the prophet to the one God—and the sweet and lofty singings of the royal Psalmist in His praise. A priest and martyr people they—stumbling yet faithful—sinning and repenting—and through captivities under yoke-masters whom they despised, holding on for a predicted consummation, the nature of which they misinterpreted when it came—alas! for them. No wonder Paul grieved for them.

He was a loving and lovable man, this heroic Paul, at whose parting all, falling upon his neck, wept sore and kissed him—who was gentle among his friends, "even as a nurse cherisheth her children;" and no wonder, seeing, as we do see, his own unconsciously self-drawn portrait—in, for instance, Romans i. 11—14, in which he expresses his longing to be with them, not only to impart spiritual gifts, but that he in turn might have some fruit, adding those remarkable words which, by their humanity, and we would say, modesty, refute the harsh dogmatism sometimes uttered in his name, "I am debtor both to the Greeks and the barbarians—both to the wise and the unwise."

The character and conduct, and teaching and example of Paul require more study and consideration not only than those of any other apostle, but, in fact, of any man that ever lived. The wherefore is this—that he, above all others, is the man in whom the working power of the word of Christ was made most freely to manifest itself. He was the first to set out uninfluenced by personal contact with the Divine Master,

In him there was, as it were, no personal partizanship. He was not a poor ignorant fisherman or despised tax-gatherer grateful beyond measure for ignorance turned into knowledge, or the self-humiliation before man into sublime humbleness to God, and therefore partial, as it might have been. The Spirit attracted by that fervent heart had to pierce through prejudices coated with triple mail of deliberate erudition and tenacious attachment to lofty teachers of his own interheart-woven creed. We can well conceive the little chance secondary evidence would have had with a mind so subtle, and a speech so keen and sharp, and a heart so resolute. Left to the natural working of his own powers, their very superiority would have been against him. Arguments magnificently ranged upon one side would have been encountered with rival splendour upon the other, and there would have been no relief from the perplexities of his own wealth. For a nature so full of fermenting trouble of passionateness of soul fed by all learning and its engendering torment of ideas, there was no ease but in corresponding violence of outward action. The inward fire should spend itself in outward waste. Amidst the din of inward trouble there arose a cry of anguish of heart. Would to God that it were all right! If unusual aid—call it miracle, or what you will—is to be justified by necessity, never was necessity more evident. The miracle of Paul's conversion is the widening of Christianity upon the world. It

is the second act opening after the ascension. The Son of man had ascended. It was essential that a very man, in all respects human, should be the first propagator of the creed that was to embrace all the families of the earth. Paul's mission was that of the preacher. This he himself proclaims, "For Christ sent me not to baptize, but to preach the gospel." Thus it was that his fiery energies, fed with vast learning, were to be used. While he is travelling in the fierce heat of a Syrian summer day—typical, as it were, of the mortal feverishness of this world of nature and of man—a ray descends from the Divine Spirit, and in its light the peace the world cannot give, and the knowledge which all that man can know is but faint indication of.

Now we must needs study Paul, because he was in all respects one of ourselves. It was not he who took our nature upon him; it was not he who, moving in the earthly presence of the Son of God, was radiant with participated sanctity. He was outside the Divine circle; he was one of the world; he was, as we say, a representative man in the narrow sense of the term—a representative of caste, and because so, in the strictest sense, chosen for expansion into representativeness of humanity. This was a conversion worthy the Spirit by which it was wrought.

In speaking of Paul's conversion we have no warrant for treating it as a change from vice. We should rather say that it was a restoring to harmony

of his confusions. In him the central point was right. He had faith; he believed in God and in the perfectness of God's justice. It was for this that he found favour, as Abraham had found of old; and if this faith could have led to his salvation, despite his cruel pursuit of mistaken aims, why should the principle be restricted to him? why find any restriction? Conversion was in his case simple restoration to his true self. The natural light of conscience was brightened by the kindred Divine light, and the adventitious surroundings of a mistaken education were exhibited in their misleading hollowness. He, Paul, was to know Christ as Abraham had known the Father, and by virtue of the same steady loyalty to inward conviction.

Instead of an exalted fanatic we have in the converted Paul a man, as any true man ought to be and might be, who is true to faith in God and in his Christ. His mind, purged of prejudices, becomes singularly clear. The evidences, as they existed in the surviving apostles and in their work, fall into due order consistent with themselves and the old records and prophecies with which he was so familiar. He is even wiser than they; and he who is the preacher of their Master's Divinity to all has the courage to reprove the errors even of those who had shared the privilege of personal intercourse with him. This is itself an extraordinary fact. It shows how completely he was free from all illusion. A puerile

convert would have shrunk from withstanding Peter to his face, nay, would have kissed the hem of his garment. Paul took their testimony for so much as it was worth, rejecting error where error was, in the freedom of his true judgment. Such a man we may safely follow into any statement.

We now turn to his epistles, simply describing the effect which as a whole they fairly produce. The famous John Locke laid it down that each epistle ought to be read as one would read any other letter; that is to say, consecutively. Following this rule, he read the Epistle to the Romans three times over. Perhaps it would be to render too confined an account of the effect upon so lucid a mind to say that he then understood it. What we should rather conclude is, that the harmony of all its parts was not to be perceived through any less patient observation than would be required by any great work of vast proportions and infinite details, which must needs be looked at now in parts and now as a whole before the mind can be said to have mastered it. What Locke did for one epistle we would say ought to be done for the series. They show, when taken together, a harmonious completeness and consistency of design such as should unfailingly be looked for in a thoroughly complete man. It is after a comprehensive embrace of the whole scope of the apostle's exhortatory teaching that we see and feel his aim to be *the union of all mankind in a common brotherhood in Christ.*

If it were not for certain complexities in that particular Epistle to the Romans it would be hard to understand how for the true Paul of the overflowing heart there could have come to be presented the sort of terrible metaphysical exclusionist which the name of this apostle conjures up in a great many minds. Let us now see whether we may not be able to arrive in part at least, at the cause of this special complexity which has led to much misunderstanding. Paul, writing this epistle, was evidently preoccupied with the position of his Jewish brethren. His object, as it is ever his object, is reconcilement. He pleads for them on the ground that they are clinging conscientiously to the old law, as he himself had done before his own conversion; and now he has to handle an argument applying both ways, to Jew as well as to Gentile, and this he does with infinite skill. He has to show that the law to which the Jew held so tenaciously is abrogated, and yet is not abrogated, inasmuch as the new doctrine is identical with the old one which preceded the law itself; that it is, in fact, a revival of the faith which won God's favour to Abraham, to which Divine favour he gives the name of grace. Now the faith which Abraham had, any other man of every other place might have had, and the law which was given to the chosen people did not preclude the coexistence of faith in the hearts of other races. Christ, of whom the prophets had spoken, having come, Paul invokes the Jews to an

exercise of the faith of old by believing upon the Son who had broken down the partition wall of the law, diffusing grace to all believers in its stead.

But now the argument to the Jew is turned round to the Romans, who are told that these mistaken followers of the law, whose errors are by the will of God to be made to conduce to the good of the human race, are not handed over to eternal odium. "God hath not cast away his people which he foreknew." The 9th, 10th, and 11th chapters are about his fellow-countrymen, for whose sake "he could wish himself accursed from Christ." Nowhere is to be found more affecting chapters than these. The predestination they proclaim is that of salvation of those very Jews already under the implacable ban of persecution. The terrible pathos of the apostle is a prediction of the heart, and having appealed separately to each he thus addresses both: "For there is no difference between the Jew and the Greek; for the same Lord over all is rich unto all that call upon him: for whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord the same shall be saved." It was by generalising into doctrine observations applied to the special position of the Jews that the comprehensive words last quoted have been as it were neutralised.

Proceed now to the Epistle to the Corinthians, and we find that as the one to the Romans is *for union*, this is *against division*. "For it hath been declared unto me of you, my brethren, that there are

contentions among you." We gather, too, that these were chiefly of a sectarian character, in which were to be found blended the different opinions of rival philosophical schools. Some were of Paul, others of Apollos. The Jews clung to their expectation of visible signs from God, while the Greeks upheld philosophy, or the search after wisdom. The notions of both are to be shocked by the crucifixion, which is the very opposite of a sign, while the Grecian philosophy is treated as superficial. In fact the line is drawn between what in our day we would call phenomena and knowledge. "But as it is written, eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love him." So much for objects of sense or phenomena; now for knowledge. "But God hath revealed them unto us by his Spirit; for the Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God;" and further on, as we now speak of the correlation of the physical forces, so Paul, by what we would term a striking analogy if uttered for the first time in our day, actually dwells upon the correlation of the diversities of gifts being but different manifestations of the same Spirit. "To one is given by the Spirit the word of wisdom; to another the word of knowledge by the same Spirit; to another faith by the same Spirit; to another the gifts of healing by the same Spirit." But all with the other gifts which are enumerated "worketh that

one and the self-same Spirit, dividing to every man severally as he will."

Divisions were not confined to speculative points. They seem to have affected social relations; and as fanciful notions were to give way to the positiveness of knowledge revealed by the Spirit, so were the latter as practical evils to have a practical cure. It was the communion. "The cup of blessing which we bless, is it not the communion of the blood of Christ? The bread which we break is it not the communion of the body of Christ? For we being many are one bread and one body: for we are all partakers of that one bread." This is the communion—the visible sign of that union in a common brotherhood in Christ which is the whole doctrine of this the chief of the apostles.

What effect did the strugglings againt divisions, these admonitions and instructions, and, finally, the healing remedy, produce upon the Corinthians? The answer is in the second epistle to the same people; not, indeed, so much in any particular words, as in the whole spirit. He had written to them in anguish of heart, but it was to spare himself the greater sorrow of a meeting under doubts and difficulties, and which meeting would, when he should now come amongst them, prove through their ready obedience one of frank, affectionate interchange, and so, in the freedom of an unburthened heart, he drops into personal narrative, asking them to bear a little with

his folly. Then follows a narrative, and such a narrative! of sufferings endured by this man of delicate frame. Of the Jews, five times had he received forty stripes save one, thrice beaten with rods, once stoned, thrice shipwrecked, and then the fatigues, and the perils, and the hunger, and the thirst. That is one side of the story. The other sheds over it the effulgence of a contrast beyond the reach of imagination. Paul is rewarded by that marvellous ecstacy in which he heard the unspeakable words that it was not lawful for man to utter. What a many-sided being this Paul was; and yet of what perfect unity! He was himself an exemplification of his own revelation touching the diversities of gifts but the one Spirit. Unsurpassed in learning and in searching logical reasoning, he could meet philosophy and law upon their own grounds, showing wherein they fell short of the knowledge which it concerned men to have. Where exercise of intellectual power was needless by reason of his readers' faith, his language glowed with tender affectionateness, or rose to the heights of the heavenly places; and then the perfect practical good sense in dealing with the relations of life and the marking out of its several duties. See what advice this to Timothy: "The servant of the Lord must not strive, but be gentle unto all men, apt to teach, patient; in meekness instructing those that oppose themselves, if God peradventure will give them repentance to the acknowledging of the truth."

His conviction that he himself was one chosen by God for the work he had to do, impressed him the more with the encouraging belief that no amount of human misconduct is irrecoverable. Universalizing the faith of Peter and the love of John, with no diminishing of their intensity, it was he who divinely demonstrated charity to be the activity of both.

Such was the man chosen to be the chief organiser of the young Christian community—the regulator of the church.

In the body of rules to be gathered from Paul's Epistles, embracing as they do the whole circle of social relations, it is to be remarked that they are never arbitrary, but are qualified by limitations applying to the authority of the apostles themselves —for who is Paul? he asks, and who is Apollos? What he does, in fact, is to state afresh the order into which social relations fall, as it were, of themselves, so as to be held enduringly together by that new spirit of love which he calls charity, and to which henceforth every act of love is to owe its grace, and wanting which, to be held nothing worth. Is not this consistent with that freedom which is the essence of the new faith? In what is Paul not always rejoicing, if it be not in delivery from one or other form of bondage? It is either the bondage of sin or the bondage of the senses, or the bondage of death—thus marking all evils with the brand of bondage, and delivery therefrom glorious freedom.

Trusting to the discipline which is sanctioned by inward soundness of heart, he imposed no hard rules. He attempted not to set in an inflexible frame that inward freedom which was to be guided by an ever-attending charity. He who in his graciousness was all things to all men in order to win them to good, would not possibly reprove an adaptation of forms to the varying conditions and tempers of various peoples, leaving such to be controlled and judged according to their conformity with or departure from the abiding simplicity of the word of truth.

A new power is now established in the world, whose claims to universal acceptance rest upon the threefold evidence of credible witness, of internal consistency, and ultimate fruit. If, in fine, the character of the Divine Founder, as derivable from his own speech and acts, be no sanction for belief in his word, there is an end of human testimony. If his apostles are not to be trusted because of their supposed ignorance, there is Paul crowning their testimony by his own; and if his be nothing worth, then is all history fable. In the fall of Christianity would be involved the utter discredit of all records of the past. The internal authority upon which it stands as its other and main pillar, not only holds it together in self-evidence as a system, but is of personal application to each individual member, who is called upon to prove its truth for himself by trial of a Christian life. By its fruits it is known; for while the votaries of

Buddhism, Brahminism, Mahomedanism, and all idolatries live a living death of helpless bondage beneath the irrepressible energy of Christian nations, Christianity gathers all the living forces of humanity to itself. Where a Christian nation becomes corrupt or sceptical, or both, it declines in strength. It may try to set up for itself an anti-Christian philosophy, and even do great things in its name, but the end is that monster birth of confusion—the despotism that withers.

LOVE THE LAW OF LIFE.

MAN'S faculty of knowledge necessarily embraces that which it is essential for him to know.

It is essential for him that he should know that God is infinitely powerful, wise, and good; and this he does know by the simplest exercise of the faculty itself.

It is essential for him to know that God loves him; not being able to reason out this fact for himself, because love by its nature requiring assurance, revelation becomes necessary. Hence it is by revelation that man *learns* God's love, which nevertheless he can only *know* conditionally, the condition being also of the very nature of love, namely, that he *returns* it.

They, therefore, who say that they do feel this assurance of God's love have warrant for their belief in the certainty of their feeling, although they may not state the ground of it correctly.

The divine who argues in support of the internal evidence of Christianity appeals to experience. He says, Live the life of Christ, and your active work will become pregnant with explanatory light. But there

needs the addition of the natural reason thereof, derived as it is from the nature of love itself. By good works wrought in love—which are true Christian sacrifices—the Christian is responding to the revealed love; which, by completion of the requisite condition, he then knows in its fulness.

The heathen, who being a light unto himself, follows the universal conception of God up into love, fulfils the law of salvation. To such a one, the certainty of a confirming revelation would be of inexpressible comfort and exceedingly encouraging to missionary work proceeding upon a right basis.

With growing acquaintance of Divine love, two other principles unfold themselves; the one regarding the extension of love to the Creator's works, the other its particular character with respect to man. As regards all creation (man included), love is perceived to be the law of life. As regards man himself, his spiritual eye opens to the pure splendour of holiness.

If God did not take pleasure in his work, it would be to rob him of his omnipotence to suppose that he could not bid it cease to exist. Science tells us that arrested force transmutes itself into flame. The rapidity of a condemnatory decree would equal that of Let there be light. It is by his power put forth in love that the universe, as a whole, and in its separate parts, moves in harmony and joy.

That the evil which is man's affliction or his trial can form no part of the Divinity, is so clear to man's

reason, that nothing would shock it more than a contrary assertion. The love which, by its nature, is reciprocal consistently with itself, exacts like character. Love of a Being of holiness must needs be holy. It has been said of human love that it is selfish—jealousy being alleged as proof thereof. But let it not be forgotten that even such love, when true, exacts no more than it is ready to give. Ready to sacrifice all for the beloved, it claims immergence, so that both become one, and is justified in taking alarm at whatsoever threatens to mar the crowning unity, which is love's perfection. If identification between impurity and purity even in this world be impossible—if the former must become transfigured in the tender radiance of the latter, before there is union—how certain must be the necessity of the injunction, Be ye holy, even as he is holy!

Self-purification has accordingly entered into all the religions of mankind. If the primitive idea of sacrifice was love—as we gather from the rejection of Cain, which the subsequent murder shows could not have been offered with a loving heart—yet, self-purification, if not absolutely connected with sacrifice at the beginning, did later on become attached to it. In the Mosaic distinction between pure and impure animals, strengthened by the exclusion of the latter as food, as well as in the specific application of distinct things to particular acts of offence or impurities, in order to the cleansing therefrom; in the dedication

of an order of men to the priesthood, fitted by their pure lives to keep the purified temple and the altar, and more particularly upon sacred days, pure from human struggle of work, the idea of necessary self-purification was brought out in the fulness of visible strength, needful for a rude people undergoing corrective preparation for a great mission.

It was for Christ to restore the meaning of sacrifice—that it is expression of love, which, alive in the heart, effects its purification. He abolished all altar offerings, as no longer needful—or rather he changed them into works of charity, the incense whereof ascended unto God, in suffering relieved; and comfort carried unostentatiously to the poor, who were to be with us always. About this there can be no doubt when we read, "I was hungry, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; naked, and ye clothed me." In fact, the giving to the poor was raised beyond the "lending to the Lord." Christ represented Himself as sharing human suffering, and sharing the relief of it. According to this, the revealed view of sacrifice, they who are giving of their substance, of their time, of their thoughts, of their hearts, in charity, in the sense of Paul's magnificent definition, that though he gave his goods to feed the poor, and his body to be burned, without this charity he was nothing, they who so act are in reality sacrificing. It is the spirit in which the act is done that sanctifies it, and the

spirit in which it is received that renders it a united offering in brotherly love. Hence to the privacy of prayer in the closet is enjoined the secrecy of charity, and a very delicacy too, the right hand not knowing what the left doeth.

Charity, which so regarded is the working of Christ's Spirit, includes justifying faith and assured hope. This is of a truth the opposite of acts done by sound of trumpet, summoning beholders to admire. Good works have indeed fallen into disrepute with two classes of thinkers, who sometimes merge into one—with those who see in good works a sort of set-off against their bad ones, as though the book of life were one of debtor and creditor; and those who think that the sound fibre of brave independence may be softened like that of the brain. But whatsoever is done for a set purpose, or done indifferently, is not the charity spoken of in the New Testament. Charity is duty—the duty of man to man, exercised not in the cold abstract sense of performance, but the animation of a divinely-appointed stewardship, the discharge of a heavenly trust, a giving out and a reception—an interchanging love, as all love must be.

It is assuredly within the province of reason to determine the consistency or inconsistency of principles with themselves. We all know what is meant by love. We test its presence by the results of its absence, which are indifference or hatred. Opinions about the Creator's regard towards his own work

embrace either the active quality of love or the passivity of indifference. No one has ever asserted that God hated his work, because He, being all-powerful, need not endure the thing he hated; and of all feelings, hatred is the most intolerable. Yet indifference, as it implies inactivity, is hardly less conceivable of Him who made the universe. Must He not sustain it, because He sees that it is good? Thus reason concludes, upon the ground of consistency of principles with themselves, the activity of the Divine love.

Of love, so of justice; it cannot be arbitrarily dispensed, or it would not be justice; and justice is itself the dispensing of law. The law of God must be as binding within spiritual as within material operations. It is weakly imagined, in the very feebleness of fear, that it is a sort of impiety to talk of God being bound in any way; yet, as He is the God of order, and not of confusion, the real blasphemy would be to impute to Him self-contradiction. The world moves, as it has ever moved, because of unchanging law. Is it to be supposed that God should have made the nobler part a field for the indulgence of caprice?

Yet they who deduce from His omniscience the foreknowledge of each creature's acts must needs impute to Him the evil which his omnipotence could arrest, as a preliminary to disparaging the grace which, being partially vouchsafed, would show capri-

cious love and narrow justice. Whatever God makes, He makes to be conformable with conditions of which our reason takes cognisance. If He endowed man with free will, He attached responsibility thereto. Had he denied him freedom, He could not, in conformity with justice, have held him responsible. It was a glorious freedom wherewith He endowed him —one to be exercised independently of external circumstances. Free in his slavery, Epictetus shines from the depths of a cruel society with a light not repelled by that of the gospel itself. When it is asked why God should have made will free to cross His own will, we fall back upon the insoluble question of His motives, which, as we have said, like the origin of His material means, is His own secret.

Putting away the possibility of caprice, can we admit its companion, anger? If the principle of our religious worship be that of appeasing wrath, in what respect does it differ from the idolatry it has overthrown? We may think we escape the practice by pleading the bleeding body of the Saviour as an offering, and despise those who retain it transubstantiated; yet the principle does not so very far differ; for in either case it is an interposition between an angry God and a fear-stricken creature—the old sacrifice of man in its material import, instead of the sacrifice by God in this His manifestation of His love to humanity. Nay, they are farther who, condemning the materializing of the altar worship, vulgarise it to

the level of the counting-house, by treating the precious blood as an inexhaustible credit to be carried to the blank side of human demerits.*

Love being the law of life, it must essentially be the law of the higher life, wanting which there can be no higher life at all. Returning the great love, man's soul merges into it. Not to return it, is to remain in spiritual death. It is most remarkable how this alternative of life or death is broad-stamped upon the Scriptures, Old and New, from the fall: on "the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die," to the declaration of Paul, "the wages of sin is death"†—the reward eternal life. The heaviest sentence in the Divine word is the shutting out from the presence of God—a shutting out which should rather be designated failure to enter in. Man is called upon to put forward his own strength—to fight the good fight—to rouse up his noblest energies in the plenitude of his God-given freedom—to love goodness, and radiate it about him. So wishing, so aspiring, so willing, he may and must stumble, even to the seven times a day, as stumbled of old the man after

* This way of illustrating imputed righteousness, by reference to mercantile book-keeping, is of frequent recurrence in certain pulpits.

† The use of the word "damnation" by Paul, Romans xiii., 1, 2, as applied to those who *resist temporal powers*, is clearly incompatible with the idea of eternal punishment; shewing the impropriety of regarding "damnation" and "eternal punishment" as convertible terms.

God's own heart; but He wins over the helper who saves him from irretrievable fall. It is by keeping unobscured the primal conception of God in his own soul, and the revelation of God's love by the Son, and of his own high destiny, that he learns to hate vice as a degradation unfitting him for the company of the pure. He is not to be hunted by terror into love—by terror of material pains of incredible duration—or at least rendered material by inevitable recourse to the illustrating aid of material torments. The punishment in store is to have to shudder on the verge of a bottomless pit of nothingness, by reason of his own foulness.

Created according to the Divine will by the fiat of His word, all things live by the Divine love. That which He ceases to love must cease to be. Reason speaks here with the infallible authority with which she is endowed to test truth, by its own consistency; and conversely, to mark error through its incoherency. The best arguments usually uttered against eternal torment, that such could answer no possible end either in the way of example or of amendment, strong as they are, fail to reach the core of the subject. The impossibility of it must be derived from the law of life, which is God's love—death ensuing upon the withdrawal of that life principle. How, then, deal with grovelling animal ignorance, which, incapable of rising to recognition of spiritual law, or indeed of understanding law at all, must be kept in

the right way forsooth by sensible images of pain? How deal with such? Why, by expelling ignorance —that is, by education.

Is it not strangely beautiful the way in which unlettered man instinctively bears witness to the reality of Divine justice? Perceiving the inequalities of condition in this life that bear so heavily upon him, he feels convinced that they will be righted hereafter. Perhaps they are already righted by this very conviction. The philosophers who would purge him of it with fruits from their tree of knowledge, give him poisonous fruit indeed. If we consider how much there is of sympathy amongst the poor, and how rivalries and jealousies stand in the way of sympathy amongst the wealthy, we shall discover for ourselves why the one should be much more in the current of the love that is the way of life than the other. Dives was raised in prosperity too high for feeling for his kind; Lazarus, peradventure, loved the dog that licked his sores.

EQUAL DEMAND OF INTELLECT AND FEELING.

As in treating of Religion we are brought into dealing with Feeling, some philosophers treat theology —or as we prefer to say, religion—as the growth of feeling, altogether claiming for philosophy a monopoly of the reason.

Some religionists, on the other hand, would accept this division, meaning, according to their view, to disparage philosophy—the one repudiating so shifting and unstable a basis as human emotion; the other repelling the light of reason because not kindled at the altar or at the coal which touched the lips of the prophets.

Yet both might with better judgment suspect that man himself, being a creature of reason and feeling together, the best security for truth would be to gather his affections about it.

That philosophy and religion have never been trenchantly divided, will appear evident on fair consideration. Philosophy, in its old meaning, is the search after wisdom; in these days we would pro-

bably call it search for law. When Job opposes to his philosophical comforters his own integrity, and holds to it, because fastened in the integrity of God, he is the true philosopher who has fathomed the meaning of justice, and the right theologian, because affirming that the God of truth creates no contradictions.

In Solomon's proverbs philosophy and theology blend, as they have ever blent in the highest minds. In the Ecclesiastes philosophy, widowed from theology, casts melancholy eyes upon the now inexplicable vanities and miseries of the world. Solomon's Song, the triumphant completion of the marvellous trilogy, shows forth the discovered wisdom in peerless beauty. Deliberate axioms and dreary conclusions become transformed by her heavenly presence into glowing poetry; the rich East is rifled for adequate imagery; the tongue falters with the expressions of a rapturously troubled heart. The thoughts of the mind, the aspirations of the soul, borrow the language of purest human passionate love, to celebrate the Divine wisdom beheld as a Divine personality.

Let us pause yet a little upon this wonderful trilogy of Solomon. His philosophy, true, like that of his father, David, before him, beheld God's order in nature, and, by necessary analogy, he carries it up into his maxims of life and conduct, basing them upon the manifestations of Divine legislatorial rule, as seen in the harmonies of the universe—the very

poetry of law. There was still something wanting. It is not enough to see God in nature—so seen, he is the God indeed of an Aristotle; but God in his fulness must be recognized by the kindred spirit of his own likeness within. There then ensues a something besides knowledge, as essential to man as this knowledge itself, namely, the satisfaction of his cravings—of his, as it were, intellectual and spiritual appetites—which when satisfied break into song. Wherefore it is that the poetry of the Bible is its true language, having nought to do with art, as art, and yet art's instructor, by the revelation of what its conditions as the highest art must be.

It is, perhaps, in the history of the operations of the human mind throughout the middle ages that we find best exemplified this intellectual craving that must needs be satisfied. Such a history as that given by Mr. Maurice of philosophy is infinitely more valuable than one of battles, of feuds, and political intrigues, necessary though it be. Now in this strangely interesting period of the so-called middle ages—which Mr. Maurice, with deeper poetical spirit than his plain, yet mellow style might lead us to suppose, has placed between the death of Boethius in the sixth century and the advent of Dante in the fourteenth, that is to say, between the victim of the Goth and the rising of the Italian poet, like the morning star of modern civilization—in these eight centuries, that which astounds us most is the

introduction of Aristotle, by Mahomedan hands, into Christian schools, when the sacerdotal power seemed to be the all-prevailing one.

Two wonders, in fact, combine here to make a third. The first wonder being how the Moors should have had translated for themselves, and have seized upon and assimilated with their exclusive creed, teachings apparently repelled by all their prejudices. The second is, that teachings alike abhorrent to Christian sentiments should, with the troubling medley of still more abhorrent associations, have struck root in the Christian Church, and given rise to that third wonder, Scholasticism, whose fascination at the time we find so difficult to explain.

To ourselves it seems conclusively to prove that, if the intellect be deprived of its necessary food, it will, in its famishing, take the first food offered, albeit not the best. In this respect the mind of the Mahomedan and that of the Christian showed itself human alike. Had the recovered philosophy been one that mixed up philosophy and religion inextricably together, to take or leave, the case might have been different; but as by the Aristotelian method all things were to stand separately and apart for undivided scrutiny, the famishing student could gratify his intellectual hunger without hurt to his conscience. Following up the master's method, and at the same time bent upon saving Christian doctrine from profane encroachment, there sprang up the curious taste for

analysis which, originating in an effort at precision of meaning, fined off into subtleties which, according to the law of extremes, ended in no meaning at all.

And yet, upon what else was language to be employed, if not upon language itself? The physical sciences were unborn. There were nothing but abstract properties on which to exercise ingenuity rather than thought; and yet Scholasticism—weak substitute as it was for a sound philosophy—effected mighty good, and did its work efficiently in helping forward human progress. It may be affirmed that the habits of analysis which it fostered must have tended to counteract the ever-growing superstitions of the times. Scholasticism exercised the mental faculties, and in doing so raised the sense of individual independence and moral courage. It whetted desire for learning. The schools put the monasteries upon their mettle. The age that was enlightened by an Abelard was invigorated by a Saint Bernard; and both together were the precursors of a Reformation which was to proclaim freedom of thought dwelling in peace with holiness.

Even in the region of taste we discover the working of this union of quickened intellectual faculties with devotional feelings. The Gothic cathedral is a standing monument of it. If in its massiveness, and elevation, and symbolical form it preserves the aspiration and strength of piety, it no less, in its intricate delicacies of ornamentation, exhibits the subtlet

which found expression in this way, as in all others upon which the hands, in obedience to the mind, were to be exercised.

Great movements of the human mind, such as recur at different times, with their threatening aspect of subversion, yet serve to advance the cause of truth, to which at the moment they seem antagonistic. We have seen how the Hebrews themselves appropriated a portion of the Zoroaster movement. Greek philosophy caught the kindling fire from the East, with which to animate, Pygmalion-like, its own beautiful creation. For six centuries Christianity and Platonism were not strangers. Then the Roman, to whom all unsettled notions were disorder, receiving into his own thought the various thoughts as they came from the Alexandrian furnace, cast them into definite shape of enduring strength. So far we recognize a certain affinity, presenting an explicable clue to these reconcilements. But when we come to the sharp entrance of the Aristotelian philosophy into the realms of benighted Christendom, we are astonished, and then abashed, as we see what at first sight looks a portentous invasion of pagan scepticism turned into beneficent support of the religion with which it had nothing in common.

Yet, as we look closer into the matter, we begin to discover less and less of inconsistency. It stands a great fact that Aristotle, who was the encyclopedia of his time, knowing everything [illegible] then be

known, did demonstrate the absolute necessity of a first cause—that first cause a Being of single intelligence—the Creator of all the worlds. His demonstration stopped short at the power of God. In His love he did not believe; because love is not to be demonstrated. It must be revealed; and revelation was for the Church to teach. So far, then, from the Church having to abjure Aristotle, it could claim him to the extent of a witness to the manifest existence of God, so clear, that the greatest of thinkers could not resist the evidence thereof. Here was no clashing of reason with revelation—nor, what is more disliked, the mixing and muddling of philosophy and religion together, as charged against Neoplatonists and the like.

Had Aristotle been an atheist, or had he been an idolater, or the head of some new school of pagan divinity, he must, in either of these three very differing cases, have failed of authority. To be a monotheist was his merit in the eyes of the Mahomedan. If he was not a prophet it was because he was not called. To have confounded the pagan mythology before the one God was in the Christian eyes to have cleared the ground for the erection of the Temple. Did he not deserve to stand at the porch and receive salutations from those whom he had befriended? As it was, he shocked no prejudice. For him to have gone further would have been to trench on the Church's own ground. He reached the extreme bound of unaided reason. The logic

which led him thereto, was it not worthy of all admiration? If it wrought all but a miracle in his hands—what could it not do in those so much more highly privileged? There were enthusiasts who by virtue of a posthumous connection were ready to number him with the saints.

With this example before us, let us not take alarm at intellectual movements, because of their shocks to convictions the more precious because established in our affections. If we believe in human progress—if we are of opinion that there remains much work to be done in this world—if backward as the world yet is, it hath yet advanced, and in its advancement has been propelled from stage to stage by fresh influxes of thought, let us take comfort from the past, and not droop our heads because there is another such movement in our own day, whose purpose too is progress.'

Such movements come not without cause. The world does not awake as if from sleep, and, after a yawn and rubbing of the eyes, pronounce that something ought to be done, simply for the doing's sake. The mind must have been wrought upon by the presence of an adequate operating power; and its fervour of action will be found to have been according to the worth thereof. If the discovery of some [illegible] Greek books could produce such an effect upon the least promising time of the middle ages, how is it to be supposed that the mind of the nine-

his

teenth century is to be less susceptible to the more abundant topics which, refusing it rest, will not allow of peace?

If the intellect be, as some would think, portentously active, there are other powers in man keeping up a corresponding pace. The barriers which made not only peoples strangers to one another, but even those dwelling in different parts of the same native land, are fast giving way. It might not be easy to mark the limits of the traditional division of the Heptarchy. The peaceful contests of rival counties in games and sports which test pluck and manhood, even here where the fusion of races would seem to be so complete—the faction fights, the clan divisions in Ireland and Scotland—point a stronger moral about old antipathies, even, than the more obvious international dislikes which not long ago were the all-pervading rule. Unity of nations within themselves was a passion of peoples before it became a policy of states. The internecine wars of the Italian republics left hatreds which were believed to be irradicable. Where are they now? Quite as strikingly, if not more so, has this passion of unity manifested itself throughout the many German states which sprang up out of the civil shock of 1866 as one Germany. If the moving principle of this passion for internal unity was subjugation of other nations, it would be ill boding for the cause of peace and good will. Such we do not believe it to be. That, through misinterpre-

tations and misunderstandings of politicians, it may be so regarded, is not to be denied, in the presence of those stupendous armaments which the fears and jealousies of rulers have called forth; nor is it to be denied that such fears and jealousies are calculated to work out their own fulfilment. But is it not very noteworthy that with this passion for internal unity there is a palpable subsidence of hostile prejudices of nation against nation?

Without attempting to deal with the many causes for these changes, let us select one whose prominence is not to be gainsaid—facility of travel. So very rapid has been the advance of railway and steamboat communication that most living people are able to gauge by personal experience the positive effect which the bringing near and nearer of once-distant lands has had upon their own modes of thinking about them.

A Londoner breakfasting at home cannot hate the Frenchmen with whom he dined the evening before. When the channel has shrunk into *La Manche*, a mere sleeve, from the shoulder of one land giving hand to the other, there seems no good reason why it should not be clasped in friendship. But what are boundaries, although measured by minutes, to the newly-created faculty of international whispering, as if the world had become one large reception-room where groups of persons talked quietly together? We cannot be told of things passing

the very same hour at three thousand miles distance without feeling ourselves present and feeling with the actors therein. What we feel we are prompted to communicate, and communication is sympathy, and sympathy is friendship.

Doubtless the *a priori* reasoning of peace prophets have received rough and brutal contradictions, and are likely to receive more; nevertheless, they can be fairly reproached with no greater miscalculation than that of not allowing sufficient time for the working off of old habits, and the misreadings of statesmen accustomed to live *au jour le jour*, and treat as dangers what they fail to understand according to the core of their true import.

With this growing disposition to regard the many nations of the earth as forming one community, there is an accompanying benevolence, in aid of which philosophy steps in. The unity of the human race intercommunion is fanning into a sentiment, while philosophy is busily proving it to be a fact, and yet it is one which the Bible announced before the birth of systems. The anatomist, working in one direction, demonstrates the identity of the human skull in all places and at all times, proving it to be of the one unmistakeable family—the philologist, in another, is tracing all languages to a single source. Literature helps, for literature finds that all peoples have had their poetry inspired by the same loves, affections, passions—have had their vicis-

situdes, bearing the like sort of fruits—have erred, blundered, rose and sunk, exhibiting their whimsical mixtures of fineness and frivolity, and grotesque and picturesque mistakes—the most savage still redeemable by touches of kindred humanity.

This variety in unity which is according to the supreme law, is seen in the races of man; and man, who rejoices in variety, feels his joys marred by perplexity, unless he can find a steadying centre against which his mind can lean.

However great may be our difficulties in dealing with our own thoughts, we can nevertheless easily satisfy ourselves that they have no exemption from the universal rule of governing law; a proof is at hand in the fact of our inability to attribute design to chance; furthermore, of our inability to attribute design to any other than an intelligent cause: attempts may indeed be made to break from this law, as violence may be done to any law, but the end would be a hopeless and miserable negation, involving avowal of imbecility—an avowal which thought, by virtue of its own energy and the train of energies it awakens within, repels.

Seeing, feeling, knowing that law reigns throughout every department, law itself must, in accordance with the determination of thought, be animated and invigorated by intelligence; and as law flows necessarily from supreme Will, the mind, by simply obeying its own natural direction, finds the steadying

centre which it needs for unperplexed contemplation of the Creator's infinite manifestations.

Simple as the word unity seems, are we quite sure that our ideas are clear as to its meaning? Are we not apt to refine away the unity of the Creator into an abstract thought, into an unfeeling will? Do we not omit the consideration that harmony is unity, and harmony implies the blending of the many into the one? Man of himself knows no happiness other than the result of harmony. Love, friendship, admiration, joy, are each and all conditioned upon connections which involve no discord. By what specific power of our own thought can we deem ourselves authorised to deny the reasonableness of revelation that God, living in the perfectness of his own laws, finds his joy according to conditions which are of his making, as much as are those for the maintaining of physical things?

It is thus that in the magnificence of his manifold bounties, and in the stupendous magnitude and infinite varieties of his works, we read a rejoicing wisdom.

According to the degree that as man reaches to higher and higher conceptions of God, so does he elevate his own race; the more he studies his own history the more must he feel convinced that his is a special destiny, a unique privilege. His special destiny is towards a God-imbued humanity; his unique privilege to know God. Finally, strange

though it may sound, the great, indeed crowning, difficulty is to know himself, in the true sense of that knowledge, that he is *not* of the earth earthy.

In proportion as this knowledge advances shall men's love and respect for their fellow-men increase. The way seems, as we have said, to be clearing by the many scientific instruments which are removing the barriers of human intercommunication; and now while stricken Belief is standing aghast at remorseless Criticism, is it not marvellously comforting to witness a fresh influx of Christian spirit through the very roads which seemed to be striking away from it? Strange that geological and other gulfs in which it was buried are bubbling up fresh Christian springs. Because this unity of race, this disappearance of enmities between neighbours, between nations, between peoples, this rising of the tide of general humanity to a more equable level of well-balanced arrangement, by means of the better understanding of principles worked in a good spirit, is no more than the fulfilling of the doctrine of the Son of God on earth.

A writer of the present day, defining the Christianity of Christ himself to be enthusiasm for humanity, struck a note which rang through every difference of sect, because it touched the hearts of all. When Christ announced the law of brotherhood of man under the fatherhood of His Father, the world was little prepared for such doctrine. His own disciples

struggled against it. It will have taken Christianity two thousand years to establish the spirit which is to prepare the world for its full reception. Had any one said that the time of the second advent of this doctrine should be one in which the whole armoury of science would be seemingly arrayed against the Christian faith, a time when intellect was to be everything, and yet to be limited, when its operations would be bound down to the investigation of phenomena and the deducing of law therefrom, and forbidden to sound the deepest depth of man's own nature, or rise to the source from which that profoundest depth could be illuminated; if one had said that it was amid this scepticism and doubt would be the reappearance of the very spirit which first was manifested amidst the fiercest prejudices and international repulsions, the announcement would assuredly have been met with incredulity.

Yet so it is. Apparently the time is full of contradictions. Nations are armed to the teeth, and yet are ready to embrace. Human skill seems to have but one direction, that of perfecting instruments of slaughter; yet society protests against capital punishment. Criticism and Science seem to be destroying the physical records of Moses, while in fact they are removing the impediments from the full understanding of the true business of Bible history — that of the manifested relationship of man to God. Never was such range opened to the intellect. Who

can say that the heart has been narrowed thereby? Creeds are called in question, but it is in the name of a wider creed, advancing with a fervour of reconcilement. Indifference surely does not mark the present time, rather earnestness, seeking for suitable means of expression and action.

THE INSTRUMENT AND THE AGENT.

THE mind's power over the whole sum of things is manifested in its seeing their material relations in dependence upon the issue of Almighty Omniscient will. Were it His pleasure to loosen our feet and to raise this reason of ours to a higher stand-point, or to allow it full freedom of range, the embrace of all-pervading law would be seen to clasp endless systems of worlds. The limits of this pure reason are not of capacity but of place, which is its fetter lasting with mortal life. Nor is it an answer to say that those competent to the recognition of reason in the plenitude of its meaning are comparatively few, for the question is rather of man's becoming than of his being. It is in his possibilities that lie the whole argument of development here and hereafter. High as we have ascended, we are only at the entrance of the way. The promised land is visible—a greater than Moses must lead to it.

Physiology has upon its side reached two importa[illegible] conclusions. The one regarding physical structur[illegible] the other showing motion to be the invariable atte[illegible]

dant upon and test of the presence of life. If anything can be said to be fixed, the cellular theory would seem to be so, and equally true it appears to be that where there is life there is motion. All tissue, whether of flesh of animals or stem of plants, is found to be alike composed of minute cells, which elongate into vessels or harden into fibre, whether animal or vegetable. This being the case, the growth of all things would seem to be accounted for. These cells expand and combine according as climate and soil, water and air, favour their development and determine their forms. It being the nature of this cellular matter to perpetuate itself in the organised forms it may have taken or had impressed upon it, subject, however, to modifications from new influences, which modifications stay and are continued and propagated, others receiving successive developments to be perpetuated also, there is thus accounted for, as it is thought, all the varieties of organised beings from the mollusc to man, from the blade of grass to the cedar and the oak.

Motion, which marks the presence of life, is found to be no less true of the plant than of the animal. The plant breathes through its leaves as through lungs, and draws sap from its roots, which is to it as blood. The motion of which we speak is that of its inward activity, and that this is not merely mechanical is proved by the sensitiveness which in some plants looks like instinct. A whole bed of the

mimosa will, upon a single one of them being touched, close up as it were in alarm, communicated by one to the other from the single affrighted member. Creepers will have their own way, and are not to be turned from it by any effort short of destruction. As there is no nervous system, or anything resembling it, by which this sensitiveness is to be explained, a gap occurs here in the analogy with animal life—which, however, it would be rash to say defies discovery.

What, however, is it which sets these cells and cellular bodies in motion? what is it gives life to this mechanism? All motion, as we perceive, engenders heat, and heat in turn causes motion. To this law even the growing plant presents no exception, for during the period of fecundation and germination heat is palpably evolved. We know, at all events, the two essential conditions of life, the cell and the motion. Farther back in the way of analysis, so far as tissue-structure is concerned, it would seem impossible to go. We have surprised life in its cradle—it is at our mercy. What is life? No answer; and answer there never will be. Here is the instrument, there is the agent, and that is all. An agent is a dependant; an instrument is a thing to be acted upon. Here physiology is brought up to a difficulty beyond which we can oppose to the inquirer, in the field of [illegible]. The latter reaches the [illegible] of his inquiry. In establishing his kinship with the

Eternal Spirit he rests satisfied. Henceforth it is his rule of conduct which is to concern him. How is he to maintain himself worthily in that pure light which now penetrates into every corner of the duties incumbent upon him? His love to his neighbour, read in the revelation of a brotherhood derived from the Father of all, is no longer a hard effort over selfishness, but a willing recognition of the sum of the law and of the prophets, as pronounced in the Divine utterance of Christ.

How does the materialist deal with man? Refusing to look upon physiology as one of many lights, and following physical science as his sole guide, he sees in man a higher, if indeed a higher, organization than that of any other creature. He is truly a rare combination of those primary cells which compose both animal and vegetable tissue; and by this combination, however it came, in the course of countless ages, to work itself up out of endless variety of material, is man explicable for him upon any hypothesis, rather than that of a supreme Being ordering all things by the potency of his will, and for satisfaction of his love. Properties of matter, forsooth, explain all. If, in conformity with this dictum, the mind of man be a result of matter, and thought a property of matter in a particular state, this material property of thought becomes very embarrassing by its restless search for explanation and untiring hunt after cause. Is it likewise a property of matter to

set up another mental movement in contradiction to this, and bid it cease its vain labour? Is it a natural quality of mind that one part of it is to tell the other it is a fool? But it may be said that the mind's function is to deal with evidence. Yes; provided that the evidence be not circumscribed. Physical research is all very well, but external nature does not include all that man wants to have made known. It is singular to remark how it is sought to limit more and more the fields of study. Not only have theology and metaphysics been summarily dismissed, but history itself is being disparaged as inconclusive, and therefore of questionable worth. We have now to consider for a moment the crowning argument against the spirituality of man. It is laid down by Professor Bain, and others of his school, that all thoughts and emotions produce corporeal waste, in the same way that bodily exertion will do; that mental exercise is bodily exercise as well; and that joy, sorrow, admiration, love, anger consume, according to degree and continuance, a proportionate amount of tissue, which must be repaired by food. As both operations take place simultaneously, they are held to be for ever inseparable. Now, supposing the observation to be well founded, in what respect does it differ from the argument deducible from the similarity of man's bodily organs to those of all creatures with which he has common wants? It is patent to all that the mind of man is connected with his bodily

frame, and that so long as he lives upon this earth the link shall remain. The real question at issue is untouched—whether the mind's connection be transitory or no? The sympathy between mind and body is of such well-ordered arrangement that there is nothing to be gained by disputing it. To show that healthy mental exercise, with its accompanying moral satisfaction, makes like demands to those produced by bodily exertion, conducive itself to health, is only to prove that Providence has added inducements to the higher and nobler exertions; whereas, the worse waste by depression and sadness and remorse is, on the other hand, an added warning against evil. But will it be said that the mind has no power over the body? Whence, then, do we derive our noble words fortitude, patience, trust in God? Whence, in the hour of suffering, our still keener sensibility to the tending hand; our deeper gratitude, our higher love; our forgetfulness and pardon of wrong, and our triumph of holy peace? Whence holiness?—a word for which materialism can have no place in its vocabulary. Think of the solemnity of this word's meaning, and measure, if you can, the fracture which the rending of it would make in our best conception of man as he might be.

It is when called upon to deal with ourselves that we become most keenly conscious of our highest faculty—that of will, which, in its pure sense, as distinguished from wilfulness, is the activity of pure

reason;—not that reason itself is inactive, for it is not in passiveness that it deliberates. It is the moment of doing in execution of its decree that marks its more special activity in the work of will. We have said that the physiologist, whom the materialist takes as his sole guide, cannot get beyond an instrument and an agent. Here the spiritualist, theologian, metaphysician, or by whatever name you choose to call the man who is not contented with the answers of outward phenomena to his anxious questionings, finds himself led up to an originating power which it behoves both schools of thought to dwell upon. The forces of nature do not reveal inherent intelligence. They act in strict obedience to law, which, as they are not reasoning forces, they cannot have made. There lies a will behind them: it is a will to which our own is akin. Let man exercise pure reason—which he can do when his affections are pure, the motive power being love—and he is master over himself. He wields his own forces over anguish of body and heart; not by petrifying his emotions, but by elevating them. What is there in nature which bears any analogy with this will? If this be not the image of God, where are we to seek for it? There is, in the cultivation of the earth, amounting as it does to a re-creation—for without man's hand it would be a waste and wild—a literal kind of interpretation of the revealed likeness to the Maker of all. But the likeness to His will is that of like to like—a

very relationship, rising to the appreciation of which man is infinitely great, as, falling short of it, he is infinitely little. Christ is the example of restored, redeemed humanity in the fulness of Divine greatness, of which, following him, and through him, the poorest may partake. And here let us meet the argument so generally used about the littleness of man.

Compared with the world in which he dwells, what is man? Physically a grain of sand—a creature dwarfed even by the work of his own hands—a fly upon one of his own monuments, whether Egyptian Pyramid or St. Paul's. What is the earth itself? A grain too in the infinitude of star-peopled space. Nevertheless, man does not feel that he is little; for, by virtue of this comprehension of the infinitude of nature, he is not little. The soul is not abashed by greatness; it is kindled by it. The soul is affected by that with which it is brought in contact; great with the great; little with the little. In Divine light it radiates consanguineous beyond the stars. How and where it contracts God knows. It is a very remarkable property of man, that of feeling himself all centre, as it were. Does the man who, alone at night, with no living creature near, gazes upwards, feel other than his own intense consciousness, assuring him of the presence of the Creator with himself? If he says to one who might happen to break in upon his reflections that he is a worm, a grain of dust, a

nothing, he is not speaking reality, but conventionalism. Man is much more likely to be humbled by the poor dumb brute that exceeds him in affection and gratitude. Now, when man reads this one page of the Creator's work—"the roof fretted with golden fire"—is he to be told that gravitation has done it all? Gravitation is an agent, not an intelligence. We said man reads the page: it is literally true. When an analogy is attempted to be established between the human and the animal reason, we ask to have considered this single fact of the discovery of the journeying of our whole system through unknown regions of space; the means whereby this knowledge is acquired being not less wonderful than the knowledge itself; for astronomers tell us that it is by observations of displacements so minute as to be reckoned by fractions of seconds, and so long-continued that the sum of demonstration has had to be built up grain by grain, taken with instruments of such surpassing delicacy that they are deranged by hardly-perceptible vibrations of soil or air, that with exhaustless patience, and a perspicuity not to be baffled, they have obtained this sublime demonstration. How was Neptune discovered by Leverrier and by Adams? By a tremor of Uranus. The pulse of that countless, and yet not countless, millions of miles distant Uranus answers with the certainty of that of a human patient, and another world is summoned to account for it from the very confines of our universe.

And yet there is a philosophy which denies to those inward emotions of man the value it allows to the instincts of animals. Why not call this persistent idea of immortality, and of the worship of the ever-living God, an instinct to be accounted for as well? The epithet "living," which is applied in the Scriptures to God, and as it is applied, is extremely noteworthy. It is in itself a creed. It is the inmost expression of the most ancient faith of man in the eternal life. While all around was change, there was one thing permanent; there was anchorage for the soul amidst passing phenomena. This is what is meant by an epithet which, if it did not mean as much, would have been triviality or surplusage. The eternal life of Supreme Being, this is what is meant by the living God.

There are two opposite theories regarding man, which has each its ardent and learned supporters: the one regards civilized society as having followed a corresponding course, which the same school assigns to the physical ascent of man from lower grades of creation; the other treats him as a special work of the Divine hand. In support of the latter view, irrespectively of Scripture warrant, there is quoted the marks and signs of a pre-existing civilisation, which have been traced in the habits, superstitions, and traditions of barbarous tribes. As regards the American Indians, this view has received support from the discoveries of lost cities in Central

America. In reading, too, of the state of Mexico when discovered by the Spaniards, we are struck with many resemblances to old Egyptian practices. And then we have our own too-familiar experience of the fatal facility of corruption and fall, and the difficulty, amounting almost to impossibility, for utter barbarism to reclaim itself. They who are haunted by the myth of a primal golden age, together with the colder collectors of evidence in support of man's early endowments, are both much strengthened by the opening up of late years of the long-hidden treasures of ancient Indian and Persian sacred literature, which Max Müller is placing within reach of us all. This great philologist, in his upward search after the original language—of which all others, wherever spoken, would seem to be descendants, involving in the history of their modifications that of the race itself—finds that he must almost abandon the expectation of coming upon any original barbarism. Older and yet older glimmerings of past civilisations arise out of the depths of time, like unsuspected stars out of the depths of space. Taking, therefore, all in all the evidences within our scope, there appears to be no historical ground for the former theory, which appears to be assumed as inevitable. Admitting it for a moment to be true, would it justify the inference regarding religious belief which is asserted to flow from it? If the religious belief be of natural growth, at what period

of human existence can it be said to have first shown itself? We take it that the answer will be found to involve a dilemma; for should the idea be coeval with the passage from brute to human existence, it would be difficult to refuse admission to its being an inherent element of the mind beginning to be formed, while the idea appearing at a more advanced stage of intelligence must be recognised as inseparable from intelligence itself. Taken either way the religious idea shows itself woven into the being of man.

Two important facts have been brought to light from this old sacred Indian literature. Perhaps we ought to pause at the outset upon the preliminary fact that it is sacred. All ancient literature bears the sacred stamp upon it. Men in the old time were nearer heaven. If they were not clear as to the resurrection of the mortal, their feebleness of future hope was made up for by present sense of the gods dwelling with them. Their heroes partook of the double nature of the divine and human. Why should not the human become all divine? The latter was all-powerful to purify, and could not be contaminated. When at length the gods were gone, man resolved to follow them. As the light retired from the earth, the resurrection began to dawn overhead. The earliest records of the race are about these things, and they are sacred. The two facts ushered in by poetry—the mother tongue of the heroic—are religious ceremonial, and philosophic system, united by the one idea

of a necessarily permanent power beyond the reach of change.

How that idea originated, where it came from, if not admitted to be by revelation in Scripture, will in vain be sought for. These latter researches have unfixed the historic origin of philosophy. There were sages before the seven of Greece. The notion of history moving in cycles would seem to derive here some countenance from the discovery that the whole circle of Greek speculation may be traced to the parent language of Greece itself, present there before the Greek language was formed. Yet there can be no good reason for alleging plagiarism in the case. That certain traditional beliefs may have been borne like seeds upon the wind, to a soil peculiarly favourable for the development in beauty of what is good and true, need not be questioned. The unity of the human race asserts itself through all varieties, mental as well as physical. Instead of seeking after the ever-fleeting and always-baffling chronology of doctrine, let us work through to the *idée mère* of all philosophy, if haply we may find it.

Is it not this—that there is something other than the objects of sense? In the effort to reach that something, these objects and the senses upon which impressions from them were made, became of necessity matter of investigation. But what then of the investigating power itself? What was it? Here we

find mind forced to turn in upon itself. Once mind became the subject of its own contemplation, it resulted inevitably that the mind should appear to itself to be all. Yet it was not possible for mind, contrary to its own constitution, to remain lost for ever in such self-contemplation while matter was in presence of it. Had there been some knowledge of the physical sciences obtained through observation, with observation itself cultivated, the inward balance might peradventure have been preserved. Such observation as there was being turned towards the heavenly bodies, fed the enchantment of the spirit rather than corrected it. Where, then, was the mind to find an object worthy of its contemplation? The question involves the answer. The Everlasting, the Eternal, alone—where did he dwell? where did he not dwell? Matter he could not be. If not matter, then thought, and out of thought emanated ideas, in concrete symbols of luminous worlds. If we separate the philosophic germ from the religious one, this is the form we find it taking at all times and places. But although we may allow ourselves by mental effort so to separate it, the religious idea has never been absent. Pursuing still the progress of this philosophic growth, the mingled veneration and awe awakened by this sublime subject of contemplation would express themselves in trembling hope and fear, that the kindred source of this distinguishing power in man would, in raising the veil

of mystery, allow a ray of his own brightness to fall upon his worshippers; they answering in symbolic acts the word spoken in the signs and wonders of creation. Religious ceremonial and philosophic system were thus the twin outcome of early historic man.

They who think they find in certain anticipated resemblances of a purer creed reason for disbelief, are not inconsistent, when by parity of reasoning they treat philosophy as a modern revival of ancient folly. A truer judgment would be to recognise in these inward phenomena the same questions in all ages knocking at the heart of man. When at length the comforting belief grew that the Eternal Being did care for his creatures, the hope arose that He would reveal himself to them in the person of a pure incarnate messenger. Was this a singular coincidence, or was it a seemingly forgotten tradition unconsciously preserved by memory? Speaking from our individual experience, we would be inclined to say that memory never loses anything, even of the slightest value, whilst the tenacity of peoples to inherited story is proverbial. Such aberrations testify to the reality of light, whatever be its source.

But we at least are not left in the dubious world of contending light and shadow. The voices of the old prophets call to us with authority over which time has no power. It is a fact of enduring wonder that

they speak not in their own name. Ever and always from their lips, "It is I, saith the Lord." Their personality is lost in that of Jehovah. They are as it were the articulate organs of the Most High. Notwithstanding this impersonality from the spirit being filled with God's Spirit, the individuality stood forth in free, unfettered, unselfish distinctness. Receiving God's message, these ambassadors, invested with the power of their King, partook of his omniscience. The veil fell from the future. Standing in the eternal presence, all things became present. The course of things did not, to the prophetic eye, present themselves in literal sequence. A Divine discernment penetrated to the core of eternal principles, revealing their self-asserting, self-avenging authority. Denunciations of evil and warning of inevitable woes were no wild assertions of vague, instinctive assurance that wrong could not endure, and that some way right would come uppermost. They were the rigid conclusions of keen prospective logic deduced from infallible premises. That the messengers should have tottered under the burthen while steadying themselves to the balanced attitude of the grandly-fabled Atlas is not to be wondered at. Their speech fell weighted with broken golden imagery upon ears in which, as in later days, they sounded like that of men drunk with new wine. Their words were as the [illegible] of bursting hearts. Their sentences were mighty

fragments reflecting in their imperfection the hardly realizable revelation. Hence the writings of these men are the standing literature of the human race. We may criticise, and cavil, and compare, as we please, but the spell is upon us. We feel under an influence such as no other writings do or can produce. They are so apt to our inward circumstance that they sound like a present voice. Their racy grandeur of antiquity has no touch of mouldering—rather stands the abiding mark for all times, wherewith to learn what the immediate condition is. Are we sinking? Do we stand still? Are we rising? The questioning is to no imperturbable sphinx, but to the ever-living, swiftly-sympathetic, responding word coming from the depth of Almighty Being.

That which has since been suspected and speculated upon, and in a manner shown to be true, they *knew*. With them it was no outside handling with effort of self-persuasion and simulated faith, but very faith. Vehement arrogance would else have been their awful simplicity of certainty. The voice that mingled with their own human utterance was not that of thunder or storm, but of essential Being which knows no change or shadow of turning. There was poetry, it is true, but different from other poetry in this, that it did not regard, for its own sake, the more or less artistic combinations of all grand and beautiful phenomena, but as secondary forms and vehicles of the transcending Spirit. Divine

wisdom—the aim of all best philosophy—was present with them. Was this prophetic state an exceptional one—in the sense of being unattainable by willing human effort, strengthened by the Divine aid promised to the struggling heart? May all answer the call, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come to the waters?" Is the supreme spiritual draught a fountain sealed save to a few? Yet if there be such a state as this attainable at all, is it not worth the while of psychologists to take into consideration such manifestations of human beings in order to see what they do signify? Out of men's tendency to imitativeness, there proceeds so much likeness to the true, that it often taxes discrimination to distinguish the difference. The rule holds true here as elsewhere—vanity and folly intrude upon holy ground;

"And fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

Yet it is undeniable that the world has never been without its witnesses to what man, when fulfilling the highest conditions possible, may arrive at even here.

Let us consider what is the aspect of things to the eye of the *seer*. The world appears a great battle-ground. So palpable is this, that a philosopher, great in a certain sense, yet not a seer, pronounced war to be the natural condition of man. Yet what is war but effort to recover a broken equilibrium? Selfishness, greed, ambition, vanity, have committed vio-

lence and provoked resistance. Until Justice obtain the upper hand there can be no peace. Viewed in this light, it would be better to say that peace, not war, is the natural condition of man—seeing that strife is for the restoration of the equability that has been disturbed. To the seer, beholding with the eye of the kindred Spirit of God, the principle of justice appears with its immutable requirements. The cunningest policy, the ablest artifice, deceive not him. He it is who recognizes the implacable demand of law, admitting no violation. While statesmen are applying temporary expedients to an inflamed surface, the seer measures evils by the whole extent of their causes, however remote, and knows the difficulty of the cure, because equal in its demand to the amount of injustice that has produced them. All laws are certain; and had we sufficient delicacy of perception, those of morals, from which political rule is inseparable, would be found to be as sure as those of the physical world. It is in morals will be found to lie the science of history for which we are all seeking. If ever it be attained, its truth may be tested by a Cuvier writing beforehand the history of some terrible cataclysm like that of the French Revolution, as deduced from preceding facts. That which reformations condemn are condemned by the very fact of the triumph of such reformations, and according to the measure of their triumph. Now what is prophecy, if it be not this very science of

history illuminated by the Divine mind? The woes that befal man by reason of wickedness—his helplessness from persistence becoming the more helpless from continuance—the necessity for Divine aid from the Divine love—the feebleness to recognize the incarnate love, because of the dimmed eye—and because of the respected freedom of will retarding through its abuse the eventual but sure victory. Such is the prospective history spoken in perfect science. It is no closed record; there are prophets at all times. This intensity of vision may be understood by reference to our experience of intensity of purpose. How marvellously clear the intellect becomes in moments of extreme demand upon its exercise! With what swiftness victory strikes—with what subtlety danger is escaped! Inventions are made, unspeakable calculations solved, death baffled as by miracle; and all these wonders wrought it is not known how. It seems as if the spell that had lain upon our slumbering intuition was broken, and our Divine instinct loosened. If passionate ardour can do so much in lower spheres, is it for us cold creatures, that we ordinarily are, to put aside as pitiful delusion the higher clear-sightedness of those whose passion transcends all ordinary desire, and is rewarded inconceivably?

When indeed we seek to apply to such results the possibilities of the mind we fall back into metaphysics, and are met by the ever-recurring objections about material brain. Yet the difficulties

which arise from the necessity of the mind to work through a material brain may be paralleled by those of life manifesting itself through material organs. So long indeed as chemistry has to deal with lifeless substances, cause and effect are calculable to a nicety. But, as the physician can tell him, when the same rules are applied to the living body, science finds herself at fault. The cruel failures of vivisection, too, are ably accounted for in the admirable sentence of him who said that nature put to the torture refused to give a true answer. But as the laws of health are, nevertheless, of sufficient certainty—as disease can be kept off by temperance, cleanliness, exercise, and the cheerful discharge of the duties of life—as diseases themselves arise from violated laws, yet are subjected to laws of their own, so are the laws of mental—and let us say spiritual—health of like certainty, and their violation attended with penalties which, like kindred bodily diseases, may become, if rightly regarded, the [illegible] road back to recovery.

It may be impossible, as it is argued, for the mind, or the so-called *I*, to regard outer things without reference to individual sense. It may be that the instrument being finite, no pure abstract idea of infinitude can be had. Still it is undeniable that infinitude in time and space are of sure knowledge, and that infinitude of Being is rationally inferable therefrom. If this world stood alone—if it were the sole

theatre for the display of Divine wisdom and goodness—things might perhaps have been differently ordered. But as it is a note in the countless scale, it is for us to abide in the hope of an unfolding of the perfected harmony. For as astronomy discovers stars in supposed process of evolution out of nebulæ into concrete bodies of rounded light, so may the human race, through divinely-appointed education directing its inherent forces, be pursuing an analogous course. If in the physical world all were so clear as that nothing was to be learned, where would be the stimulus to inquiry? What of the apathy of unexercised faculties? Where the joy of triumph over difficulty? If in the world of mind and spirit it were all manifest, whatever else might be the case, there would be nothing meritorious for the individual or for the race.

The evidences of the Creator's fatherly care for man, and of man's sense thereof, abound—nevertheless, it is within himself that each feels the conclusive one. It is the satisfaction of the inward hungering and thirsting, that can be but one way satisfied, which confirms conviction. From whatever quarter contradiction may seem to strike, it assuredly arises not from within; conscience dominates our evil thoughts as forcibly as it does our bad acts. Moral [illegible] mind intermingle lights. When, upon reflection, one finds that his own individual case is nothing exceptional—when he learns that the same subject has at all

times occupied the mind of man—when his own nature tells him that this must inevitably have been—when he sees how impassable is the barrier between instinct and reason—and that what is instinct in the animal limited to provision for his want and his security, is intuition in man concerning spiritual want and an eternity of life—when he learns the distinction between that which is perishable and imperishable, phenomenal appearance, and reality of justice, of truth, and necessarily enduring law—when he has assurance of will exercised by himself in freedom, and sees and feels that act presupposes will — eternal acts eternal will accordingly—it can only be by doing violence to himself that he can attribute all this to a special or particular arrangement of matter, which, upon being dislocated, resigns itself to lower forms of animal life, and gives all that imparted to the higher combination of this matter its worth to not so much as the winds. Monstrous paradox, created by deliberate perversity of reasoning! It is the more surprising because of the implied violation of the accepted rule that for all effects there must be adequate cause. And where are we to find an adequate cause for man's intense sense of eternal Being, if not in Being itself—his sense of God, if not in God —his assurance of Divine Fatherhood, if not in revelation? If man must by his very nature inquire, can the results of inquiry be thus stigmatized as the vanity of vanities? Is the sad verdict pronounced of old

upon the pomps and pleasures of the world to be turned now against the wisdom by which worldly advantages were tried and found wanting? Is man to abandon his thoughts for his tissues, and to recognize in the dissecting-knife the final bar to the future? He who would affirm as much—albeit by implication—can never himself reach to a solution of the problem of life. He must rest in confessed ignorance, which, rightly regarded, is knowledge. Let him, however, not rest as one who has reached the limit of his journey. There is another world beside the one he has traversed—the inward world of his own soul, in which he may see reflected the unfathomable space hanging in boundless time. And when he asks—as ask he must—can other than immortal reflect immortality? can the Most High, who inhabiteth eternity, be appreciated by the perishable? let him listen to the answer as it rises in an according harmony of all that within him is allied to principles which are the bond of all things.

THE MYSTERIES OF NATURE.

ALL men are believers. What is belief, if it be not something distinguishable from positive, tangible certainty, of whose existence reason is nevertheless sure? Law, in which the Comtist acknowledges belief, is the rounding off of his material knowledge by a mystery of inexplicable source. The scientific experimenter, who feels it a duty he owes to truth not to allow himself to be swayed by the consideration of the possible bearings of results upon religious feeling, avows himself to have been brought up by his discoveries face to face with an ever-baffling mystery, which, whether he call wonder of Nature, or wonder of Providence, is still a wonder. In which wonder-worker does he believe, the abstraction Nature, or the living Providence? If Nature be not more to him unconsciously or otherwise than a hollow abstraction, whence the rapture which glows through the works of the man of science with splendour of poetry? This, too, when treating not of the obvious sublimities of astronomy, or of the geologically recorded life of our own planet, but of the things about us. Science has made great strides

since Chalmers saw further and deeper by the microscope into the providence of God than was revealed by the telescope, although it had not then reached the perfection it has since attained, while the microscope has sunk into a secondary helpmate of the thermo-electric pile, which by its sensitiveness to radiant heat analyses and dissects, as it were, the constituents of the air we breathe, and all the impalpable essences brought by the air to our senses, also the finer ether in which our grosser air swings, and that subtlest ether which impenetrates the molecules of our densest metals like a spirit nerve they quickened, by the faintest heat, so that they move, or, as some think, revolve when intensely heated in fiery circles round one another in space immeasurable from its infinite littleness. Well, it may be laid down as incontrovertible that the finest experimenter in his search after the operations of Nature is brought up finally to an inexplicable mystery.

Accordingly Tyndall, who, after he has rendered the passage of sound through the air almost visible, thus concludes: "The particles of air which fill the cavity of the ear are finally driven against the tympanic membrane, which is stretched across the passage leading to the brain. This membrane, which closes the 'drum' of the ear, is thrown into vibration, its motion is transmitted to the ends of the auditory nerve, and afterwards along the nerve to the brain,

where the vibrations are translated into sound. How it is that the motion of the nervous matter can thus excite the consciousness of sound *is a mystery which we cannot fathom.*"

Now, touching this wonderful organ the ear, premising that the action of light and of sound are analogous, the same high authority informs us:

"Light, like sound, is excited by pulses or waves; and lights of different colours, like sounds of different pitch, are excited by different rates of vibration. But in its width of perception the ear exceedingly transcends the eye; for, while the former ranges over eleven octaves, but little more than a single octave is possible to the latter. The quickest vibrations which strike the eye as light have only twice the rapidity of the slowest (the quickest vibrations and shortest waves corresponding to the extreme violet, the slowest vibrations and longest waves to the extreme red of the spectrum); whereas the quickest vibrations which strike the ear as a musical sound have more than two thousand times the rapidity of the slowest."

Yet the human ear is limited in its range of hearing musical sounds, for, "if the vibrations number less than sixteen a second, we are conscious only of the separate shocks. If they exceed 38,000 a second, the consciousness of sound ceases altogether."

The unfathomable mystery will not be rendered less deep by what follows.

"The same air is competent to transmit the vibrations of a thousand instruments at the same time. When we try to visualise the motion of that air—to present to the eye of the mind the battling of the pulses direct and reverberated—the *imagination retires baffled from the attempt.* Still, amid all the complexity, the law above enunciated holds good, every particle of air being animated by a resultant motion which is the algebraic sum of all the individual motions imparted to it. And the most wonderful thing of all is, that the human ear, though acted on only by a cylinder of that air which does not exceed the thickness of a quill, can detect the components of the motion, and, aided by an act of attention, can even isolate from the aerial entanglement any particular sound."

The same phenomena appear in agitated water.

Our wonder about sound will not be lessened by being told "that there is in the labyrinth of the ear a wonderful organ discovered by the Marchese Corti, which is to all appearance a musical instrument, with its chords so stretched as to accept vibrations of different periods, and transmit them to the nerve filaments which traverse the organ. Within the ears of men, and without their knowledge or contrivance, this lute of 3,000 strings has existed for ages, accepting the music of the outer world, and rendering it for reception by the brain. Each musical tremor which falls upon this organ selects from its tempered

fibres the one appropriate to its own pitch, and throws the fibre into unisonant vibration; and thus, no matter how complicated the motion of the external air may be, those microscopic strings can analyse it, and reveal the constituents of which it is composed."

Wonderful indeed! In the last century, when, comparatively speaking, only the surface of this beautiful world was known, although much had been conjectured which is now established, the evidence of design was held by sound thinkers to be sufficient proof of an all-intelligent Creator. That which was not put forward even in the shape of a hypothesis, and which did not even seem to be suspected, was the marvellous beauty hidden from human eye in the innermost parts of God's handiwork. Man is contented if his best works satisfy the senses to which they are addressed, or the ends which they are intended to answer. Raphael himself would not require that each touch of his brush should, if microscopically examined present a picture by itself—that his Transfiguration might be decomposed into myriads of molecular transfigurations. Great is the glory of the old Greek sculptors, because that they laboured unto perfection parts of the gods and heroes in marble intended not to meet the public eye. No architect of any age cared much about the rough work of the foundation. But in God's work it is beauty through and through—shall we say, for the enjoyment of spiritual eyes, to which all is transparent? To ordi-

nary eyes, for instance, a block of ice is simply water in a solid state. We shall ask Mr. Tyndall what he has to say about it. Pray hear his answer to a delighted audience, to whom he is explaining the marvellous works of heat.

"To many persons here present this block of ice may seem of no more interest and beauty than a block of glass; but in reality it bears the same relation to glass that an oratorio of Handel does to the cries of a market-place. The ice is music, the glass is noise; the ice is order, the glass is confusion. In the glass, molecular forces constitute an inextricably entangled skein; in the ice, they are woven to a symmetric web, the wonderful texture of which I will now try to make evident to you.

"How shall I describe this ice? In the solar beam, or failing that, in the beam of our electric lamp, we have an anatomist competent to perform this work. I will remove the agent by which this beam was purified in the last experiment, and send the rays direct from the lamp through this slab of pellucid ice. It will pull the crystal edifice to pieces, by accurately reversing the order of its architecture. Silently and symmetrically the crystallizing force built the atoms up, silently and symmetrically the electric beam will take them down. The ice is in front of the lamp, the rays from which now pass through it. Compare the beam before it enters with the beam after its passage through the substance; to the eye

there is no sensible difference; the light is scarcely diminished. Not so with the heat; as a thermic agent, the beam before entering is far more powerful than after its emergence. A portion of the beam has been arrested in the ice, and that portion is our working anatomist. I place a lens in front of the ice, and cast a magnified image of the slab upon the screen. Here we have a star and there a star; and as the action continues, the ice *appears to resolve itself into stars, each possessing six rays, each one resembling a beautiful flower of six petals.* I shift my lens to and fro, bringing new stars into view, and as the action continues, the edges of the petals become serrated, and spread themselves out like fern leaves upon the screen. Probably few here present were aware of the beauty latent in a block of common ice. And only think of lavish NATURE operating thus throughout the world. Every atom of the solid ice which sheets the frozen lakes of the north has been fixed according to this law. NATURE lays her beams in music; and it is the function of science to purify our organs, so as to enable us to hear the strain."

Nature—lavish nature—it is she who thus lays her beams in music. When the philosopher is thus forced to personify nature, the argument would appear to be at an end. Personality is intelligence—infinite intelligence how separated from Divine providence! Let us not be mistaken. We do not impute any particular views to this most able professor. He no

doubt feels it his duty to keep philosophical investigations clear from suspicion of purpose other than that of arriving at strictly scientific truth, and may therefore be allowed to employ neutral terms when referring to causes. But we who are humbly and gratefully availing ourselves of his great achievements in science, both for their pleasurable results to ourselves and for the sum of proof with which they swell our generalizations touching the supreme truth to which all knowledge converges, may be allowed to speak of lavish nature as a synonym for beneficent Creator. And now let us follow our admirable guide from ice to snow.

"Snow perfectly formed is not an irregular aggregate of ice particles. In a calm atmosphere the aqueous atoms arrange themselves so as to form the most exquisite figures. You have seen those six-petalled flowers which show themselves within a block of ice. The snow crystals formed in a calm atmosphere are built upon the same type; the molecules arrange themselves to form hexagonal stars. From a central nucleus shoot six spiculæ, every two of which are separated by an angle of 60°. From these central ribs smaller spiculæ shoot right and left, with unerring fidelity to the angle 60°; and from these again other smaller ones diverge, at the same angle. The six-leaved blossoms assume the most wonderful variety of form; their tracery is of the finest frozen gauze; and round about their corners

other rosettes of smaller dimensions often cling. *Beauty is superposed upon beauty, as if nature, once committed to her task, took delight* in showing, even within the narrowest limits, the wealth of her resources."

Nature, not satisfied with mere beauty, takes care of living things.

"Animals which inhabit cold climates are furnished *by nature* with their necessary clothing. Birds especially need this protection; for they are still more warm-blooded than the mammalia. They are furnished with feathers, and between the feathers the interstices are filled with down, the molecular constitution and mechanical texture of which render it perhaps the worst of all conductors. Here we have another example of *that harmonious relation of life to the conditions of life* which is incessantly presented to the student of natural science."

Here is a still more striking evidence of design combined with beauty:—

"Suppose a lake exposed to a clear wintry sky; the superficial water is chilled, contracts, becomes thus heavier, and sinks by its superior weight, its place being supplied by the lighter water from below. In time this is chilled, and sinks in its turn. Thus a circulation is established, the cold dense water descending, and the lighter and warmer rising to the top. Supposing this to continue, even after the first pellicles of ice were formed at the surface, the ice would

sink as it was formed, and the process would not cease until the entire water of the lake would be solidified. *Death to every living thing in the water would be the consequence.* But just when matters become critical, *nature steps aside from her ordinary proceeding,* causes the water to expand by cooling, and the cold water to swim like a scum on the surface of the warmer water underneath. Solidification ensues; but the solid is much lighter than the subjacent liquid, and the ice forms a protecting roof over the living things below.

"Such facts," he goes on to say, "*naturally and rightly excite the emotions.* Indeed, the relations of life to the conditions of life—*the general adaptation of means to ends in nature* excite in the profoundest degree the interest of the philosopher. But, in dealing with natural phenomena, the feelings must be carefully watched. They often lead us unconsciously to overstep the bounds of fact. Thus I have heard this wonderful property of water referred to as an irresistible proof of design, unique of its kind, and suggestive of pure benevolence."

Here the professor, pointing out that the metal bismuth cools, solidifies, and expands in like manner, proceeds:—

"Once for all, I would say that the natural philosopher, as such, has nothing to do with purposes and designs. His vocation is to inquire *what* nature is, not *why* she is, though he, like others, and he more

than others, must stand at times rapt in wonder at the mystery in which he dwells, and towards the *final solution of which his studies furnish him with no clue.*"

As Professor Tyndall's great work, from which we have quoted at not more length than our readers would desire, concludes with a still more express declaration of the position which he thinks the philosopher should maintain in his researches, and to which we mean to refer, we shall make one more extract, showing that the care extended to the animal is shared by the vegetable world. Referring to the provision made by nature—that is to say, Providence—for the preservation of trees from cold, he observes:—

"At all the points not situate in the centre of the tree, wood possesses three unequal axes of calorific conduction, which are at right angles to each other. The first and principal axis is parallel to the fibre of the wood; the second and intermediate axis is perpendicular to the fibre, and to the ligneous layers; while the third and least axis is perpendicular to the fibre and parallel to the layers. M. de la Rive and de Candolle have remarked upon the influence which its feeble conducting power in a lateral direction must exert in preserving within a tree the warmth which it acquires from the soil. In virtue of this property, a tree is able to resist sudden changes of

temperature, which would probably be prejudicial to it. It resists alike the sudden abstraction of heat from within and the sudden accession of it from without. *But nature has gone farther,* and clothes the tree with a sheathing of worse-conducting material than the wood itself even in its worst direction."

It has been equally tested and proved—

That the materials of which animal tissues are composed are those best calculated to avert injury from sudden accessions or deprivations of heat.

And now we beg the reader's attention to the following eloquent passage, with which the learned professor concludes his work upon heat:—

"In discussing the material combinations which result in the formation of the body and the brain of man, it is impossible to avoid taking side glances at the phenomena of consciousness and thought. Science has asked daring questions, and will no doubt continue to ask such. Problems will assuredly present themselves to men of a future age which, if enunciated now, would appear to most people as the direct offspring of insanity. Still, though the progress and development of science may seem to be unlimited, there is a region apparently beyond her reach—a line with which she does not even tend to osculate. Given the masses and distances of the planets, we can infer the perturbations consequent on their mutual attractions. Given the nature of a disturbance

in water, air, or ether, we can infer from the properties of the medium how its particles will be affected. In this we deal with physical laws, and the mind runs along the line which connects the phenomena from beginning to end. But when we endeavour to pass by a similar process from the region of physics to that of thought, we meet a problem to seize on which transcends any conceivable expansion of the powers we now possess. We may think over the subject again and again, but it eludes all intellectual presentation. Thus, though the territory of science is wide, it has its limits, from which we look with vacant gaze into the region beyond. We may fairly claim matter in all its forms, not only as it appears in external nature, but even as it exists in the muscles, blood, and brain of man himself it is ours to experiment and speculate upon. Respecting the idea of a 'vital force,' let us reduce, if we can the physical phenomena of life to attractions and repulsions. *But having thus exhausted physics, and reached its very line, the real mystery yet looms beyond us.*"

Touching this mystery, what are we to think? Clearly science cannot here prevail. The great masters proclaim their incompetence. Is this mystery quite impenetrable, and wherefore? Is it so because of utter darkness, or of insupportable light? Is it vacuous density, or is it the robe of the Divine? Of

a truth such questionings have not been left without response. We are told that "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, the glory that shall be revealed to them that love God." To faith this promise is of sure fulfilment. Science, in the presence of mysteries of nature, admits hypothesis, and hypothesis must rest upon the fluctuating ground of opinion. Properly speaking, belief acts in a different sphere altogether. Ordinarily, it is applied to religion exclusively. This is too narrow a view, however; for it attaches itself, as it ought to attach itself, to morality; because in morality lies the assurance of a moral Governor of the world. Now let us see whether in this world belief does not perform a very important part in the affairs of society, and whether even in our ordinary dealings it may be capricious with impunity.

Suppose, for instance, you should hear some vile imputation cast upon a person of spotless reputation, what would be your arm against the slander? Belief, of course. Well, suppose now you should kick away the ground of your reliance upon consistency of character, and give ear to the scandal. What would be your own after position upon the scandal being disproved? Would you stand as you did before in others' respect or in your own? Would not the burning cheek testify to the remorse of conscience? Would not unbelief in this case bear its own punishment?

A man who would dare avow disbelief of honesty and truth would thereby destroy trust in himself; and yet as we do not see goodness always triumph in this world, reliance upon its inherent power to effect ultimate right is an act of belief. By what do we meet the hollow permission to do evil that good may come of it? Why, by belief that out of evil no good can come. The moralist believes in the invariable consistency of the moral laws as strongly as the naturalist in that of the physical. There is this difference, that what with the latter is demonstration is with the former faith; and is not this faith which has to be asserted through temporary loss and affliction very noble? Into what moral chaos would not society fall without it?

Within this necessary belief lies the germ of the higher. Indeed, it might with confidence be affirmed, that could we, for argument's sake, admit the possibility of the disappearance of the religions of mankind, it would be enough for some potent voice to refer our virtues, affirming such to have appreciable existence, and our belief in their efficacy, to a source of indestructible purity in order to command an assent from the heart, which the understanding would not be slow to confirm.

With regard to moral beliefs, it is, as we have seen, unquestionable that there are principles which, whether as respects themselves, or the persons in

whom they appear to be incarnated, it would be shameful to repudiate, and shame is a penalty. So that here is a whole sphere wide as our moral being in which it is not permitted to disbelieve or even to remain lukewarm. Humanity would spew out of its mouth the tepid nauseousness of "it may, or it may not be," applied to goodness and the good. We must uphold justice—we must take part with innocence—we must act out our belief in the assured triumph of right, or we descend into the low ranks of the trustless. It was within this sphere the Son of man placed his appeal when he asked—He the incarnate Purity—to be believed upon his word; and he was believed.

Ascending to the higher spiritual beliefs, we meet with an objection in the shape of a disparaging reference to past superstitions. Look, it is said, at the things which men have in certain stages of society been brought to believe. Look at the monstrosities of the primitive nature worship, before they branched off into more symmetrical, yet not less irrational mythologies, proving indeed that man really is, as religionists contend, forced by the constitution of his nature to believe; and they see no harm in allowing vents to be opened to the relief of this natural weakness. One of the strongest amongst the many strong reasons adducible in support of the solidity of religious belief is to be drawn from this its most

specious adversary. We venture to lay down an axiom, upon which we dare to base our reply. *The mind demands an adequate cause for all appearances, because it regards such as manifestations of a producing power.*

Let us bring superstitions to the light of this axiom. Ignorant of the operation of natural laws, the infant man of the early time attributed to living powers all terrible visitations. Wherefore? Because being forced by the constitution of his nature to seek adequate cause, and there being no science to explain, his mind flew to the Unseen. But by degrees, as fact after fact became explicable through advancing knowledge, and as fast as he was enabled to match effect with cause, so did his superstitions give way. So did they yield or change according as the demands of adequacy were fulfilled. We think that up to this point the most sceptical philosopher will accompany us.

Let us proceed further. Let us go on supplanting the false superstitious notion by the physical demonstration. Given the required adequacy, the false notion yields. At length, however, the most distant point is reached, beyond which science cannot advance. Experiment is inadequate to do more. Discovery, although she may have reached the ultimate elementary particles of matter, organic and inorganic, acknowledges herself incompetent to meet the inevitable question—who breathed into

these particles the breath of life? Who bade ye to expand here into something finer than air, and hold as iron there—to rise as continents, and foam as seas—to clothe all forms of life—to build up the outer fashion of man, and minister to his senses? Baffled by the "Who," science shifts the question to the "What,"—asking what set all agoing? But the answer, be it gravitation or any other impersonality, only pushes the question back and back into the arms of intelligible because intelligent cause—of thought with act, and act by thought manifest through will.

This declared adequacy flashes through the thickness of mystery. The cloud parts not, but it is no longer chilling blackness of darkness—it is bright with the insupportable splendour upon which eyes to look must be cleansed in the very infinite beam. And now adhering to the restraint of language which our appeal to reasonable good sense imposes on us, we offer a concluding word of grave sobriety about prayer, which is a stumbling-block to the logic of immutability of the Divine will.

How often is the question thus put: What, you, a worm of the earth, think you can by words or ceremonials induce the Deity to change the order of things which, by virtue of his omniscience, could not have come unawares? This may of a truth hold good as against irrational requests. Happily, to man has been given the right model of prayer. Let us

divide the Lord's Prayer into the two parts of which it consists—the one relating to the Father himself, the other to the supplicant:

Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy Name;
Thy kingdom come.
Thy will be done on earth as in heaven.

In these three sentences, what do we invoke? Why, the putting forth of the Father's will, not in the changing of material things, but in the bringing of the heart of man to holiness—of advancing the progress of holiness until it be established in the no longer opposed kingdom of God upon earth; until His will be done here as in heaven. Then follows the second division, embodying the supplicant's own special needs in these three other sentences:

Give us this day our daily bread.
Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us.
Lead us not into temptation. But deliver us from evil.

In prayer for sustenance for the body—for pardon for sins—for protection against evil and deliverance therefrom—there is assuredly no request for interference with the working of natural laws. Allowing that God can deal with the ever-active, mobile

will of man, is it unreasonable to attribute to him power over the hearts and inclinations of our fellow-beings, so as for their own good and ours to dispose them to love humanity, sympathy with honest effort, and charity? If, too, we are capable of forgiving, we may surely be allowed to offer prayer for our own pardon. Is it too much to ask for strength in the hour of temptation, and for deliverance where strength fails? Here are no miracles, but the one of Divine will invoked to subdue evil in human will; first, to the advance of his own dominion, and secondly, to aid the creature whose existence and comfort depend both upon his own purified will and upon that of all in condition to help and serve him.

Here we may be allowed to make a reflection. Instincts being given to the animal for its preservation, and the soul being of higher price, we are led to ask, has the latter no guardian instincts wakening up in moments of surprise and peril? The question finds its answer in the spontaneous readiness with which men in suffering and in danger make appeal to higher than human help, accompanied by a sense of certainty, as if a new revelation fell upon the soul itself. The deeper the necessity, the surer he is near; and to those who take exclusive views of the conditions of God's goodness, we would simply suggest that this instinct, true to the character of instinct, is universal.

Thus vanishes the final difficulty; thus does it lose itself in the bosom of the Father. Philosophy may be regarded as the finger-post pointing to the way. The way itself is He who said, "I am the way, and the truth, and the life. No man cometh to the Father save through me."

THE FUTURE REST.

THE Christian's idea of rest in the future life is one which needs a better understanding as to its true meaning. Rest, in its physical application, really implies suspension of activity, and is synonymous with refreshment requisite for renewal of exertion. The violence which characterised past ages tended to favour the idea of utter seclusion from a jarring world as the sole means of peace. Contemplation was contrasted with stormy action. Joy was found in ecstacy, and heaven was held to be the eternal prolongation of the same state. The disparagement of labour, owing to the prevalence of slavery, must have had much to do with those old notions of inactive dignity which heathen philosophy but too much favoured. Life being no longer, as of old, an alternation of fighting and of revel, the rest which was, and is, and ever ought to be—the inward peace of the subdued evil passions—will have to be freed from association with idleness, which modern society repels, from its own disposition to enjoyable activity. Man has learned that happiness consists in the free exercise of all his powers. That the future state will

present an infinite field of exercise for the immortal spirit is much favoured by what we have learned of all nature, animate and inanimate, and extending to the sublime motions of the heavenly bodies. Take for our instruction upon this subject the following passage from Humboldt's "Cosmos" (vol. i., p. 139):—"If for a moment we imagine the acuteness of our senses preternaturally heightened to the extreme limits of telescopic vision, and bring together events separated by wide intervals of time, the apparent repose which reigns in space will suddenly vanish; countless stars will be seen moving in groups in various directions; nebulæ wandering, condensing, and dissolving like cosmical clouds; the Milky Way breaking up in parts, and its veil rent asunder. In every point of the celestial vault we should recognise the dominion of progressive movement—as on the surface of the earth, where vegetation is constantly putting forth its leaves and buds, and unfolding its blossoms. The celebrated Spanish botanist, Cavanilles, first conceived the possibility of seeing grass grow by placing the horizontal micrometer wire of a telescope, with a high magnifying power, at one time on the point of a bamboo shoot, and at another on the rapidly-unfolding flowering stem of an American aloe—precisely as the astronomer places the cross of wires on a culminating star. Throughout the whole life of physical nature in the organic as in the sidereal world—[illegible] preservation, production, and de-

velopment are alike associated with motion as their essential condition."

In this remarkable passage we have pointed out to us with great vigour the two most remarkable speculations of the philosophic and Christian mind, whether in their separation or, better, combination, namely, the fruit to be gathered by the mere extension of our physical organs in this world, and the marvels which await the emancipated spirit in the other. To us the former view, standing even by itself, that is to say, apart from revelation, would seem to lead irresistibly to the latter, because of its recognition of capacities which, while pointing to limitless exercise, must ever be held in thrall here, however the chain be widened. Nor can it be supposed that the joy of the emancipated capacities would consist merely in the passive contemplation of an activity in which they should not participate, or in expressions of praise, unattended by the doing of His work. For we cannot suppose that our immortal freedom is to be singly that of our mental faculties. Our moral sense of love and duty, our power of admiration and capacity of joy, must expand in corresponding measure. In this respect moral science would go hand in hand with physical. After all, these are but the pointings of possibilities derivable from the teachings of science, but they are invaluable supports to the reasonableness of revelation.

Whoever believes in a future state must likewise

believe that there will be continuance of our consciousness. The soul repels the destruction of consciousness with the same instinctive shudder with which it shrinks from annihilation: while, however, we are totally unable to figure to ourselves what our changed condition shall be, yet this much we may be assured of, that there will be discord no longer, and that between our moral and intellectual being sublimed into the spiritual there will be perfect harmony. It can only be from the way in which the rational faculties of man have been perverted to evil uses, that theologians in past times eliminated, as it were, the human intellect from exercise in the life to come. By doing so they necessarily, however unintentionally, reduced the joys of heaven to a passive adoration—as though the mind, overwhelmed by a perfection which admitted no examination, would have nothing more to do. Yet, if the harmony of our inward being is to be perfected, there can be no such separation. For, as man is not to be, on the one hand, an intellectual spectator, or external observer only, so neither is he on the other to be, by reason of a dazzled blindness, an unparticipating organ of praise.

The consciousness which naturally carries on the sense of existence into immortality has its root in man's feeling that he is part and parcel of all crea- —a feeling involved in his own sense of unity, ld not be unity if crossed by the contra-

diction of exclusion. This great work of Humboldt's, which we have at present in view, is one calculated to enable us to make clear to ourselves this idea of unity, of which we are all more or less conscious. The "Cosmos" has for its purpose to exhibit the visible creation in connexion with the mind of man —not, indeed, showing the means by which the one does enter into the other; for that is of the like mystery of life itself, but presenting the indisputable fact, that by this entry into his mind man makes all creation his own possession. Humboldt's work is itself an illustration of his doctrine, for it can hardly be questioned that before he began the execution of his design it was all clear to his mind as a unique whole. Yes, the whole system of the universe hung suspended in that one fine brain. Our sun, rushing with his cortege of planets towards that star in the constellation Hercules, around which it is thought to revolve; the remote nebulæ, whose light takes two millions of years to travel to us; the countless host of comets, and all the marvels of infinitude are no bewilderment, because of the power of the mind to see God's order in his works. The mighty maze is simplified by law. In like manner, when he proceeds to describe this our earth, it is no less evident that to his mind the varieties of its surface, and the history and causes of its formation presented a single conception embracing all the races of man.* It is

* This impression of all that the mind takes in, both of the outer world of objects and the inner world of thoughts being

not until we have read the whole book that the unity of the conception enters the reader's own mind; and when this philosophical view merges into the Christian sentiment of a common humanity, we receive the irresistible conviction that our Christianity is the confirmation that there is a "divinity that stirs within us."

> "'Tis reason's self points out an hereafter,
> And indicates eternity to man."

Let us suppose, however, that we should be met by point-blank denial of this assertion of an experience which may be taxed as something personal to the individual, and of no universal acceptance. Suppose it be said, "I myself, your antagonist in this matter, feel not my attributed relation to this vast universe. I cannot so find it woven into my own being as a part of it. I fail to perceive in what way I am the medium through which the power that governs creation flows also into my spirit, both intermingling in the twofold man. Recollect the fable of the fly upon the wheel." To which I answer, "As regards the fable, the moral would have been different had the fly been able to take in as a whole, and to decompose into parts, and then recompose the guiding mind and arm of the charioteer, the animal force, the car with

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as one vast idea, which the reader derives from Cosmos, is precisely the same as that which Humboldt himself describes to have received from the perusal of Pliny's work of similar character.

its axle and springs, and to regard every particular as an avenue of inquiry, of which each step opened vista after vista, stretching ever on and on to an unattainable end, and yet all pleasure on the way. Had the fly been able to do all this, the wheel would have been of a truth its companion, if not its servant, by virtue of the profit which at each gyration in advance it would obtain."

Fable and illustration apart, where the mind has the misfortune to be dead—"dead in trespasses and sins"—it must needs be made aware that it has to set itself to rights. The blurred glass reflects no image, or it is a false one; the clogged strings vibrate not—or again, the harsher the discord within, the harder the deafness to the soliciting sweetness it repels. But that which is most remarkable here is to find philosophy speaking the language of religion. When the philosopher finds the term of his inquiry in the soul of man—when, having explored the universe—having read the records of the earth in the deposited results of its mighty changes—read its fauna and flora as we read successive literatures filled with the life of the times—when he has followed the diversities of men into the one homogeneous humanity, and made himself so familiar with his own little globe, that it seems a mere stand-point for the moment allotted him for explorations so immeasurably vast, that, while himself reduced to nothing a [illegible] creature, he is

exalted by his comprehension and the magnitude of his spiritual scope into a power that asserts its eternal place. And yet this even is not sufficient. Having filled his soul with this perfect harmony, and his mind with this grand unity, he—unless he is to allow himself to settle into an ecstatic dream—must be staggered by the presence of a disturbing power, which is called evil, and of which his philosophy fails to afford any satisfactory explanation. How is it that the power which is Almighty permits this discord, which he could bid cease if so he willed? Even the atheist, who attributes to some self-adjustments of matter the immaterial thought, must be puzzled to explain to himself how it is that matter should fail precisely where harmonious affinities would be most desirable. The fact, however, is there, and it is inexplicable by philosophy.

Inexplicable!—therefore no rest. Yes, there may be a personal settlement of a particular individual mind with itself. Some one man, recognising the purity and peace which flow from intellectual exercise, may persuade himself into the belief of its all-sufficiency. He may rise superior to physical ailments or the trials of want, and may even arrive to a certain degree of success. He will think that that which he has achieved for himself lies equally within reach of all others. But the self-pride which attends him at [illegible] breeds contempt for his fellow-creatures [illegible] from what he regards as

sheer folly. Between rest acquired in this way and the morbid solitude of the hermitage there is little difference, so far as example to a fellow-creature is concerned. Man is called to combat in the ranks, and to purchase peace by achieved victory. Now, the difference of view between all self-sufficing philosophy and Christianity, as regards evil, lies in the relation which either conceives it to bear to the state of man. The Christian, who sees all things through the eye of the Spirit, as well as through the understanding, spiritualizes, so to speak, evil itself; wherefore it is he gives it the awful name of sin. This terrible perturbation through the realm of man, setting him at war with himself and with his brother, and turning his tongue, that ought to be an instrument tuned to the melodiousness of charity, into horrible discord, despite his reason and his instincts, this cannot be the inevitable attendant of certain physical combinations, which in themselves speak of order, of design, and are clothed in beauty. The contrast is too shocking. It is the war of two worlds. A fearful conflict, not to be patched up by mere alleviations of social condition, valuable though they be. The apostle paints the contending powers well, when he represents them as death and life: "Sin revived, and I died." Its conquest is over the vital powers of the soul. It is by the thorough understanding of evil in its character of sin that the atonement is seen to be [illegible] necessary and

efficacious to draw all men unto him who accomplished it.

Now, then, the death which is the rest of the philosopher in the exclusive sense, is to the Christian the darkness closing the path of evil—the eternal oubliette! Over the unutterable abyss of darkness dawns the eternal life, which the struggle of his weary days causes him to consider one of rest; and rest it is from evil passions and their strife; but as all life is motion, and by its very nature must be a vivid exercise of power, it may be presumed that with the expansion of the soul, emancipated from the fettering conditions of its probation here below, there will be opened to it a sphere of sublime duty, exercised in joy.

ROBERTSON OF BRIGHTON.

FREDERICK W. ROBERTSON was by temperament a soldier, and had he adopted the military profession, to which his natural bent inclined, he would, if placed in circumstances calculated to test mettle and genius, have proved himself a hero. So strongly did his inclinations tend towards the army, that the sight of a cavalry regiment thrilled the man's heart under the robe of the minister of peace. His ear revelled in the sound of the trumpet, his nerves vibrated to the rolling of the drum. Nor were these the sensations which sometimes accompany a lively fancy or easily-excited imagination, for he was one to whom feeling was nothing, or worse than nothing, unless it converted itself into action—mere shiftings of vapour unless from out their shock should burst the stroke that was to rend injustice or the rain that was to refresh. Dear to him was action for its own sake. The boldest huntsman in the field would not have set his horse to fence or drain with keener gusto than this tender, pious, gentle, and, in the fullest sense of the word, this true man, this genuine Christian gentleman.

The nature of Robertson, when understood, gives

the key to his most original sermons. Happily, his was no complex nature. It was as simple as it was grand, and grand because it was simple. The elements of which it was composed were of the highest, and they held harmoniously together. In him were none of those inconsistencies which make the complex character. He had little of what the French call *les défauts de ses qualités*. His virtues, restrained within due bounds by a well-tempered will, did not run into their corresponding defects; his boldness was never rashness, his generosity never extravagance or maudlin tenderness towards wrong; his charity—and it was intense—eschewed weakness. The same may with equal truth be said of his mental powers. His imagination—and how lofty and great it was!—never indulged in those startling incongruities which sometimes, by their very power, repel taste; his keen analysis never fined away into those subtleties which are the bane of inquiry; his wide generalisations did indeed open the infinite by their suggestiveness, while controlled by a spirit never vague or uncertain in its aims; his [illegible] speculations rest upon revealed truth. To assert [illegible]ty of such a nature would seem to be superfluous, yet must his sincerity be insisted upon because of its rare peculiarity [illegible]. It was sincerity heated by the burning warmth of his heart into intensity. His virtues, although, as I have said, never running into excess, were within their sphere of the most ardent activity.

His was no cold and decorous sincerity; and yet this spiritually-impassioned man ever retained the refined exterior attributed somewhat exclusively to the man of the world.

Had Robertson, as might have happened, entered the army, it could safely be affirmed of him that so firmly fixed and balanced a character never would have swerved from the path he had marked as his own. Allowing for the modifications which position must ever exercise, it would not be easy to declare in what way his religious feelings might have taken direction for the performance of good. We must not assert that the soldier would have been half a divine, as the divine was at heart the soldier; but this we may be sure of, that he would have been a reader, a thinker, and in all probability a writer. Certain it is that Robertson possessed those gifts which go to form the literary character. There are portraits in his sermons of such graphic force and nice delicacy as not to be exceeded by the most skilful portrayer of character; there are explanations of motives and laying bar[illegible] springs of beha[illegible] which reduce the best portrait-painting to [illegible]ness of the truthful falsehood of the photograph; there are vivid groupings of [illegible] and circumstances such as in Macaulay [illegible] those sparkling lights which in writers of [illegible] memory and gre[illegible] [illegible] from met[illegible] analog[illegible] and there are [illegible] for per[illegible] [illegible]tude are nowhere [illegible]

The soldier would not assuredly have less than the divine been acquainted with all philosophy, and with the results of science, of which Robertson's unique sermons bear evidence. Let not the world, however, lament that it has lost an ideal soldier where it has found an ideal divine.

As, according to one of Robertson's own favourite phrases, "manifoldness in unity," there was in this, to adopt a modern term, many-sided man an underlying principle from which his teachings and his acts radiated, and towards which they converged as to a common centre, we proceed to show what that principle is—in a word, truth. Now his truth did not simply mean the result of mental operation; it was not opinion or belief, in the ordinary acceptation of these words; it was something that lay in the character of the man. It was the man himself, and showed itself in action. Instead of opinion being formed from mental operation, he himself shows, on the contrary, that right views result from action, such action being itself the fruit of character. He believed that the heart enlarged the understanding, that good deeds gave brightness to thought. If the heart was right all was right. This idea so generally pervades his sermons that in seeking for extracts the difficulty of selection is caused by very abundance, *un embarras des richesses*. The following, from the discourse upon the scepticism of Pilate, will be found to contain sufficient for our purpose.

"Here we are in a world of mystery, where all is difficult and very much dark, where a hundred jarring creeds declare themselves the truth, and all are plausible. How shall a man decide? Let him *do* the right that lies before him. Much is uncertain; some things at least are clear. Whatever else may be wrong, it must be right to be pure, to be just, and tender, and merciful, and honest. It must be right to love, and to deny one-self. '*Let him do the will and he shall know.* Observe, men begin the other way. They say, If I could but believe, then I would make my life true. If I could but be sure what is truth, then I would set to work to live in earnest. No. God says, Act; make the life true, and then you will be able to believe. Live in earnest, and you will know the answer to what is truth."

Some may probably think, notwithstanding the force of this passage, that the belief resulting from good action, although spontaneously flowing from pure character, may be no more than the satisfaction which accompanies all performances of duty and of charity. That more was meant than this will be yet more clearly seen from what follows, a few sentences further on.

"To believe is to be happy, to doubt is to be wretched. But I will not urge that. Seventy years and the most fevered brain will be still enough. We will not say much of the wretchedness of doubt.

believe is to be *strong*. Doubt cramps energy. Belief is power: only so far as a man believes strongly, mightily, can he act cheerfully, or do anything that is worth the doing."

As the object of this sketch is to show forth the essential character of Robertson, we shall refrain as much as possible from theological subjects, nor shall we quote texts of Scripture, lest we should be supposed to be bent more upon favouring certain opinions than of getting hold of a mighty individuality, such as he unquestionably was. Sufficient to say that in knowledge of the sacred writings we hold him not to have been surpassed. He asserts nothing which has not, according to his mind, sure basis in the revealed word, to which he copiously refers in a glorious spirit of interpretation.

Yes, he was a mighty individuality, as much by temperament and the original cast of his mind as by those settled convictions which such a mind and temper were likely to arrive at, and which, by their reaction upon the mind and character, secures them in fixity of strength. With him the Creator of the universe was a character. Boldly he says, "God is a character." In the Son he recognised the humanity of the Father. Truth was, accordingly, to him, character. It was for man to make his character in harmony with that of God by opening his heart to love. "To love men till private attachments have expanded [illegible] copy which [illegible] all, at last, even

the evil, and enemies with compassion, that is to love God. God is truth. To be true, to hate every form of falsehood, to live a brave, true, real life, that is to love God. God is infinite, and to love the boundless, reaching on from grace to grace, adding charity to faith, and rising upwards ever to see the ideal still above us, and to die with it unattained, aiming insatiably to be perfect, even as the Father is perfect, that is to love God." These words occur in the very first sermon of the first volume of the four which comprise these precious remains; and they give the key-note of the whole. And these sermons, what are they? Not written discourses elaborated in the closet, but fragments as they were noted down by a loving pen, in some instances revised and completed by the master hand, in others enlarged and improved by the original notes and outlines to which the preacher was accustomed to trust, but fragments in which there is no confusion, for, to use one of his own powerfully-brilliant illustrations, as the eye of science can discover in the dewdrop the electricity of a force to shiver the oak, so in any one almost of his discourses, finished or unfinished, the same essential spirit will be found. Like scenes of natural beauty, which may be viewed under every variety of aspect, which, seen in parts here and there, present loveliness under every combination, while imagination composes the whole into that indefinite symmetry we name the sublime, we may build up our

own temple out of these rich materials, like unto the temple not made with hands. The music by which our ears are fascinated is as the unconnected sounds which animate all nature, whose spiritual sweetness challenges and baffles the imitations of art. We are told that Robertson only prepared memoranda for his sermons, but that as soon as he warmed with his subject the notes would fall heedlessly crushed from his hand. Mark here the intensity of the man's sincerity, his forgetfulness of self, his ardent singleness of aim, his truth.

We pause to remark how the greatest influences that have been wrought upon mankind have been produced by men so careless of their own fame as apparently to be unconscious of their powers. Power may indeed be so easily exercised as to leave the possessor unaware of a force which he has not to measure by effort. The greatest philosopher of the ancient world only talked to his listeners as they chatted and walked and paused and conversed again. The book that, next to the gospels, has produced the greatest good effect is anonymous, for it is not yet determined who was the author of the "Imitation of Jesus Christ." It is attributed to Thomas à Kempis. It is also attributed to Gerson. So careless or so unconscious was Shakspeare of the value of his immortal dramas, that out of the impossibility of conceiving such simplicity of unconsciousness has arisen the lame theory of a non-Shakspeare, like

a non-Homer. The greatest of all was not indeed unconscious of words which held the seed of the tree of life, for to words he trusted them. Now, Robertson's negligence of his own fame is not to be explained by carelessness, or indifference, or even unconsciousness of power, of the effect of which the evidence was too palpable to be mistaken. In him it was deliberate sacrifice; it was even more than self-denial; it was the very sublime of sincerity. He feared above all things to be thought one who spoke for effect, who aimed at his own self-glorification, to do which, in his eyes, would have been to profane the place where he stood. To tell him that he was a popular preacher would have been to tell him that he had failed. To be run after for the pleasure afforded by fine language would be to reduce him in his own eyes to the part of a pyrotechnist, if not a charlatan. It would be to tell him that he had fired over people's heads and missed their hearts. The popular preacher to him was the popular actor, not that he underrated the latter, but because an unseemly vivacity in efforts to amuse would be to turn the temple into a theatre. As happened to the Roman hero, fame followed him the more he shunned it. How little he sought popularity, how strenuously he put aside men's praise, how to speak the proper word, how sternly he held by truth, would alone be rendered palpable by the unsparing way in which he dealt with all classes, rich and poor; and not only with class[illegible]

society, but with the more sensitive subjects of doctrines and opinions.

To come back to the point of truth: this is the proper place to show in what way he applied it as a test to matters of thought, of feeling, and of conduct.

Matters of thought first. It may at first sight seem singular that he who of all men shunned controversy should have had to endure so much bitter attack. He shunned controversy, as our readers will feel assured, out of no craven fear, for where was his superior to be found at his own weapons? He avoided controversy because he looked upon it as inefficient for the revealment of truth. Controversy, as he observed, whetted the intellect, but vexed the heart. It is, as we all know, of the nature of controversy to seek for personal triumph. It degenerates into a trial of skill, in which vanity mounts uppermost, and temper is lost. Apart, however, from the charity with which out of his great loving heart he was accustomed to look at all frailties and errors, there was a principle to which he had attached himself, and which was this, that in all conscientiously-held errors there is a portion of truth. The principle so accepted pointed of itself to the remedy, which was to disengage the truth from the error with which it mingled, and that then the error might be left to fall away of itself. A very touching, very beautiful, and we should think effective, illustration of this his

mode of controversy will be found in his treatment of the subject of the glory of the Virgin Mother.

"What lies," he asks, "at the root of this ineradicable Virgin-worship?" He answers: "I believe the truth to be this. Before Christ the qualities honoured as Divine were peculiarly the virtues of the man—courage, wisdom, truth, strength. But Christ proclaimed the Divine nature of qualities entirely opposite—meekness, obedience, affection, purity. He said that the pure in heart should see God. He pronounced the beatitude of meekness and lowliness, and poverty of spirit. Now, observe, these were all of the order of graces which are distinctively feminine; and it is the peculiar feature of Christianity that it exalts not strength nor intellect, but gentleness and lovingness and virgin purity. Here was a new, strange thought given to the world. It was for many ages *the* thought: no wonder—it was the one great novelty of the revealed religion. How were men to find expression for the idea which was working in them, vague and beautiful, but wanting substance—the idea of the Divineness of what is pure, above the Divineness of what is strong? Would you have had them say simply, 'We had forgotten these things; now they are revealed—now we know that love and purity are as Divine as power and reason?' My brethren! it is not so that men *worship*: it is only so that men *think*. They think about qualities. They worship *persons*. Worship must have a form. Adora-

tion finds a person; and if it cannot find one, it will imagine one. Gentleness and purity are words for a philosopher; but a man whose heart wants something to adore will find for himself a gentle one—a pure one—incarnate purity and love, gentleness robed in flesh and blood, before whom his knee may bend, and to whom the homage of his spirit can be given. You cannot adore except a person: what marvel if the early Christian found that the Virgin-mother of our Lord embodied this great idea?"

He then proceeds to show how perfect satisfaction for this new thought is to be found in a right understanding of the Divine humanity of Christ—of the Son of man, whose nature had in it the nature of all nations, and whose heart had in it the blended qualities of both sexes. To Him is to be directed that fulness of adoration which is erroneously divided.

So much for the error: now for the way in which he treated the persons of antagonists. "There is a spirit abroad which is leading men to Rome. Do not call that the spirit of the devil. It is the desire and hope to find there, in its tenderness, and its beauty, and its devotion, a home for those feelings of awe and contemplation and love, for which our stern Protestantism finds no shelter. Let us acknowledge that what they worship is indeed deserving of all adoration; only let us say that what they worship is ignorantly [illegible]. Whom they ignorantly worship let us declare unto them: Christ, their unknown

God, worshipped at an idol altar. Do not let us satisfy ourselves by saying as a watchword, 'Christ, not Mary.' Say rather, 'In Christ all that they find in Mary.' The mother in the Son; the womanly in the soul of Christ."

We think that the reader can hardly fail to remark, in the passages we have quoted, clear evidence of Robertson's knowledge of human nature. Proofs of such knowledge lie scattered broadcast throughout his various discourses. His eye did not penetrate more deeply and surely through the perplexities of mingled truth and error, down to the pearl itself, whose saintly light he saw colouring the troubled mist, than it did into the confused heart of man, down to the inextinguishable good which lay there for the discernment of love. It was man's frailty, rather than depravity, which made him yield to temptation. He was, accordingly, as considerate for mistakes in doctrine and errors of judgment, as he was for the weaknesses which betrayed no callous wickedness. His courteousness—if we may so call his Christian high-breeding towards opponents—no more implied yielding of principle, than did his tenderness towards frailty betray sympathy with offence. He felt like a physician called in to cure disease, whose first duty it is to seek for the cause of the complaint, and whose next duty after immediate success, is to guard the patient against relapse, by wise and gentle warning, concerning the nursing of

reproach. His remedy for error and corruption was the same: to reach the heart, whose purity would clear mind as well as conduct. How he met the want which guilt feels to ease the intolerable burthen on the soul by confession—how natural it is for man to find, in absolution by his fellow-man, an assurance of the eternal pardon; and how these natural yearnings for sympathy are to be met, by a deeper remedy than empirical expedients, will be found treated in many places, but systematically and at length in his sermon upon absolution.

Only in a degree less remarkable than this keen insight into the human heart, was the extent of his general knowledge, and his power of assimilating the facts and results of science with higher religious conclusions. More remarkable than all, was his bold way of looking all facts in the face. He was not the man to shirk statements because of apparent clashing with convictions already formed. He neither scorns the speculations of the metaphysician, nor denies the higher antiquity of man as rendered probable by the geologist, nor puts aside the proofs of older civilizations than would seem to be warranted by Bible history; nor did he affect to underrate the good things of this world. He went abroad, and saw the beauty of external nature, recording his impressions in language that revealed his sympathies with Wordsworth and Tennyson, and in words surpassed by [illegible], nor did he ascetically call the [illegible] of the

world not goods. Wealth was wealth, with all its acknowledged advantages; comfort was comfort; only he was neither tempted by, nor deceived as to their relative value. Nor did the worldliness, in which he took no share, blind his eye to the good acts of the man of the world. With Zaccheus the publican it was, as he argues, liberality first, and grace afterwards. Frank admissions these, for which he has had to suffer much misconception. Worse, again, in the eyes of the same class of adversaries, he respected doubt—nay, more, he sympathised with what he believed to be the agonies of a doubting spirit—in such wise as not, indeed, to betray that he had personally endured such suffering, but that he had known and felt for those who may have had recourse to his large liberal mind and sympathetic heart. In one of those energetically-condensed sentences in which he sometimes resumes a world of meaning, he refers to some who have had enough of earnestness for doubt; for to him doubt did not necessarily mean vacillation, but anxiety for truth. In fact, his Christianity stood, as it were, self-sustained. He set as little stress upon the ordinary evidences for, as upon those alleged against. He laid no deep stress upon miracles, which he regarded not as proofs presented in support of Christ's mission, but as visible signs of the spiritual power, which was not, in the vulgar sense, supernatural, but of the very essence of law; for, as he again summarises his

thoughts, God is law. Now, in order to embrace in their fulness the principles upon which Robertson built his faith, and which were the contrary of drawing from without—for they were a deriving from within, from a source independent of all that was transitory—reference must be made to his sermons, which are so illustrated and vivified and permeated throughout by the same all-involving doctrine, that it would be an injustice to make a selection, because it would be to "chill into dogma" the vast spirit into which we have to enter for air and life, and elevation and refreshment, such as we shall find opened up to us.

The mission of Robertson would seem to have been to emancipate Christianity at once from the shackles of dogma and the shackles of ordinances; not by shaking them down with the rude hand of an adversary, but by causing them to fall off as human contrivances no longer of use, and therefore impediments. The age wanted such a man—slow as it has been in discovering the great teacher so little known in his own short day. It is an age not so much of vice, as of low tone. The finer aspirations of the mind are not so much corrupted, as flattened and deadened under accumulated money-making. At the same time, while the true life within is flagging, discoveries are being made which seem to justify the scepticism which material pursuits and indulgences would almost appear to render desirable to our

sluggish ease. But we cannot rest so. We are dissatisfied and uneasy, and yet inert. While in this apathetic mood, we learn every day some fresh discovery, alleged to be damaging, if not fatal to old belief; and yet to deprive us of faith is to create a void within against which our nature protests. Old histories are shown to be fables, and all human testimony questionable. Miracles are not so miraculous when read of by the light of the telegraph. What is man's six thousand year story, when man is twenty thousand years old at the least? and what is the flood, amidst our post-glacial and pre-glacial risings and sinkings of this world's ever sinking and swelling crust? These facts must be candidly dealt with. They are not to be upheld by terror; they are not to be forced down by declamation; they are not to be overturned by appeals to an authority which is itself upon its trial. Yet is there no feeling of joy at the threatened or promised emancipation from fear of an invisible world. Better the worst fear of possible suffering hereafter, than the dreary blank of a dreamless sleep. Better anything than nothingness. Better, with Wordsworth, the poorest remnant of a worn-out creed, than mere animal feeding on to vacuity. Yet no feelings of this kind, natural as they are, can overcome the disparagement thrown by unimpassioned science upon systems which have [illegible] their naked sides to present to the conical steel shot of modern make. [illegible] they are to stand, they must

put on plating thrice tempered in the fiery furnace of truth. Robertson comes forward, and he says, "Your laws do not affect me. Science is one thing; religion is another. Your laws are good for your own special purposes: I abide by mine. My furnace is ever ready; my armour not to be pierced through, for it is the character of man, steeped in the immortal character of God. It is human goodness imbibed from Divine love. It is activity in benevolence, thereby made beneficence, which by the very law of its activity throws out a clear burning light, illuminating all within. Doing is knowing: acting is thought. Burnish the mirror of the heart, and it will reflect the purity of God. Your love to family, friends, country, mankind at large, will teach you the real meaning of the humanity of Christ—as Christ's humanity will again appear that of the Father. The Christian revelation is perfection—be perfect, even as the Father is perfect: and where there is perfection of heart there will be no imperfection at all."

This is teaching to rouse at once dormant energies, by replanting that enthusiasm which has ever been the greatest power in man—the enthusiasm of humanity, in a sense rarely understood before—hardly understood at all in our day—and to place, without confounding, science in its true position in regard to religion, [illegible] which it may borrow, and to which it may [illegible] but with which it can only be in con-

tradiction when partially viewed, and ignorantly, or half ignorantly considered.

Robertson's doctrines were so essentially the man himself, that to know him is already to know the mould in which his teachings would be cast. From his singleness of aim, his utter horror of external effect, his absence of vanity, his impartial dealing with all classes, the conclusion to his absolute disinterestedness is direct—a good thing done with a view to personal advantage lost its soul of goodness. While his doctrines are in themselves definite and simple, yet, by an apparent contradiction, are they above those of all others least reducible to dogma. Never is he himself dogmatic. This difficulty of putting down in the way of statement his opinions upon particular matters, arises from the fact that he never did look at religious argument exclusively through the intellect. His method was the contrary of the analytic. He summoned up every force and faculty of our being to the comprehension of man's heavenly duties. His teaching must be gathered, not from fragmentary sentences, but from its whole spirit, as it is diffused over all he spoke. Should we say, therefore, that man must not make hope of compensation in the next world his motive for endurance of suffering in this, should we say that all self-consciousness must be put away, that there must be no looking inwards for the reward of self-satisfaction, we might not be wronging Robertson [illegible] as the

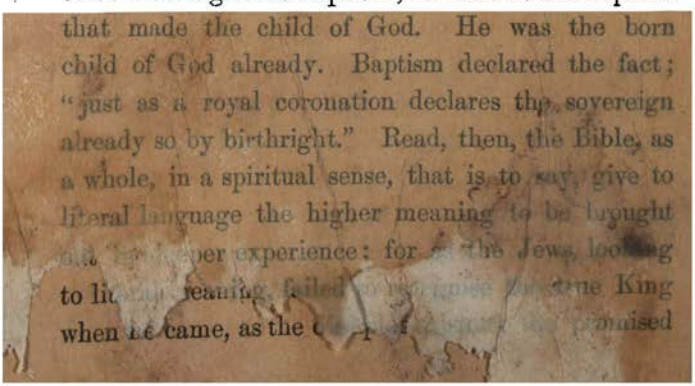
word went, and yet we should be exhibiting only a waxwork flower, and not the flower itself, in its atmosphere of glowing light and perfume. Disinterestedness with him was but another word for freedom—the freedom made by truth; that is to say, the heart rendered perfectly free of all circumstances of outward condition, shaking off the transitory in its resting upon the eternal, would take no note of consequences. Once let his central principle be grasped in the sense of taking it to one's own heart, and all the rest is easy. His two sermons, one upon the promise to Abraham that he should see the promised land, which he did not see, and another upon prayer, will more particularly illustrate his meaning of disinterestedness.

The Old Testament promises were not answered in the material sense expected; but they who laboured on in the expectation of material reward did obtain, in the effort, and through the effort, advantage of a higher kind than they looked for. Just as a merchant who works on with the view to retirement upon a fortune acquired through industry, finds, instead of what he aimed at, habits acquired of prudence, judgment, and activity—a promised land blooming, not outwardly, but in himself. So with regard to prayer; the answer does not come in the shape asked for; in fact, it does not come at all. That which does come is the strengthening of the heart in the trial. The bitter cup is not put away:

but, as he grandly says, an angel is sent to strengthen. If we do not accompany our guide through his own leading, we shall not understand how it is that in the final consummation upon the cross, the external circumstances, upon which the human senses dwell with awe and horror, are put aside in order that man may conceive what the Father saw—the entire surrender of humanity in the Son in obedience unto death. This is a high spiritual reading of the atonement, which, if put by itself in the frigidity of dogma, would startle, peradventure might shock, those who have been taught to reduce it to a physical act of suffering for the appeasement of an angry God. It was the martyrdom in testimony to the truth to which the Son of man was to bear witness to the death—which we are to follow—putting no limit to our obedience. Again, let us notice how much the soldierly qualities ruled in the heart of this born soldier—obedience, duty, no question, no shrinking, but performance. Become the soldier in character as in profession, and soldierly conduct will of itself render duty easy and explicable.

If man cannot do things for the sake of advantageous results to himself in the world to come, so neither can such things be done for him. What then, it may be asked, was Robertson not a Churchman? He was; never did he run into extremes. He loved the Church as the representation of [illegible] humanity, and in the Church he s[illegible]

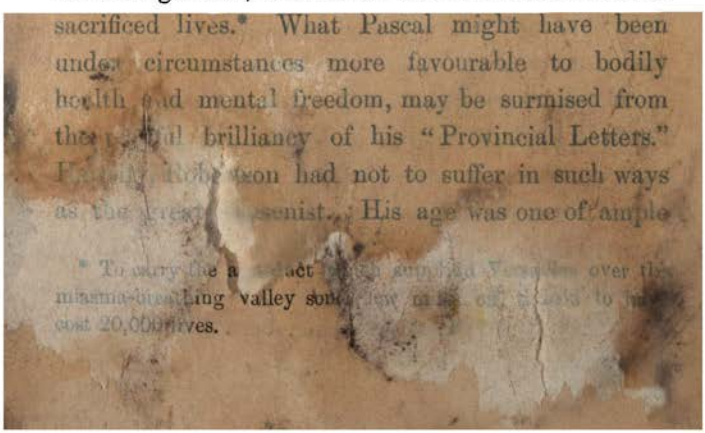
who had preceded, as well as all who were to follow, constituting the great human family. If we were not ever warned against forcing Robertson beyond those well-defined limits upon which his solid reason ever kept him steadfast, we might be tempted to proclaim him a Universalist. Yet, although he dwells mostly on the great love of God, and although he appeals little to fear, which he evidently did not regard as an efficacious instrument, and one little worthy, being a thing addressed to the lower instincts rather than to the nobler impulses of the human being; yet, had we no other warrant than his own indignant denunciations of wrong-doing towards the frail and weak, we should conclude that his sense of justice assured him that there would be punishment for the base, whilst he would not dare to assume acquaintance with the means and measure of Almighty judgment. What priests could do, was to declare authoritatively facts which no acts of theirs could produce. Thus with regard to baptism; it was not the baptism


that made the child of God. He was the born
child of God already. Baptism declared the fact;
"just as a royal coronation declares the sovereign
already so by birthright." Read, then, the Bible, as
a whole, in a spiritual sense, that is to say, give to
literal language the higher meaning to be brought
per experience: for the Jews, looking
to li eaning, failed
when he came, as the
promised

advent, so in these our days there are persons who are looking for the literal fulfilment of prophecies, and to such he gave no encouragement.

We have said enough to show, if not to account for, the host of adversaries which the enunciation of doctrines not closely fitting any known religious body were calculated to call forth. How is it, then, the fragmentary reliques of this remarkable man should be at this moment more generally sought after, and read, and meditated upon than are the most finished and elaborate works of, in their different ways, the professedly sound thinkers? Well! there is a charm in unfinished work, provided that there be upon it the stamp of true power. Who ever regretted that "Pascal's Thoughts" had not been built up into the symmetrical work for which they are supposed to have been the preparation? Works of greatest influence are sometimes those which kindle by their suggestiveness, rather than satisfy by their exhaustive completeness. The reader becomes the author's fellow-labourer. He brings his own imagination to the work. What he loses by the abruptness of a short breaking off he more than gains by his own enforced meditation. If, too, the reason for the incompleteness be the ill-health, premonitory of the early loss to the world of a mind so great as to impart to collected works promise of highest perfection, the imparted suggestiveness enriched by the [illegible] ness of regret [illegible] December [illegible]

after much suffering, like Pascal, died at nearly the same age. He was not thirty-seven. That Pascal was the greater genius is not to be denied; but he was a less perfect character. His fine spirit was oppressed by gloom that shaped itself into superstitious phantoms, which he sometimes tried to scare, by poignant cries, which the sceptical claim, however falsely, as expressions of their own mode of thought. He was miserably morbid. On the other hand, he lived in an age of persecution, the more disgusting because of the frivolous pomp of a court whose fanaticism was but one more vicious indulgence, artificially excited, in order to give the dignity of a false sincerity to every sort of childish wickedness. The excessive luxury of the persecutors led to the contrast of an excessive asceticism on the part of the persecuted. The beauty of the external world and the gifts for man's good were rejected, because a licentious monarch laid the trail of the serpent upon artificial gardens, adorned at the cost of thousands of sacrificed lives.* What Pascal might have been under circumstances more favourable to bodily health and mental freedom, may be surmised from the [illegible] brilliancy of his "Provincial Letters." [illegible] Robertson had not to suffer in such ways as the great [illegible]senist. His age was one of ample



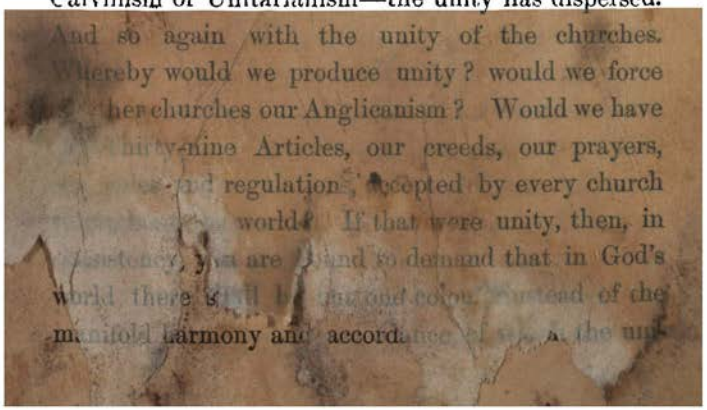
* To carry the a[illegible]act [illegible] over the miasma-breathing valley some few miles [illegible] to have cost 20,000 lives.

toleration and no conspicuous abuse of power. His eye was healthy. He had his adversaries, and he met them in his own open brave way. Some he disarmed by his affectionate courteousness. There were others who were only to be appeased by the abject surrender of his freedom, and submission to their narrow code of dogma cut and dry, and these he met with honest admission of the wounds he felt. His friends were the broad public, to whose instinctive wants he replied in language felt to be right, although, perhaps, not fully apprehended. This we take to be the position of the man who is in advance of his age, and not too much ahead to be without sympathy. New combinations are insensibly forming, but the word is still wanting for their meaning. The man who, in the rise of the new day, leads up the light, is as the day-star upon the face of dawn. He is radiant with the burning reflection of the advancing truth.

What were the words with which he syllabled the felt want and the growing formation?—they were unity and peace.

"Every century and every age has held a different truth—put forth fragments of the truth. In [illegible] ages, for example, by martyrdom was [illegible] the eternal sanctity of truth, [illegible] than [illegible] which a man must lose his life. [illegible] own age it is quite plain those are not the truths which engage us, or the truths which [illegible] now. This age [illegible]

revolutions, its socialisms, proclaims another truth—*the brotherhood of the Church of Christ*, so that the unity of ages subsists on the same principle as that of the unity of the human body: that, as every separate ray—the violet, the blue, and the orange—make up the white ray, so these manifold fragments of truth, blended together, make up one entire and perfect white ray of truth. And with regard to individuals, taking the case of the Reformation, it was given to one church to proclaim that salvation is a thing received and not local; to another, to proclaim justification by faith; to another, the sovereignty of God; to another, the supremacy of the Scriptures; to another, the right of private judgment and the duty of the individual conscience. Unite these all, and then you have the reformation one—one in spite of manifoldness; those very varieties by which they have approached this proving them to be one. Disjoint them, and then you have some miserable sect—Calvinism or Unitarianism—the unity has dispersed.


And so again with the unity of the churches.
Whereby would we produce unity? would we force
her churches our Anglicanism? Would we have
thirty-nine Articles, our creeds, our prayers,
and regulation, accepted by every church
world? If that were unity, then, in
are bound to demand that in God's
world there shall be but one color, instead of the
manifold harmony and accord

verse is full; that there should be but one chaunted note which we conceived most beautiful. This is not the unity of the Church of God. The various churches advance different doctrines and truths. The Church of Germany something different from those of the Church of England. The Church of Rome, even in its idolatry, proclaims truths which we would be glad to seize. By the worship of the Virgin, the purity of women; by the vigour of ecclesiastical ordinances, the sanctity and permanence of eternal order; by the very priesthood itself, the necessity of the guidance of man by man. Nay, even the dissenting bodies themselves, mere atoms of aggregates as they are, stand forward and proclaim at least this truth; the separateness of the individual conscience, the right of independence."

In like manner, as the latest results of science are to reduce the many formerly believed causes to few, and they, again, pointing to some one original principle from which flow the endless combinations and manifestations that make up this fair world, so Robertson, using this very analogy, applied it to the various creeds of men, which to him were manifestations of the same primal truth. Some of these forms, good at one time, because in harmony with the then existing state of things, lose their value by ceasing to be consistent with another cast of the ever-varying out[illegible] ill-adapted for [illegible]

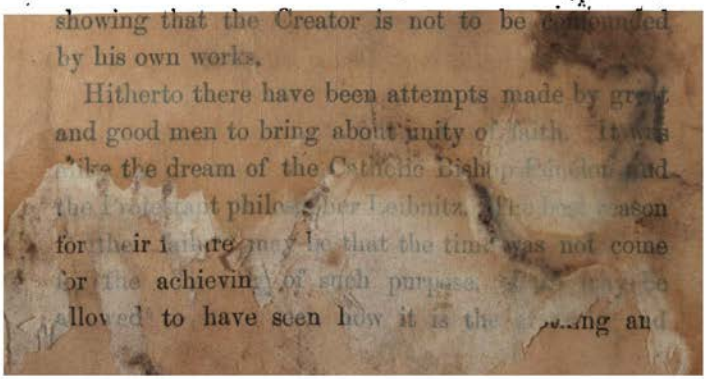
antique associations, which are so dear to most of us, provided they be vitalized by the one all-upholding Spirit.

It will perhaps be objected that views so exalted are not to be attained by the masses of human beings, for the most part requiring guidance, and to whom religion is made intelligible through very definite statement imposed by no less definite authority. It will be said that such views are only for cultivated minds. That reconcilement means to the ordinary eye indifference; that charity towards opinions is the confusion of belief; that white must remain white and black black; and that to answer that white is itself the combination of all colours may do very well for science, but that the mingling of philosophy in any way with religion is to commit profanation. That is one kind of danger; but let us not exaggerate it. True it is that the most painful misunderstandings which Robertson had to endure occurred with members of his own congregation. His keenest misery arose from desertions, which were, to his ardent spirit, evidences of failure. His cruellest apprehension was that he failed to convince. This suspicion of the effect of his preaching turned his best gifts to bitterness. Hence he put away erudition and science, as gifts degrading him to the mere popular preacher, whom people flocked to hear as they would strange music, whose momentary excitement passed away with the musician's. Critics

of this kind who marred his peace were, nevertheless, not without their use in showing that no one way is adapted to all. But it is remarkable how much he was followed and understood and beloved by the working people, who have got idealistic instincts far above the trading class. Yet we have this mournful testimony to the generality of his influence—that upon the day of his funeral all shops in Brighton were closed.

Admitting within due limits the one sort of danger, let us open our eyes still wider to the greater danger which he has taught us how to meet—that of the scepticism of the cultivated. There was a period, three centuries ago, when, upon the revival of classic studies, called by the French the *Renaissance*, the tendency of men of letters was to lapse into paganism, through overstrained admiration of the incomparable writings of Greece and Rome, then spreading beyond the monopoly of monasteries to the laity. There were cardinals as Ciceronian in heart as in style, and Leo X. was thought to be not unlike that statue of St. Peter which was originally raised to Jupiter—he was a sort of Jove in the apostle's chair. It was the Reformation which stopped the apostacy. The Reformation neutralized the *Renaissance*. The discoveries lately made in science are producing a state not without resemblance to the period of which we are speaking. The earth has opened [illegible] of the past as dazzling as those [illegible]

sures of antiquity which the printing-press may be said almost to have revealed. If the discovery of a lost manuscript was a delight, is it less exalting to disinter civilizations older than Abraham? The twenty thousand years recorded in the valley of the Mississippi, as by an hour-glass, reduce our six thousand years' history to a tale of yesterday; and chaos itself is recognized as one of many births. Electricity has put an end to wonder, and miracles are thought to be explicable by some chance stumbling upon those subtle agencies which seem to have no limitation. Now as St. Paul was fitted to be the apostle of the Gentiles, by learning and eloquence capable of interpreting to the accomplished Athenians the unknown God whom they ignorantly worshipped, while he could brighten with a yet brighter light the speculations of their philosophers and the imaginations of their poets, with which it was no profanation to be familiar, so need we in our day men familiar with all that the book of nature has revealed and is revealing, and of showing that the Creator is not to be confounded by his own works.


Hitherto there have been attempts made by great
and good men to bring about unity of faith. It was
like the dream of the Catholic Bishop Pfendel and
the Protestant philosopher Leibnitz. Reason
for their failure may be that the time was not come
for the achieving of such purpose. We have
allowed to have seen how it is the ...ng an

the colour of the same aims and feelings which cause division rather than inherent differences. It is human nature to cling as much to special doctrines as to special forms. Philosophers themselves, wedded as they are to particular systems, agree in one thing, at all events—that of excluding from the pale of philosophy the eclectic who would bind up their separate fragments of truth into one common truth. More hated still is the religionist who extends his charity from sects to systems, and would make the one underlying truth their common bond of union. And yet this is the want of a time when not to be philosophical is to betray utter ignorance, and when the obstinate distrust of religious people of all that bears the stamp of philosophy or wears the grace of poetry and art is driving the readers and thinkers, as well as those who are sensitive to the beauties of nature, and to their representation in lovely forms, into the position that admirers of learning and art were falling when the opening of God's book kindled a living flame, which purified without putting out the lamps that shed serene lustre upon the sepulchres of the old world.

There is one good quality at least which all who differ amongst themselves must accord to the mind that admits the portion of good to be found in their separate systems—that is, freedom from [illegible] a quality much too rare with the [illegible] to be admired in the case of one who [illegible]

larly endowed. He felt no contempt for mistaken effort. A great French critic of art laid it down that the right principle by which to judge paintings was to observe the well-done portions of the picture; and indeed common sense would show how much more sagacity is shown, not to speak of good feeling, in detecting possibilities of future performance than in easy indulgence of declamatory condemnation of blunders patent to common eyes. Was not this an application of the golden rule to bring the truth from out the error, by which the latter would fall of itself? It is also an illustration of the less easily admitted doctrine of the heart's aid to the understanding. For had not this sound maxim of art-criticism its source in sympathy with effort? It said, "You are groping your way; here is the glimmer in this corner of your confused toil,—follow it, and it will become your guiding-star." The same eye of love peering through all human struggles would make wonderful discoveries which the keen satirist of his kind would miss. Captain Crofton, who reformed so many criminals, must have been animated by wisdom. There is more rigid logic in this heart way of going to work than your abstract reasoners might suppose. Given that God [illegible]—a character. Given that ma[illegible] sense of justice for instance, cannot be of other [illegible] than that of justice itself, would it not follow [illegible] should make, with God's help, this Divine [illegible]

law of his own heart, the nearer would his own character be like that of his Creator? And is not the conclusion inevitable that with the Divine feeling would come the Divine understanding? The reason applicable to the example of justice applies with equal force to those other Divine qualities, which man deriving from God, restore him in their pursuit to more and more union with the Divine character, and consequently to higher Divine understanding. These are principles to which it will be said a philosopher might spell his way. Robertson would candidly admit the objection, but would turn it to his own account by saying that revelation has not created facts of human mind and nature; and he would proceed no less upon the ground of what human nature is, to show how little hold abstract qualities have upon the mere reason of the human being. The latter is so formed that he must be made to love that which his mind recognizes to be right; and as he can only love a personality, not an abstraction, the manifestation of God's qualities, and of his own in common with God in the person of the Son, is as logical a necessity as any ever admitted by man's understanding. This similarity of man to God, rendered conclusively palpable in the incarnation, presupposes the perfectibility of man's nature.

Robertson puts this with great strength in his [illegible] entitled "The Christian Aim and Motive."

"The Christian aim is to be perfect 'Be ye therefore perfect.' Now distinguish this, I pray you, from mere worldly morality. It is not conformity to a creed that is here required, but aspiration after *a state.* It is not demanded of us to perform a number of duties, but to yield obedience to a certain spiritual law. But let us endeavour to explain this more fully. What is the meaning of this expression, 'Be ye perfect?' Why is it that in this discourse, instead of being commanded to perform religious duties, we are commanded to think of being like God? Will not that inflame our pride and increase our natural vain-glory? Now the nature and possibility of human perfection, what it is, and how it is possible, are both contained in one single expression in the text—'Even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect.' The relationship between father and son implies consanguinity, likeness, similarity of character and nature. God *made* the insect, the stone, the lily; but God is not the father of the caterpillar, the lily, or the stone. When, therefore, God is said to be our Father, something more is implied in this than that God created man. And so when *the Son of man came proclaiming the fact that we are the children of God, it was in the truest sense a revelation.* He told us that the nature of God resembles the nature of man, that love in God is not a mere figure of speech, but means the same thing as love in us, and that Divine anger is the same thing as

human anger divested of its emotions and imperfections. Therefore, when we are commanded to be like God, it implies that God has the nature of which we have already the germs. And this has been taught by the incarnation of the Redeemer. Things absolutely dissimilar in their nature cannot mingle. Water cannot coalesce with fire—water cannot mix with oil. If, then, humanity and Divinity were united in the person of the Redeemer, it follows that there must be something kindred between the two, or else the incarnation had been impossible. So that the incarnation is the realization of man's perfection."

In this pregnant passage philosophy and Christianity are reconciled. Yes, human nature is perfectible, but not, as philosophy would on the one side contend, by means of human institutions—nor, as many good Christians have upon the other believed, by outward acts—done whether by or for you. This he illustrates by the life of St. Paul, whose aim was this perfection. And here we have in his treatment of the character of the apostle one of those personal sketches that bring the person before the mind's eye, with his heart upon his sleeve—showing all that he was and why he was so. The reader who loves portrait-painting of the highest kind may make for himself a gallery, in which shall figure Eli in his paternal [illegible] and Elijah in his solitary grandeur, Solomon, [illegible] could do [illegible]

halves—as thorough in his lapse into luxury as he had been through the days of his wisdom—the experiences of his fall and the record of his recovery, how set forth in that book of melancholy truth the Ecclesiastes! Then we have the Grecian painted in his vicious refinement, the Roman in his powerful but harsh adhesion to law, and the barbarian in his childish credulity and vigorous germs of strength. The vacillating Pilate is drawn with a master hand. More masterly still is the magnificent figure of John the Baptist. Need we tell how the hand which loved to deal with perfection dealt with the all-perfect Son of man?

It is not without purpose that we point to Robertson's manifold powers; because, to a man of a different stamp, they would have proved manifold temptations. How great, for example, was the temptation to such a man to separate from the Church, and place himself at the head of some new sect! Had he chosen to have done so, there can be no doubt that he would have had numerous followers, and the alluring appearance of personal influence so dear to every man's heart. He might have founded a system, and created disciples, charged with the perpetuation of his doctrines, and the preservation of his memory. [illegible] all advantages of [illegible] manner. Young, [illegible] accomplished, [illegible]ed, and [illegible] how could he [illegible] failed, had he been merely ambitious? No [illegible]ere excuses wanting for his own self-

justification. He stood very much apart. He, whose efforts were directed to unity and peace, found himself alone! His adversaries, too little agreed for combination against him, had each, nevertheless, his own separate fling, although not levelled, it must be confessed, with like asperity. High Church disagreement was tempered with gentle respect for the man who had, in so manly a manner, testified to the deep devotional spirit and love of the sacredly beautiful which invest High Churchism with so much attractiveness. His intense estimate of personal, loving devotion to the Son of man, exceeding so far that of orthodox soundness of opinion, healed the sting of his condemnation of Unitarianism. Low Church repudiated him altogether. Even muscular Christianity, soldier as he was, loving to revel in the luxury of danger, would have had more admiration for, than sympathy with a spirit so restrained by gentleness. He had hence no special following; and yet to have created it would have needed no more than that the general influence which he did exercise should have been condensed in some separate chapel. The answer, as all answers touching the conduct of this man, is to be found in his character, which attained, as nearly as is attainable by mortal man, the perfection which he taught.

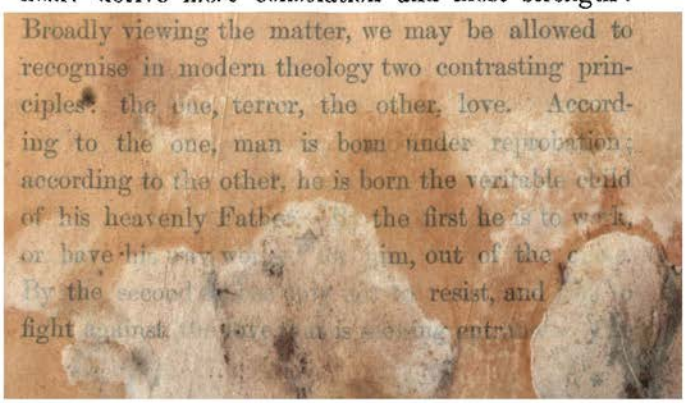
As leader of a sect, he would indeed have b[illegible] to assume pretence to originality. Now, to orig[illegible] he laid no claim, believing, as he did, tha[illegible]

and best thoughts are not exclusive property of the few, but the possession of the many. Visitors they to all minds at frequent times, to be held as firm guests. To fix this simple yet pregnant truth needed no disruption of the Church. An institution whose foundations lie deep in history, and which has gathered to itself the reverence and affection of the people; an institution sufficiently elastic to accommodate itself to growing wants; the highest, too, of those organisations so essential to permanence and order, was not to be safely disparaged by fresh schism. He, at least, would as soon have abandoned the fortress he had sworn to defend. His own mission within the Church was to bring out the power which each held within his own heart, a light to intellect as to conduct. The most faithful copying of the Divine model, of which he set the example, was what constituted his own originality. Obedience, which he finely called the organ of the spiritual sense, was with him a convertible term for rule and government; of self-rule first, as the mainspring of general rule. There was a touch of the soldier in this lofty subjection, which binds together a whole army, so that each, in his disciplined obedience, feels himself a portion of the one compact power going forth conquering and to conquer.

Such was the man! Was he, after all, a man to be viewed apart; as one to be admired, and, though loved, not followed? Did he hold a lonely course,

escaping known laws and leaving no permanent influence? Or is he to be regarded an enduring light, fixed as a polar star, by which to steer through our troubled way of life? Sure it seems that, as yet, his impress upon modern thought does not wear the deep, definite stamp left by Arnold; no Stanley, no Maurice seems to be filling the large measure of *his* footsteps; yet are they all kindred spirits. Shall we say it were well for him, as for us, that, like Arnold and his worthy successors, a portion of his enthusiasm had consolidated into their grave erudition? No; let each hold his due place in the advancing movement towards higher conceptions, which will not, by their accuracy, suffer detraction from their inherent magnificence.

Writing as a layman, it is for us to testify to the effects produced by the lessons of learned teachers; for here we stand upon equal ground. We ask ourselves, from what kind of teaching do we feel our heart derive most consolation and most strength?


Broadly viewing the matter, we may be allowed to
recognise in modern theology two contrasting prin-
ciples: the one, terror, the other, love. Accord-
ing to the one, man is born under
according to the other, he is born the
of his heavenly Fath
the first he
or have
im, out of the
By the
resist, and
fight

one shows us an angry God to be appeased; the other a temple to be made clean for the reception of the ever-asking Holy Spirit. The one scares me to heaven by vistas of hell; the other begins heaven here below, in the pure heart and the holy will. It forbids me to cower, like the untaught savage, before tempestuous wrath, but to worship, leaning upon my staff, while awaiting the eternal serenity over which the cloud is a passing veil.

The fresh theology—we say fresh, rather than new—fears not science, at which it looks with eyes too pure to behold iniquity therein. What is science but secondary law—the instrument of the great will? It is for man to seek out the Creator's means, under the conviction that any correction of his own previous misunderstandings thereupon are quite irrespective of the first unknowable cause, which is hidden, as is the principle of life. Until reason and conscience, until speculation and the moral sentiments be proved to be functions of matter, the science that deals with material things, and the spirit which moves in the deep sense of the infinite cannot clash. With matter God may have dealt once for all. He may have planted in the infinitude of space the seed of things for the untold ages to develop and unfold and break into ever-varying forms. It may be so. It would not, therefore, follow that he is to rest for evermore in placid, inert contemplation of the stupendous fruits of his once-for-all pronounced fiat. Hath he not

reserved for himself, in the order of spirit breathed by his own into creature-companions, an eternal sphere of activity worthy of himself? Matter is to man mere steps to the mansion not made with hands. Taking cognizance of it by his senses, he transcends it by his spirit. The endless star worlds are but the robe of his infinite majesty, the signs and ornaments of his power. Humanity is his love. In his own Son perfect, and through his own Son of Divine possibilities.

The present, let people say what they will, is, in the domain of science and theology, one of reconciliation. Look at the signs of the times; many desire, and as they desire, they try to meet the differences which keep churches apart. There is, in one direction, a movement in favour of the uniting the Greek church with that of England; in another, for the combining Rome with both. The Very Reverend Dean of Westminster has, by his exposition of the tenets of the Eastern church, showing the large liberality of its spirit in doctrine and practice, cleared away many prejudices. As wise in conduct as in word, we have seen the same eminent divine share the love-feast of the nonconformist, Newman Hall, and heard each acknowledge that there exists, for the one as for the other, a distinct field of action. If the Bible be handled in a more freely critical, it is not in any less reverential spirit. That the human race has been undergoing progressive development through

providential education cannot be gainsaid. In this work of education the Jews have indeed been a chosen people, the Bible a heavenly means. Yet, as the Jews are not where they were, so is the Bible not in all parts interpreted as it was; for while there are portions which were applicable to man's infancy, there abides the great permeating spirit applicable the more and more to his advancing maturity. Is the world so wise that inquiry should be hushed? Has dove-like peace descended, and does she sit brooding upon the harmonised heart of man? Alas, it is not so! How many nations are there engaged in turning their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks? What people is not doing the reverse? When, since the immigrations of barbarous hordes—tide after tide of brutality—has the world's soil so shaken under the tread of armed hosts? The world is literally arming *en masse* for a coming Armageddon. Well, well, when material force is all dominant—when the question is less of virtue and of vice than of shot versus steel, and the world's eyes are turned to its New Jerusalem of Shoeburyness; when hunt after gain is bringing down city reputations in a crash of dishonesty, we may be allowed to ask, whether effort at higher spiritual readings of the records of God's message be not the appointed counteraction of such debasing agencies? When we see the foundations of all that has stood upon law shaken; when for the state

numerically feeble there remains but the frail and fickle security of rival jealousies; when "God defend the right" is erased from the waning chivalry of a selfish time; when toiling man, woman, and child are lost in some heartless abstraction of an "element of production;" when labour, the handmaid of God, is the slave of capital, and Mammon apes Joseph Surface in the chair of philosophy, where are we to look for promise of better things, if not at the hands of those who, strong in the faith of the "truth that shall set us free," seek to set up the laws which truth itself governs, believing that, though confusion threaten all else, there is a place of rest for the single-hearted? In the midst of the cyclone the mariner has found one central spot of unruffled calm, from which, with the eye of science, to proclaim law where law seemed most defied.

THE END

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